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Tootsy Wootsy Werner (four months old),
In whose honor this book is published.

PICTURE I.

"See, Tootsy Wootsy be's m' tat."

Werner's

Readings and Recitations

No. 35

Cats and Kittens

COMPILED AND ARRANGED, AND ORIGINAL POEMS, BY

MRS. FREDERICK W. PENDER

NEW YORK
EDGAR S. WERNER & COMPANY

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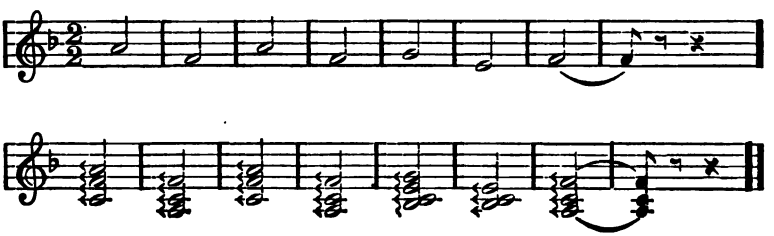
CATS' AND KITTENS' OPENING ADDRESS.

KIND audience, we wish to say right here,
We're only play cats and kittens dear.
('Twould be absurd for cats to play
This entertainment, their parts they could not say),
For cats, you know, can only "me-you,"
And that we know is Greek to you.
Then, if a rat should chance to drop
Upon us, why, off we'd pop!
All this I tell you for your sake,
For fear you'd make a grave mistake,
And think that we real catties were.
I therefore ask you to suppose
That we are dressed up in cats' clothes.

[*All bow, then all together give the following calls as they back to stage back and exit.*]



WERNER'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS

No. 35.

Copyright, 1906, by Edgar S. Werner.

TOOTSY WOOTSY.

POEM, LESSON-TALK AND PANTOMIME, BY MRS. FREDERICK W. PENDER.

POSES BY BABY ELOCUTIONIST VIRGINIA BELL (2 YEARS OLD) AND KITTEN TOOTSY WOOTSY (4 MONTHS OLD).

Photographs by Jacques Joel, New York.

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Written expressly for this book.

SEE, Tootsy Wootsy be's m' tat,
An' her as tunnin' as tan be;
She am ner bigger den m' han',
An's dot der bites' eyes oo' see.

All fluffy wuffy be's her toat,
An' say, her face, it's orsel wise;
I spec's some day 'at she'll dit
Der firstes', bestes' tind oo' prize.

She puts her 'ittle velvet paws
Wite up ter me ser dem I'll shake;
An' ef she be's des fas' ersleep,
I nezzer ties fer her ter wake.

I 'dopt her fer m' owners' tat,
An' dot fer her der nices' house,
W'ere she do stay w'en nite am tum
Ser still an' twiet as er mouse.

She ain't ner tommon tind o' tat,
She am Andora, yes, she be;
An' w'en I smooth her back an' tail,
Her winks, an' purrs, an' p'ays wiv me.

An' nen I buy (now doan yo' laff),
Er sing ner uzzer titten's dot,
Er nussin' bottle, wiv er mouf
F'um w'ich she dinks her milk w'en hot.

Oh! she do be ser very nice,
I hopes she nezzer wuns erway;
Fer ef she do, I tannot tell
W'at I 'oud do, or sink, or say.

Maybe, I mite dess tazy dit,
Ef f'um m' titten I did part;
So, Tootsy, darlin'! oo' stay here,
Fer ef yer don' yo' bwake m' heart.

[Some people do not care to teach children dialect, so we print the poem "Tootsy Wootsy" in ordinary English. The same lesson-talk applies to both forms of the poem.]

TOOTSY WOOTSY.

SEE, Tootsy Wootsy is my cat,
And she's as cunning as can be;
She is no bigger than my hand,
And has the brightest eyes you see.

All fluffy wuffy is her coat,
And see, her face, it's very wise;
I expect some day that she'll get
The first and only kind of prize.

She puts her little velvet paws
Right up to me so them I'll shake;
And if she is just fast asleep,
I never cry for her to wake.

I take her for my very own
And have for her the nicest house,
Where she can stay when night is come
As still and quiet as a mouse.

She's not a common kind of cat,
She is Angora, yes, she is;
And when I smooth her back and tail,
She winks, and purrs, and plays with me.

And then I buy (now don't you laugh)
A thing no other kitten's got,
A nursing-bottle, with a mouth
From which she drinks her milk when hot.

Oh! she is really very nice,
I hope she'll never run away;
For if she does, I cannot tell
What I would do, or think, or say.

Maybe, I might just crazy get,
If from my kitten I did part;
So, Tootsy, darling! you stay here,
For if you don't, you'll break my heart.

FOREWORD.

AS soon as a little tot in lisping accents can pronounce words sufficiently well to form sentences, it often becomes a proud mother's ambition to teach her nursery rhymes; and baby is called on to surprise her fond papa, or maybe her doting grandparents, with a display of her wonderful elocutionary talent. But when the darling entertains a number of her mama's dearest friends in the drawing-room, or, better still, when she makes her début at the Sunday-school social, and receives plaudits for her little recitation delivered in bird-like tones, it is then that the mother's heart reaches its zenith of happiness. "Tootsy Wootsy" has been arranged and posed especially for children from three to six years of age.

POINTS.—Before the child recites, place a small stool or chair a little to right of center of platform. On left side there should be a small table or stand; a little way from this, lying on floor with cover off, should be kitten's basket with a tiny nursing-bottle filled with milk. Care should be taken not to have these articles arranged in set manner, but rather with play-room or nursery effect. The younger the kitten, the easier handled by a child.

LESSON-TALK ON "TOOTSY WOOTSY."

"See, Tootsy Wootsy be's m' tat,
An' her as tunnin' as tan be."

PICTURE I.—Advance on platform carrying pet kitten in arms in regular childish fashion; pause, throw weight of body evenly upon both feet; face expressing joy and pride; and in pleasing tones explain who "Tootsy Wootsy" is and how "tunnin'."

"She am ner bigger den m' han',
An's dot der bites' eyes oo' see."

PICTURE II.

"I spec's some day 'at she'll dit
Der firstes', bestes' tind oo' prize."

PICTURE III.

"She puts her 'ittle velvet paws
Wite up ter me ser dem I'll shake."

DESCRIPTIVE POSE.—Smile, hold kitten out in front of you for admiration of audience; seat yourself on floor, wind one arm and hand around kitten, while holding up other arm with fingers of hand extended, as though to illustrate what you think is correct size of her tail; facial expression brightens as head is slightly bowed, when gazing at beauty of kitten's eyes.

"All fluffy wuffy be's her toat,
An' say, her face, it's orsel wise."

DESCRIPTIVE POSE.—Still seated, run one hand over and through kitten's fur; hold kitten up a little and rub your cheek against its soft body; glancing alternately at kitten, then at her friends. Words requiring emphasis are "fluffy," "wuffy," "toat" and "it's orsel wise."

"I spec's some day 'at she'll dit
Der firstes', bestes' tind oo' prize."

PICTURE II.—Still seated, hug kitten closely to breast, and show by look that you have no doubt of kitten's receiving "firstes', bestes' tind oo' prize." Words that are emphatic are "some day," "she," and the entire second line.

"She puts her 'ittle velvet paws
Wite up ter me ser dem I'll shake."

PICTURE III.—Put right arm around kitten; both hands clasp kitten's paws; while you glance up obliquely with earnest tone and recite the lines. Special emphasis on "wite up ter me" as though it were something unusual for a kitten to do such a thing.

"An' ef she be's fas' ersleep,
I nezzer ties fer her ter wake."

DESCRIPTIVE POSE.—Serious tone and expression of face and eyes; prolong "des fas' ersleep;" accompany "I nezzer ties" with movement of head from right to left to make more emphatic.

"I 'dopt her fer m' ownes' tat,
An' dot fer her der nices' house."

PICTURE IV.—Rise, advance to where basket is lying; place kitten in it; put basket with contents on stand; bow head, resting it lightly on kitten; hands clasp sides of basket; face expressing happiness.

"Where she do stay w'en nite am tum
Ser still an' twiet as er mouse."

PICTURE V.—Place cover of basket over kitten, leaving head exposed to view; then sit in chair, feet crossed, and hold kitten in basket, for audience to gaze at. Show dignified tone and manner when reciting; tone softens and voice grows lighter on "still an' twiet as er mouse."

"She ain't ner tommon tind o' tat,
She am Andora, yes she be."

PICTURE VI.—Remove cover from basket, which still contains kitten; place cover to one side. Clasp with left hand kitten's collar in the back. Cling with right hand to edge of stand, feet in natural childish position; body slightly inclined in sort of protecting manner over loved treasure, and with look and tone of disdain and strongest emphasis say that your kitten "ain't ner tommon tind o' tat;" give its breed, laying special stress on "Andora," and "yes, she be;" decided nod of head in affirmative on last three words.

"An' w'en I smooth her back an' tail,
Her winks, an' purrs, an' p'ays wiv me."

DESCRIPTIVE POSE.—Continue dignified tone through first line; expression softens on second line; suggestion of smile. Emphasize "winks," "purrs," "p'ays wiv me."

"An' nen I buy (now doan yo' laff)
Er sing ner uzzer titten's dot."

DESCRIPTIVE POSE.—Take kitten from basket; resume your seat in chair; face should glow with pride and pleasure when thinking what you have for your kitten; for a moment the thought comes that when your friends learn what it is, they will make sport of you. With pathetic face beg them not to "laff." Again assuming bright facial expression and giving marked stress to the words, assure them that it is—"Er sing ner uzzer titten's dot," and describe it as

"Er nussin'-bottle, wiv er mouf
F'um w'ich she dinks her milk w'en hot."

PICTURE VII.—Bend forward, clasp kitten with left hand, and proceed to give kitten milk from bottle that you take from basket.

"Oh! she do be ser very nice,
I hopes she nezzer wuns erway."

PICTURE VIII.—Rise, place cat in basket on stand, keep side of your body toward audience; continue to offer kitten milk as you recite the lines. Emphasize "very nice," "nezzer," and "wuns erway."

"Fer ef she do, I tannot tell
W'at I 'oud do, or sink, or say."

DESCRIPTIVE POSE.—Your fear of losing kitten should be expressed very vividly. Place nursing-bottle in basket. Lovingly take kitten out of basket. Put right hand to your eye as if to

check a tear; left arm and hand encircle kitten; general appearance of childish sorrow.

"May be, I mite dess tazy dit,
Ef f'um m' titten I did part;"

PICTURE IX.—In your great fondness for the kitten, you fear that you may lose it after all. Sit in chair, place cat on stand, holding its collar tightly with left hand. To illustrate still more clearly how you would mourn, should such a catastrophe befall you, when reciting how she "mite tazy dit," place right hand on your face and give deep sigh and expression of intense suffering.

"So, Tootsy, darlin'! Oo' stay here,
Fer ef yer don', yo' bwake m' heart."

DESCRIPTIVE POSE.—Take kitten, hug it closely, and in above lines beg it not to leave you. Strong emphasis on "yo' bwake mi' heart." Then, carrying kitten under right arm, and basket containing nursing-bottle in left hand, smile sadly to audience and leave platform.

HOMELIEST CAT AT THE SHOW.

ROSALIE M. JONES.

"HI! Hit her again! She's ugly enough to stop a clock." "You let her 'lone," screamed a small voice from the top story of a towering rear tenement, but alas, it fell far short of the depths, way, way, below where the cruel boys were tormenting the poor kitty.

Then the active little figure belonging to the voice hurriedly left the window above and racing down stairs, three steps at a jump, burst violently into their midst, caught their trembling little victim to her breast, and with no weapons but a flushed face and two big tearful eyes, turned defiantly to brave the cowards.

"Say, fellers, catch on ter de young defender."

"Yer wanter send her ter de cat show, see. She'll git a prize, I don't tink."

With a look of contempt which stung even the most hardened of them, Maysie turned away with her suffering burden and re-entered the house.

"For goodness sake! What's that you've got now?" asked a tired looking woman, as she saw her small daughter come panting into the kitchen, clutching something by the legs.

"Jus' a kitty."

"Well, I never did! Why, Marg'ret Williams, are you crazy? I never saw such a homely creature in all my born days; it'll bring us bad luck, sure, with that wicked green eye and that mean yeller one—ugh! You just take it straight back to the gutter you fished it out of."

At this Maysie began to cry; sobbing out the story of its ill treatment.

"Oh, well, I reckon we'll keep her till she's cured up, anyway."

So Maysie kept her cat, and pity blossomed so quickly into love that she was perfectly blind to its ugliness and fondly fancied it the dearest, sweetest and loveliest kitty in all the world.

On the next Sunday, Mrs. Williams read out from her great big newspaper: "A National Cat Show at Madison Square."

"What's a National Cat Show?" asked Maysie, who was sitting playing with Rags, as she called her foundling.

"Why it's—it's a show of cats, I suppose, and it's to be held next Wednesday in Madison Square Garden."

"Oh, yes, that must be where that bad boy in the street told me to send Rags, but I thought, o' course, he was just foolin'; he said, maybe I'd get a prize for her. Do you—— do you think I might, mother?"

Mrs. Williams hid a smile behind her newspaper, as she read of the gorgeous Angora, Maltese, Persian and other rare and beautiful cats that were to be exhibited by the richest and most fashionable ladies in New York, but she only answered: "I shouldn't wonder."

This was enough. In the course of ten seconds, Maysie had de-

cided in her own mind that she would take Rags to the show, and that there was not the slightest use of worrying her poor, tired mother about it beforehand and spoiling the delightful "s'prise."

Early Wednesday morning Mrs. Williams started for her day's work. Maysie, when left alone, fairly raced the breakfast dishes around her dishpan, over the towel and up again on the shelf. Then she slipped into a nice little fresh calico dress, tied a new red ribbon around Rags's neck in a fantastic bow, which, however, would slide around under her chewed-off ear, then cramming her into the market-basket, she set off with a light heart.

She was too early to be admitted, and so had to stand and wait near the side door marked "Entrance for Cats."

At last a carriage drove up to the great front door of the building and a lady descended from it, followed by a maid in a white cap, carrying a basket. She was such a pretty lady and so beautifully dressed, that Maysie liked her on the spot, and thought that it would only be kind to inform her that she was not at the right entrance for cats and must wait at the side door with her.

The lady smiled when she told her, and she said: "Oh, thank you, you're very good; I see you have a cat, too! Is it to be in the show?"

"Oh, yes, don't you think she'll get a prize?"

"Pro—probably," said the lady, turning away for an instant and shaking so strangely that Maysie thought she was cold.

"Had'nt I better ask the other lady to bring you a shawl or sumpin' out of your carriage?"

"No, thank you, I'm quite well. Suppose we go into the show together?"

"Why, we can't, can we. It ain't open yet, is it?"

"Not to every one, but I am one of the patronesses, and I fancy they will let us in." And sure enough they did.

"Here is a little girl who has a cat she would like to exhibit," said the lady to a gentle-looking man inside, who seemed to be managing everything. I know it's rather late to enter it, but—" and she whispered something which made him smile and look almost as queerly at Maysie as the lady had done.

However, he gave Rags a nice cage, with soft straw in it, and a little medal with a number on it to hang around her neck by a scarlet ribbon.

"Now, you had better go up stairs and wait," he said; "they won't be on for an hour yet, and the judges cannot award the prizes until then."

Maysie did not understand very clearly what he meant, but she was a trustful little soul, and so left Rags with him and climbed the stairs to a little waiting-room above.

After awhile the lady joined her saying, "Come, we can go in now."

Pale with excitement, Maysie accepted the hand held out to her, and grasping it tightly, entered the great exhibition. Oh, wasn't it beautiful! All lit up with 'lectric light! Row after row of cages crossed the floor, in each one of which blinked and stretched and softly purred a lovely, lovely kitty.

They kept getting more and more wonderful and beautiful as Maysie and the lady went on and on, but in her royal little soul, Rags's mistress would not admit that any one of them was prettier or sweeter, or half as clever as Rags.

No, not even that grandest, showiest Angora, lying upon a rose-colored velvet cushion with exquisite pink roses in cut-glass bowls around her, and a tiny canary bird singing away blissfully in the same cage.

"You know, Rags ain't never seen a bird, lessen it's a sparrer, and she ain't never smelt a flower in all her life, so wouldn't you think they'd give her a prize jus' to keep her from feelin' bad?"

"Yes, I would indeed. There are the judges and they are coming from the other side of the room. Now, we will go over there and look for Rags, and if they have given her a prize, it will be written upon a card and hung on her cage, where we can see it in an instant."

"Oh, my, do you suppose everybody what's got a cat here feels like I do now?"

"I hardly think so much so, dear."

At last they stood before Rags's cage. Maysie put both hands over her eyes and peeped fearfully through her fingers.

"Oh! Oh! I believe I see a card."

"Yes, you do."

"What's on it? Oh! What is on it?"

"P-r-i-z-e, prize!" read the lady.

"Ten dollars prize for the ug— for Rags."

"My," said Maysie, and she burst into tears of pure joy.

The lady kissed her warmly, dried her eyes and placed the bowl of roses right under Rags's funny little nose.

Then the great, severe looking judges came up and congratulated her, and counted out into her two little hands all the heap of money that was the prize.

"And now," said the lady, "I will drive you home."

So she did, and didn't all the children in the neighborhood run off to see who was getting out of the fine carriage that stopped before the tenement, and wern't they surprised to find it was just Maysie? And didn't Mrs. Williams laugh and cry and scold and pet her all at once when she heard the great news?

"Dear, dear, what a jewel Rags is."

"Yes," said her mother, "who'd have thought she'd have brought us such good luck by her very homeliness?"

"Homely? Why, mother, you forget, she's got a prize."

"So I did," said Mrs. Williams, "so I did, of course."

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN CAT AND DOG.

ELIZABETH I. CASSIN.

CATS see their prey, and catch it by creeping slyly up to it. Dogs smell their prey, and catch it by running it down. Cats must therefore have good eyes and be able to move very softly, while dogs must have strong scent and be able to go fast and far.

WHY CATS WASH AFTER EATING.

EVA J. BEEDE.

YOU may have noticed, little friends,
That cats don't wash their faces
Before they eat, as children do,
In all good Christian places.

Well, years ago, a famous cat,
The pangs of hunger feeling,
Had chanced to catch a fine young mouse
Who said, as he ceased squealing,

"All genteel folks their faces wash
Before they think of eating!"
And, wishing to be thought well-bred,
Puss heeded his entreating.

But when she raised her paw to wash
Chance for escape affording,
The sly young mouse said his good-bye,
Without respect to wording.

A feline council met that day,
And passed, in solemn meeting,
A law forbidding any cat
To wash till *after* eating.

A KITTEN looked up with a sanctified grin,
Singing "Birdie, nice birdie, sweet birdie."
When the robin descended she gobbled him in,
Singing "Birdie, nice birdie, sweet birdie."

THE CATS' TEA PARTY.

Action Poem.

[1]FOUR little pussy-cats, invited out to tea,
Cried: "Mother, let us go. Oh, do! [2]for good we'll surely be,
[3]We'll wear our bibs and hold [4]our things as you have shown us how—
Spoons in right paws, cups as well, and [5]make a pretty bow;
We'll always say 'Yes, if you please,' and 'Only half of that.'"
"Then go, my darling children," said the happy Mother Cat.

[6]The four little pussy-cats went out that night to tea,
[7]Their heads were smooth and glossy, their tails were swinging free;
They held their things as they had learned, and tried to be polite;—
[8]With snowy bibs beneath their chins they were a pretty sight.
But, alas for manners beautiful, [9]and coats as soft as silk!
The moment that the little kits were asked to take some milk,

[10]They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow, and—oh, what do you think?
They put their noses in the cups and all began to drink!
Yes, every naughty little kit set up a *miou* for more,
Then knocked the tea-cups over, [11]and scampered through the door.

DIRECTIONS.

[1]Stand erect, hands by side.
[2]Fold arms and look very imploringly.
[3]Place pinafores to imitate bibs by raising the bottom and placing it around neck.
[4]Place fingers as if to lift a cup to mouth.
[5]Make a bow.
[6]Let children take hold of hands as if to go out.
[7]Smooth hair.
[8]Point to chins.
[9]Point to coats or pinafores.
[10]Look very sorrowful.
[11]Raise hands and throw them both forward toward door.

A CAT'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

MRS. GERTRUDE MANLY JONES.

A KITTY named Pollie—just over the way—
Gave a party last week on her second birthday.
It was—so I've heard—quite a stylish affair,
For the cat elite of the village was there.
For a week the party was meowed about,
After the neat invitations were out;
"What shall I wear?" was a question oft asked,
And for some little time the kitties harassed;
At last they decided, without a demur,
That because of cool weather, they'd all dress in fur.
In the meanwhile, Pollie was burdened with care
To get up a fine supper, and nice bill of fare.
There were grasshopper croquets and truffles to make;
A lot of fat lizzards to stuff and to bake;
There were mice, to be fricasseed, parboiled and stewed,
And strong catnip bouillon, and punch to be brewed—
Oh, my! Was there ever before a gray cat
Who had such a weight on her shoulders as that?
But at last the eventful evening came 'round,
And everything was quite in readiness found.
In the old kitchen garden the table was set,
And a funnier table you never saw yet;
The tea cups were egg shells; and turnip green plates
Were loaded with savory messes and baits;
A large rutabaga was hollowed out clean,
And made quite an excellent bouillon tureen;
The table was trimmed up with beet leaves and mint,
And festoons of parsely were used without stint.
As the clock struck midnight, the guests all poured in,
And you never did hear such a horrible din!

The old cornstalk fiddles set up a full blast,
And partners for quadrilles were taken up fast.
How the feet and the tails did fly in the air!
How the sparks glinted off from the soft glossy hair!
Some cats promenaded; others, played the coquette,
While a pair on the fencetop struck up a duet;
The ball had now reached its dizziest height,
When from a near cottage, there flashed a bright light;
A window was hastily raised with a bang,
And a pistol-shot out through the old garden rang.
I tell you the sound of that ringing report
Put an end to the dancing, the singing and sport.
The beaux—why, they went just tearing off home,
And left the young kitties to come on alone.
Kittie Pollie was very much chagrined about
The way her grand entertainment turned out,
And although she certainly was not to blame,
She declares she will never give parties again.

THE LOST KITTY.

HAVE any of you seen my kitty? I have hunted all over the house for her and I can't find her anywhere. She's not under the stove nor up in my bed, and I don't know what to do. Won't you help me look for her? She is a gray kitty, with a white spot between her eyes. You will know her by that. Her name is Spot, and she knows it just as well as I know my name. When I have a saucer of milk for her, and call, "Here, Spot, Spot, Spot!" she runs as fast as her little feet can trot. Oh, dear, where are you, kitty? I wish I could find you. I hope no big, bad boy, or naughty little girl has carried you away. Hark! What is that? "Meow, meow, meow." Why, there she is, now, on the window-sill. Just wait, my precious, darling old kitty, until I get you in my arms!

A MODEST CAT'S SOLILOQUY.

Oh, what a grand and glorious thing it is to be a cat!
Yes, every day I live, I grow more positive of that.
For all the great, big busy world, as is quite right and meet!
Comes humbly every day to lay its tribute at my feet;
Far down within the damp, dark earth the grimy miner goes,
That I on chilly nights may have a fire for my toes;
Brave sailors plow the wintry main, through peril and mishap,
That I, on Oriental rugs, may take my morning nap.
Out in the distant meadow meekly graze the lowing kine,
That milk, in endless saucerfuls, all foaming, may be mine;
The fish that swim the ocean, and the birds that fill the air—
Did I not like their bones to pick, pray, think you they'd be there?
But first, of all who wait on me, preeminent is man;
For me he toils through all the day, and through the night doth plan;
Especially the gentleman who keeps this house for me,
And takes such thoughtful, anxious care, that I should suited be.
He's stocked his rare old attic with the finest breed of mice,
A little hunting, now and then, comes in so very nice.
And furthermore, the thoughtful man, a wife has married him,
To tidy up the house for me, and keep it neat and trim;
And both of them with deference my slightest fancy treat,
And as I'm quite fastidious about the things I eat,
They never offer me a dish, to please my appetite,
Until they've tasted it themselves, to see if all is right;
And to entice my palate, when it's cloyed with other things,
All fattening in a gilded cage, a choice canary swings.
But, best of all they're training up, with pains that can't be told,
Their children, just to wait on me, when they have grown too old.

Oh, truly I am monarchess of all that I survey;
No rules or laws I recognize, no bells or calls obey.

I eat and sleep, and sleep and eat, nor ever have I toiled;
No kind of base, degrading work my paws has ever soiled.

Oh, truly 'tis a gladsome thing to be a pussy-cat!
I'm truly glad, when I was born, I stopped to think of that.

A MIRROR CAT.

OLIVER HERFORD.

I REALLY wish you'd all sit still,
And try to hear a curious tale
That happened just the other day.
There is another yellow cat
Who sits behind a golden frame,
And looks so very much like me
You'd think that we were just the same.
Yet, when I mew aloud or call,
She moves her mouth again to me,
But makes no sound at all.
And to the dullest kitten
It's plain enough to see
That either I am mocking her,
Or she is mocking me.
It makes no difference what I play,
She seems to know the game;
For every time I look around
I see her do the same.
And yet no matter though I creep
On tiptoe lest she hear,
Or quickly dash behind the frame,
She's sure to disappear.

A Wise Mouse.

By Mary Raymond Garretson.

Purred the Cat, "Pretty Mouse, come out of the wall,
And make me this evening, a neighborly call:
Then into the cupboard, we'll quietly creep,
To steal bread and cheese, while the family sleep."

"No thanks, Tabby dear," squealed old Mrs Mouse,
"I'll remain in my hole, while you're in the house:
On your good behavior I dare not depend,
For last night, you swallowed my intimate friend."

THE CAT THAT CAME TO SCHOOL.

Action Poem.

WHY here's a pussy come to school!
What do [1]*you* want, my dear?
You [2]prick your ears and [3]gaze about,
And seem to feel no fear.

Ah! next I see you [4]wash yourself,
That's right! Miss Pussy Cat;
We scholars here must all be clean—
I'm glad you think of that.

Now pussy [5]looks all around again,
Then gives a little "mew,"
And [6]shakes the bell tied [7]round her neck,
With bit of ribbon blue.

[8]Upon the table pussy jumps,
[9]Then to the Maypole goes;
Oh! kitty, would you like to dance,
As we do, on our [10]toes?

[11]Next to the class-room door she goes,
I'm sure she wants to learn.
[12]Come in, come in, then, pussy cat,
And [13]read when it's your turn.

But pussy only says [14]"Mew, mew,"
And [15]looks in teacher's face:
[16]Oh, puss, I fear you'll be a dunce,
And leave in sad disgrace!

PICTURE IV.

"I 'dopt her fer m' ownes' tat,
An' dot fer her der nices' house."

PICTURE V.

"W'ere she do stay w'en nite am tum
Ser still an' twiet as er mouse."

How prettily you sit and [17]curl
  Your long tail round your feet!
And look so cozy and content,
  You must think school a treat.

DIRECTIONS.

[1]Point out.
[2]Raise forefinger of each hand, and put one on each side of head.
[3]Look around.
[4]Pretend to wash face.
[5]Same as 3.
[6]Hold hands loosely and shake.
[7]Point to neck.
[8]Raise both hands.
[9]Point outward.
[10]Tap toes lightly.
[11]Point to door.
[12]Beckon.
[13]Hold hands together, palms upward.
[14]Let a few children imitate mewing.
[15]Look intently at teacher.
[16]Move forefinger.
[17]Curve right arm around to left side.

WHAT PUSS THINKS.

PRAY tell me why a heartless pup
  Should care to worry *me*—
A gentle, peaceful pussy cat—
  And chase me up a tree?

The pup cannot be angry; why,
  His eyes are bright with fun;
And yet, ah me! with all my heart
  I wish I had a gun!

Then I would bang his wagging tail,
  And laugh to hear him howl,
Just as he barks with glee at me,
  While I can only growl.

"But how about the mouse?" you ask.
  Oh, well, of course I do
Catch mice, and tease them, too, a bit;
  But, really, wouldn't you?

CATS.

EVE LAWLESS.

THERE are women in this world, and men, too, who, I think, were intended for cats instead of human beings. Notice their soft velvety paws as they beg some favor of you; and then offend them, I'll be bound you'll see the claws, and feel them, too.

That person, who creeps around your house with stealthy tread and catlike caution, take my word for it, means mischief, and if you don't hear some rumors regarding yourself, then I am no prophet.

A cat will kill a bird, eat it, wash her paws, and look up in your face, as though she said, "I don't see who could have eaten that canary." Can't you think of some individual who bears a resemblance to that cat?

Hasn't some one been casting aspersions upon your character, and said foul things about you, and then licked her paws—I mean washed her hands—and put on a grave-yard look, saying, at the same time, "How can people talk so about their neighbors?"

I hate these cats. I want to have a person candid, upright and outspoken, not palaver before your face, and backbite you when you haven't the ghost of a chance to defend yourself. It always makes me shiver to hear a catlike tread.

Hallo! Here comes another cat. This time it comes in the shape of an anonymous correspondent, who wishes Eve to write to him on Love! I beg your pardon; I don't write to promiscuous people, and especially to those, who are ashamed to write more than their initials. When a man is not willing to sign his name fair and square to a letter, it doesn't strike me that he can be any too proud of it. This anonymous letter-writing is of too catlike a nature to suit me.

Have I any more cats handy? I think so. Imagine you have written a poem; some friend praises it, stroking your fur the right

way, figuratively speaking. Let another friend tell you of its faults, rubbing the fur contrariwise, won't you spit, and scratch, and mew something about somebody's having no taste? Why *are* we plagued with so many catlike attitudes?

INTELLIGENT CAT.

GRACE BACON HOLWAY.

A RUSH and a dash and a scamper,
A warm, nestling armful of fur;
Our brief game of tag—being over—
Gave place to the tenderest purr.

He measures a yard in the morning
When stretched in a sweet, dreamless sleep,
The rich, tawny fur, soft as velvet,
Showing broad, even stripes, dark and deep.

He lies on my lap in the sunshine,
I rock him to sleep on my arm,
I feel all the pleasure of loving,
And striving to shield him from harm.

He runs up the tree to my window
To tap with his paw on the pane
And plead, in his sweet coaxing language,
For comfort and shelter again.

Each movement of gentle contentment,
Replete with luxurious grace,
Proclaims him at once and forever
The king of the feline race.

DECORATION OF HONOR.

L. E. STREET.

"YOU—ow—w!" said Blitzen. "What are you doing on my premises?"

The other cat looked up from the plate before him. He was enjoying the good breakfast which had been placed upon it.

"I'm visiting here with my mistress."

"What is your name?" further inquired Blitzen, still waving his tail, though in a somewhat less warlike manner; "and why is that blue ribbon tied on your collar?"

"My mistress calls me Herculo. I'm a pure-blooded Angora, and that blue ribbon is for a prize I took in a cat show. I've taken four."

"Humph! Well, my name is Blitzen, which means lightning. I'm called that because I can scratch with my claws just as quick and sharp as lightning can strike. I'm just a plain cat, and never took a prize in my life; but I can catch mice and sparrows and climb a tree like a squirrel."

Again the tail waved. Herculo looked duly impressed.

"Gr-r-r!" continued Blitzen, beginning to eat the breakfast which lay on another plate close by. "Don't you dare touch any of my breakfast. Keep to your own plate."

This was the way the two cats began their friendship. It did not take Blitzen long to grow quite amiable, especially when he saw how respectfully Herculo watch his exploits.

One morning Blitzen started off before daylight on an expedition, which kept him longer than he meant it should.

"Plates empty, eh?" he mused as he reached the kitchen door. "Now, what a good thing it was that I caught that mouse. Where can Herculo be, I wonder."

"Meow-ow! Meow-ow!"

Blitzen pricked up his ears.

"That sounds familiar!"

"Me-ow-ow!' '

"Herculo, as sure as I'm a cat! He must be in some scrape. Now, which direction—ah, front lawn, I guess." And Blitzen ambled away thither.

"Meow-ow!"

Blitzen looked up in the larch tree, high up in the branches of which clung Herculo. Just beyond his reach sat a dozen sparrows twittering with bird laughter at the terror and discomfort of their would-be enemy.

"Hullo!" said Blitzen calmly. "Why don't you come down?"

"Ca-an't—it's so hi-igh! I'll fall."

"What made you climb up there, anyhow, if you were too scared to come down again?"

"To hunt the sparrows. Meow!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the sparrows. "Chee, chee!"

"Well, you just swing your hind feet off to the next branch below, can't you?" said Blitzen.

Herculo tried, but was too frightened to succeed.

"I can't," he wailed again. "Yow-w-w!"

Blitzen walked around the tree and viewed him critically from all sides. Then he started for the barn. Herculo felt himself deserted, and yowed despairingly.

Blitzen trotted on. At the barn he found John, the man, and rubbing persuasively against his legs, said, "Meow!"

John stooped and petted him. Acknowledging the stroke of the friendly hand, Blitzen repeated firmly, "Meow!" Then he went a few steps toward the door and turned to see if John understood.

"What's up, Blitzen, ye sinner?" asked John.

"Meow!" replied Blitzen, trotting ahead.

"Sure, he's a knowin' animal. He do be wantin' somethin'. I'll go with him," was John's conclusion.

And then Blitzen triumphantly led him to the tree where Herculo still clung, and still howled dolefully.

"Av coorse, I'll get him down fer ye, Blitzen," said John, taking in the situation. "Ye're a clever feller entirely!"

By help of a ladder and John's strong arms, Herculo was landed on the ground very much tumbled-up-and-down in his mind.

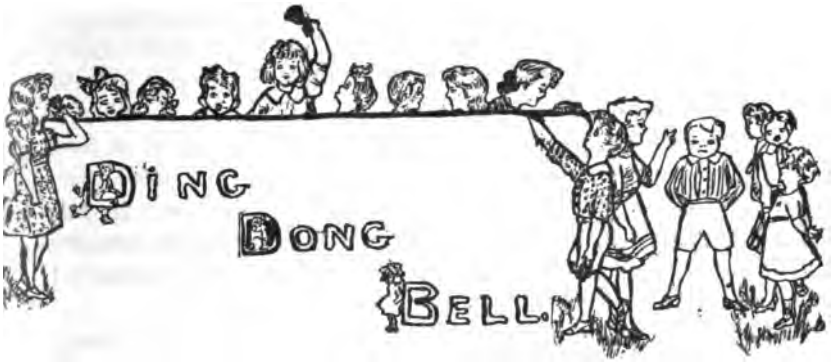
"Blitzen," said his mistress, "you shall have a blue ribbon, too. You may not have any blue blood, but you've common sense; and that's a trait worth having in man or beast!"

CAT'S THANKSGIVING DAY.

"GIVE me turkey for my dinner,"
Said a tabby cat.
"Before you get it, you'll be thinner,
Go and catch a rat,"
Said the cook, her pastry making,
Looking fierce and red,
And a heavy roller shaking
Over pussy's head.

Hark! her kittens' shriller mewing;
"Give us pie,' said they,
To the cook, amid her stewing,
On Thanksgiving day.
"Pie, indeed! You idle creatures!
Who'd have thought of that?
Wash your paws and faces neater,
And go hunt! Scat! Scat!"

So they went and did their duty,
Diligent and still;
Exercise improved their beauty,
As it always will.
Useful work and early rising
Brought a merry mood;
And they found the cook's advising,
Though severe, was good.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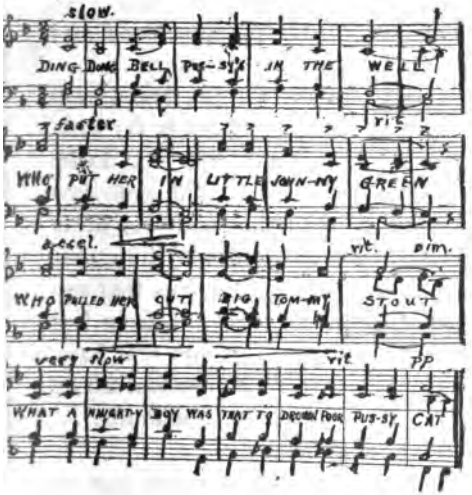
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WHO PUT HER IN LITTLE JOHN-NY GREEN
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WHAT A NAUGHTY BOY WAS THAT TO DROWN POOR PUS-SY CAT

PINS IN PUSSY'S TOES.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

LITTLE Fred is now in the third summer of his life. He has been moved into the country, and his round blue eyes are growing rounder and bigger every hour with new and wonderful experiences.

Most striking among them and most puzzling to Fred is Pussy. Not a big cat, but a kitten, of those tender years corresponding to Fred's own. What a wonder she is, seen now for the first time, serenely walking on all fours! A Maltese kit, of pure blood and glossy mouse color, with a white breast-pin in her bosom!

Eagerly Freddy seizes her; he hugs her very tight, and Pussy squirms in vain; he examines the wonder; he pokes his fat little fingers into Pussy's bright eyes; he opens her mouth and looks at her little pink tongue. He sends her a little while with her head up, and then, for vanity's sake, he sends her with her heels up, and her head hanging down. Then it occurs to him that Pussy's tail is a nice handle to carry her by, and he tries that experiment. At last Pussy's patience gives out, and out from her pretty velvet paws fly the ten little sharp, pearly points that have been given her for her defence, and Fred feels a new sensation. He throws Pussy on the floor and runs screaming to mamma.

Oh, mamma, mamma, Pussy got pins in her toes!"

Then mamma explains to Freddy why the pins were put in Pussy's velvet toes. Poor, soft, furry, helpless little Pussy! what could she do if she had not pins in her toes? Does Freddy like to have people poke their fingers in his eyes, or open his mouth, or feel of his tongue? No more does Pussy. Would Freddy like to be carried around, squeezed up under somebody's arm, with his head hanging down? No more does Pussy. But Pussy cannot speak; she cannot complain—all she can do is to use the pins in her toes.

"When Freddy holds Pussy right end up, strokes her gently, and speaks lovingly to her, the little sharp pins in her paws go away—clear in—where nobody can see them, and Pussy begins to sing a low, little purring song to show how happy she is! So, Freddy dear," says mamma, "there is a right way and a wrong way to handle everything. If you hold Pussy gently, stroke her softly, and treat her kindly, you never will be troubled by the ten little pins in her ten toes; but if you trouble, and worry, and tease Pussy, she will scratch."

LAMENT OF A FORSAKEN CAT.

ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL.

THE family went out of town,
Refreshing themselves by the sea;
I thought they'd have taken me down,
But no one had pity on me.
What of that?
After all, it is *"only a cat!"*

The children got in one by one,
When the carriage drove up to the door,
How breathlessly then did I run!
Little Molly cried, "Room for one more!"
What of that?
After all, it is *"only a cat!"*

"No place with the children for me?
With the luggage then, porter," I said.
"Get out, little demon!" cried he,
And gave me a blow on the head.
What of that?
After all, it is *"only a cat!"*

There is no one without or within;
  Not a drop, not a crumb in the house.
My bones breaking through my poor skin;
  No strength to say Boo! to a mouse!
    What of that?
  After all, it is *"only a cat!"*

I was petted and loved by the fair;
  Do they think of me now by the sea?
The pavement is burning and bare,
  I am dying by inches, poor me!
    What of that?
  After all, it is *"only a cat!"*

You have left me to die, but I say
  That when you have once made a friend,
And loved him a little each day,
  You should love him straight on to the end!
    Think of that!
  Even should he be *"only a cat!"*

A CAT CAME FIDDLING.

A CAT came fiddling
  Out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes
  Under her arm;
She could sing nothing
  But fiddle cum dee,
The mouse has married
  The bumble-bee;
Pipe, cat; dance, mouse:
We'll have a wedding
  At our good house.

CAT AND TIGER.

A Fable.

THE cat and the tiger were once on very good terms. They considered themselves members of the same family; and, whenever any disputes arose among the animals, they were both found vigorously supporting the other's case. They were often to be seen roaming about the country together, and they frequently did each other great services, the tiger by his superior strength, and the cat by his more nimble wit.

Although, for the most part fast friends, the tiger when they were by themselves would often harass the cat by his conceited speeches.

"You may be very well for small game," he would say, striding up and down, and lashing his tail to and fro, "but you must know that you are but a small and very plain edition of me. I can easily bring down deer, and I have even put the great elephant to flight. Look how my beautiful stripes flash in the sun. Are you not proud of belonging to my family?"

To this the cat said nothing, but closed his eyes and mused.

Now, it is well known that, though the tiger can easily climb up a tree, once he is up, if he wishes to come down, he must either leap or fall, since he is unable to climb down.

One day he said to the cat: "I have long wished that I could climb a tree. Many of my tormenting enemies escape from me because I must stick to the ground. You climb very well, though you are so little. Why will you not teach me?"

"Come along; I will teach you with pleasure," said the cat, leading the way to a tall tree. After a great deal of instruction the tiger succeeded in getting up the tree; but the cat, seeing now an opportunity to retaliate for the tiger's unpleasant words, ran off, laughing.

"I am up very well,' said the tiger, a little frightened at finding

himself so far from the ground; "now show me how to come down."

"Oh, no," said the cat. "I was only to show you how to get up. Now you must get down the best you can. Since you are so much more powerful and beautiful, surely you can do that much better than I."

The tiger tried to cajole his small friend, then begged him for help; but, finding him obdurate, flew into a rage and leaped to the ground, meaning to catch and crush him at once. Instead, he almost crushed himself, and lay on his side for some moments, gasping for breath.

At last, when he was able to rise, he rushed after the cat with the best speed he could muster. Lame as he was, he gained rapidly, and it would have gone hard with the cat had he not, luckily, spied a man's house a little way off. In this he took refuge, and he has never yet mustered courage enough to leave that protection.

WHERE ARE THOSE SLEEPY KITTENS.

Action Poem.

[1]CUNNING little kittens,
Cuddled in a heap,
Tired out with playing,
Now are sound asleep.
[2]Mother cat comes stealing in,
And softly says, "Im-mieouw."
[3]Where are those sleepy kittens?
[4]Do you see them now?

DIRECTIONS.

[1] Children all huddled in a bunch, with faces in hands on desk.
[2] One child comes softly creeping in toward them and says, "Im-mieouw."
[3] All children stretch, rub eyes and gather round their mother, now wide awake.
[4] All skip about as kittens do, when their mother is near, and play with one another.

A SAD CASE.

CLARA D. BATES.

I'M a poor little kitty,
And alas! when born, so pretty,
That the morning I was found,
Instead of being drowned,
I was saved to be the toy
Of a dreadful baby-boy,
Who pinches and who pokes me,
Holds me by my throat and chokes me,
And when I could vainly try
From his cruel clutch to fly,
Grabs my tail, and pulls so hard
That some day, upon my word!
I am sure 'twill broken be,
And then everybody'll see
Such a looking Kitty!

That baby has no pity!
Thinks I'm "only a kitty"—
I won't stand it, nor would you!
'Tis no use to cry out m-e-w!
Listen! Some day I shall scratch,
And he'll find he's met his match;
That within my little paws
There are ever so many claws!
And it won't be very long,
If this sort of thing goes on,
Till there'll be a kitten row
Such as has not been till now;
Then, my lad, there will be found,
Left upon that battle-ground,
Such a looking Baby!

CATS AND DOGS.

JEROME K. JEROME.

I LIKE cats and dogs very much indeed. What jolly chaps they are! They are much superior to human beings as companions. They do not quarrel or argue with you. They never talk about themselves, but listen to you while you talk about yourself, and keep up an appearance of being interested in the conversation. They never make stupid remarks. And they never ask a young author with fourteen tragedies, sixteen comedies, seven farces, and a couple of burlesques in his desk, why he doesn't write a play.

They never say unkind things. They never tell us of our faults, "merely for our own good." They do not, at inconvenient moments, mildly remind us of our past follies and mistakes. They never inform us that we are not nearly so nice as we used to be. We are always the same to them. They are always glad to see us. They are with us in all our humors. They are merry when we are glad, sober when we feel solemn, sad when we are sorrowful.

"Hulloa! happy, and want a lark! Right you are; I'm your man. Here I am, frisking round you, leaping, barking, pirouetting, ready for any amount of fun and mischief. Look at my eyes, if you doubt me. What shall it be? A romp in the drawing-room, and never mind the furniture, or a scamper in the fresh, cool air, a scud across the fields, and down the hill, and we won't let old Gaffer Goggles's geese know what time o'day it is, neither. Whoop! come along."

Or you'd like to be quiet and think. Very well. Pussy can sit on the arm of the chair, and purr, and purr, and Montmorency will curl himself up on the rug, and blink at the fire, yet keeping one eye on you the while, in case you are seized with any sudden desire in the direction of rats. And when we bury our face in our hands and wish we had never been born, they don't sit up very

straight, and observe that we have brought it all upon ourselves. They don't even hope it will be a warning to us.

But they come up softly; and shove their heads against us. If it is a cat, she stands on your shoulder, rumples your hair and says, "I am sorry for you," as plain as words can speak; and if it is a dog, he looks up at you with his big, true eyes, and says with them, "Well, you've always got me, you know. We'll go through the world together, and always stand by each other, won't we?"

He is very imprudent, a dog is. He never makes it his business to inquire whether you are in the right or in the wrong, never bothers as to whether you are going up or down upon life's ladder, never asks whether you are rich or poor, silly or wise, sinner or saint. Come luck or misfortune, good repute or bad, honor or shame, he is going to stick to you, to comfort you, guard you, and give his life for you, if need be—foolish, brainless, soulless dog!

Ah! old staunch friend, with your deep, clear eyes, and bright, quick glances, that take in all one has to say before one has time to speak it, do you know you are only an animal, and have no mind? Do you know that dull-eyed, gin-sodden lout, leaning against the post out there, is immeasurably your intellectual superior?

Do you know that every little-minded, selfish scoundrel, who lives by cheating and tricking, who never did a gentle deed, or said a kind word, who never had a thought that was not mean and low, or a desire that was not base, whose every action is a fraud, whose every utterance is a lie; do you know they are all as much superior to you as the sun is superior to rush-light, you honorable, brave-hearted, unselfish brute?

They are *men,* you know, and *men* are the greatest, noblest, and wisest, and best Beings in the whole vast eternal Universe. Any man will tell you that. Yes, poor doggie, you are very stupid, very stupid indeed, compared with us clever men, who understand all about politics and philosophy, and who know everything in short, except what we are, and where we came from, and whither we are going, and what everything outside this tiny world and most things in it are.

Never mind, though, pussy and doggie, we like you both all the better for your being stupid. We all like stupid things. It is so pleasant to come across people more stupid than ourselves. Ah me! life sadly changes us all. The world seems a vast horrible grinding machine, into which what is fresh and bright and pure is pushed at one end, to come out old and crabbed and wrinkled at the other.

Look even at Pussy Sobersides, with her dull sleepy glance, her grave slow walk, and dignified, prudish airs; who could ever think that once she was the blue-eyed, whirling, scampering, head-over-heels, mad little firework that we called a kitten.

What marvelous vitality a kitten has. It is really something very beautiful the way life bubbles over in the little creatures. They rush about, and mew, and spring; dance on their hind legs, embrace everything with their front ones, roll over and over, lie on their backs and kick. They don't know what to do with themselves, they are so full of life.

Can you remember when you and I felt something of the same sort of thing? Can you remember those glorious days of fresh young manhood; how, when coming home along the moonlit road, *we* felt too full of life for sober walking, and had to spring and skip, and wave our arms, and shout? Oh, that magnificent young *Life!* that crowned us kings of the earth; that rushed through every tingling vein, till we seemed to walk on air; that thrilled through our throbbing brains, and told us to go forth and conquer the whole world; that welled up in our young hearts, till we longed to stretch out our arms and gather all the toiling men and women and the little children to our breast, and love them all—all.

Ah! they were grand days, those deep full days, when our coming life, like an unseen organ, pealed strange, yearnful music in our ears, and our young blood cried out like a war-horse for the battle. Ah, our pulse beats slow and steady now, and our old joints are rheumatic, and we love our easy chair and sneer at boys' enthusiasm. But oh! for one brief moment of that god-like life again.

PICTURE VI.

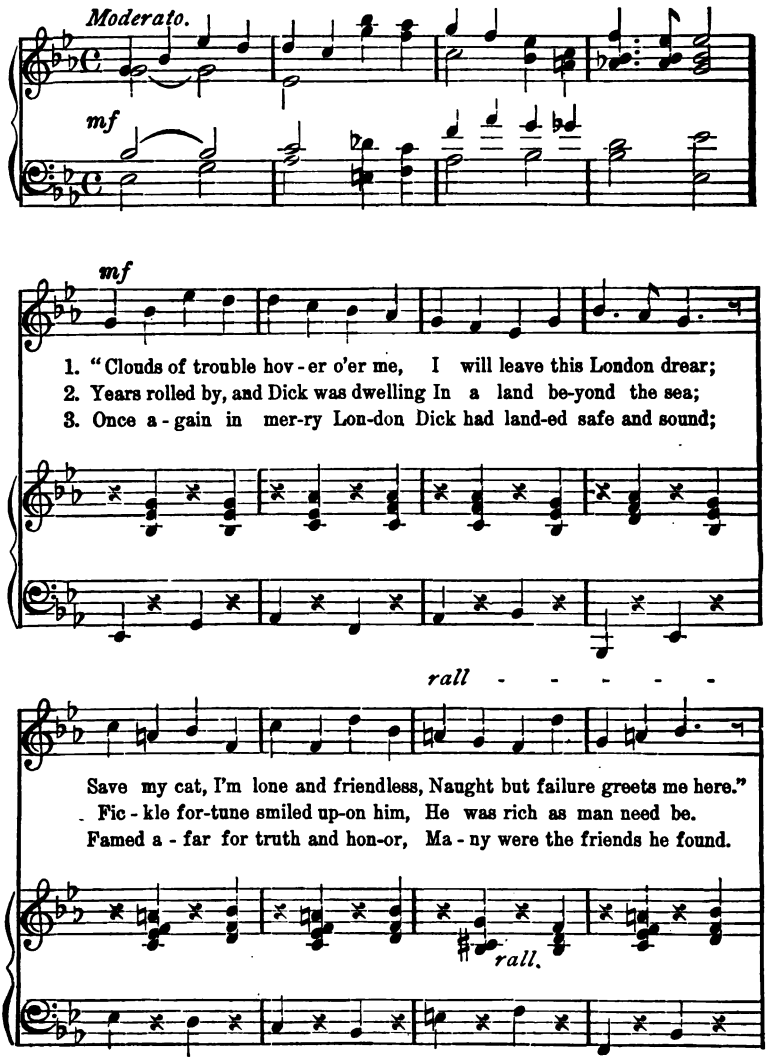
"She ain't ner tommon tind o' tat,
She am Andora, yes, she be."

PICTURE VII.

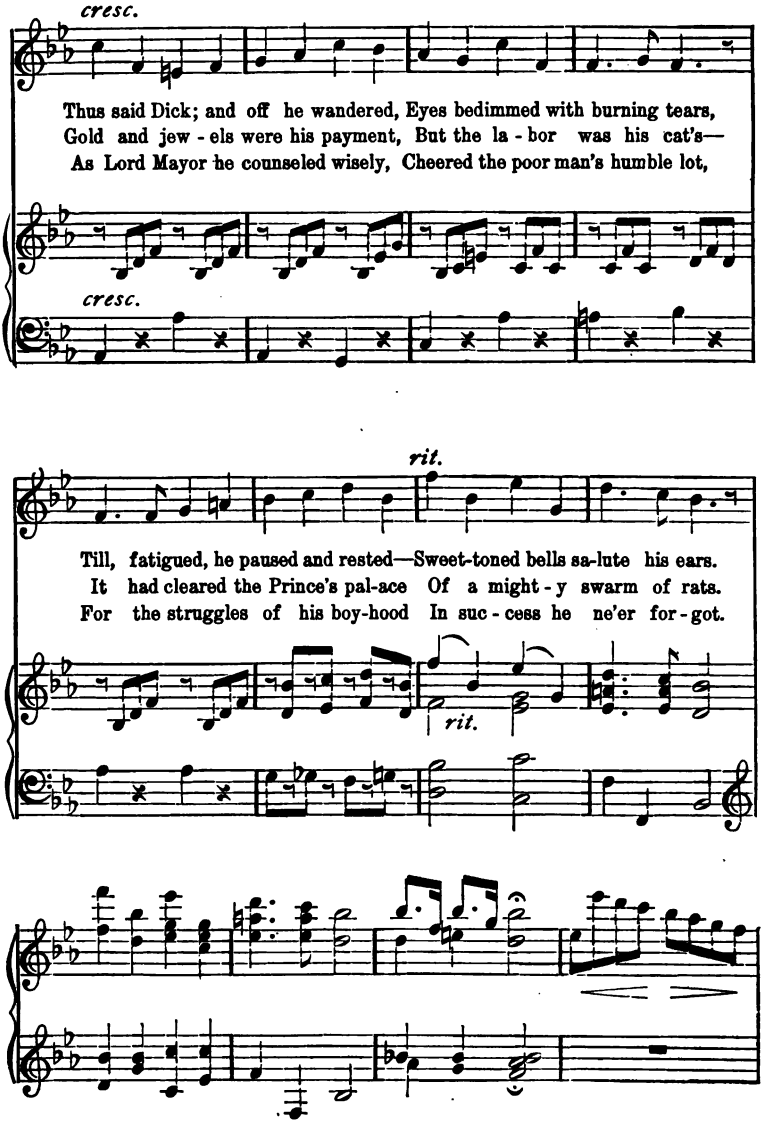
"Er nussin' bottle wiv er mouf,
F'um wich she dinks her milk w'en hot."

DICK WHITTINGTON.

SONG WITH TABLEAUX.



DICK WHITTINGTON.—Continued.



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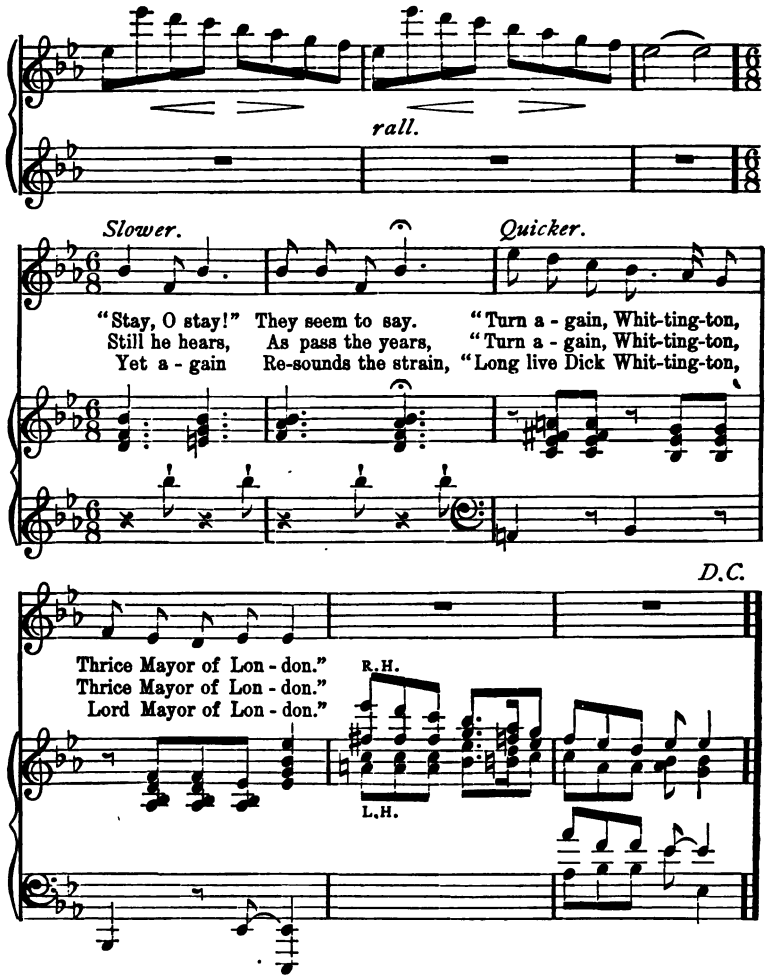


PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE TABLEAUX: Dick Whittington, a beggar, attendants, etc. A cat.

SCENE. For Tableau I, an exterior; for Tableaux II and III, an interior.

N. B. The chimes played on the Fairy Bells or some similar instrument will greatly add to the effect.

TABLEAU I. Verse 1. Dick, with a bundle over his shoulder, turns round at the sound of the bells.

TABLEAU II. Verse 2. Dick, well dressed, sits fondling his cat.

TABLEAU III. Verse 3. Dick, as Lord Mayor of London, sits in a chair of state. He gives alms to a poor man who kneels before him. Attendants look on.

"TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S NONE."

MRS. FREDERICK W. PENDER.

Written expressly for this book.

TWO kittens bright
With haughty air
That plainly said,
"Two make a pair,"
A picture made
As they sat there,
A parasol
Kept off the air.

It shaded them
From wind and sun;
'Twas Japanese,
(A lovely one!)
And well they knew
They had outdone
In style, their chums,
Yes, ev'ry one.

And how they blinked
At Pussy Snow,
And said, "My friend,
You cannot go
With us about,
You are too slow;
Besides, your voice
Is never low.

"And people might,
Why, something say,
If you were seen
With us to-day.
Besides, we've heard
You've been quite gay,
And that should make
Us say, 'Nay, nay!'

"Then, we, you see,
Are finely bred,
And our swell set
By us is led;
And nothing 'bout
Us must be said
To make us blush
And bow our head.

"We put on style
In dress, and air,
And often tend
Some great affair;
And you, by now,
Must be aware
We surely are
A happy pair.

"Then, too, perhaps,
You do not know
What 'blue blood' in
Our veins doth flow.
It might affect
Our social sway
Were we with you
For just one day.

"Then you have heard
By ev'ry one,
How 'two's company'
While 'three is none.'
So run away,
And seek some fun
With peasant cats,
Out in the sun."

Poor Kitty Snow
Was very sad,
The little dear,
It was too bad!
And though her voice
Was high, 'twas sweet;
And neat she looked
In house or street.

She did not know
That selfish pride
Was used to all
Her goodness hide,
By those who oft
She'd played beside,
From day to day;
And they to chide

Her for her birth—
She, too, a pet.
Oh, how it hurt!
Her eyes were wet
From grieving much
When told to "get,"
By those she loved
And daily met.

A lowly life
Is often best
To prove our friends;
And, for the rest,
If they should not
Stand by the test,
It's well we know
Them at their best.

POLLY PRY'S KITTEN.

[1]MY dear old Maltese pussy!
You're so soft and sweet to pat,
[2]An' I love you all the better,
'Cause you're called a Maltese cat.

[3]When brother Dickey brought you,
He said: "Now, Polly Pry,
You can't maul an' tease this kitty,
And I will tell you why.

"She's called a Maltese pussy,
[5]So as little girls like you,
Will know that maulin' an' teasin' her
Is what they musn't do!"

DIRECTIONS.

[1]Child enters, walks to chair at stage C, looks down at kitty, speaking in loving tones, and petting her.
[2]Speaks as if she felt slightly teased.
[3]Continues petting kitty ,and shakes a finger as if in warning.
[4]Drawls the line, separating the word into "Mal-tese," and giving stress to "tease."
[5]Shakes finger insistently, pulls and hauls at kitty. Gives a little meow.

THE RASH YOUNG MOUSE.

Action Poem.

"[1]COME in, [2]come in, you naughty child,
Don't run about the house,"
"Oh, mother, mother, let me please!"
Thus spoke the little mouse.

[4]"Those crumbs, I'm sure they're meant for me,
Upon the parlor floor,
And most [5]delicious cheese I smell,
[6]Within the pantry door."

[7]"Dear child, dear child," mamma replied,
"The danger you don't see;
If [8]puss appeared, what would become
Of you? [9]*That* troubles me."

"Pussy won't come," said young Miss Mouse,
[10]"I'm pretty sure of that,"
And [11]off she ran to taste the cheese,
Quite [12]merrily, pit! pat!

And mother-mouse [13]within her hole,
Said [14]"Dear! oh dearie, dear!
Young children are so headstrong, ah!
They never think of fear."

So little mousie ate her cheese,
And never [15]heard behind
The [16]footsteps soft, which mother dear
Had told her she must mind.

[17]Pounce, pounce, squeak, squeak! Oh! 'tis too late!
And never, never more
Will young Miss Mouse eat cheese so nice,
Behind the pantry door.

So ends the tale of little mouse,
But one word more comes here;
Remember, mother always knows
What's best for children dear.

DIRECTIONS.

[1] and [2]Beckon.
[3]Put hands together.
[4]Point to floor.
[5]Fold hands quickly.
[6]Point to door.
[7]Shake head slowly.
[8]Hold up forefinger.
[9]Emphasize with forefinger.
[10]Nod head saucily.
[11]Point outward.
[12]Shake hands loosely.
[13]Bend hands and place them together.
[14]Shake head slowly.
[15]Point over shoulders with both hands.
[16]Imitate walking with fingers on desks.
[17]Bring hands down suddenly.

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING CAT.

THERE lives a good-for-nothing cat,
So lazy it appears,
That chirping birds can softly come
And light upon her ears.

And rats and mice can venture out
To nibble at her toes,
Or climb around and pull her tail,
Or boldly scratch her nose.

Fine servants brush her silken coat
And give her cream for tea;
Yet she's a good-for-nothing cat,
As all the world may see.

THE TIMID KITTEN.

CAROLYN WELLS.

THERE was a little kitten once,
Who was of dogs afraid,
And, being by no means a dunce,
His plans he boldly made.

He said, "It's only on the land
That dogs run after me,
So I will buy a *catboat,* and
I'll sail away to sea.

"Out there from dogs I'll be secure,
And each night, ere I sleep,
To make assurance doubly sure,
A *dog watch* I will keep."

He bought a *catboat,* hired a crew,
And one fine summer day
Triumphantly his flag he flew,
And gayly sailed away.

But in midocean one midnight—
'Twas very, very dark—
The pilot screamed in sudden fright,
"I hear a passing *bark!*"

"Oh, what is that?" the kitten said.
The pilot said, "I fear
An *ocean greyhound's* just ahead,
And drawing very near."

"Alack!" the kitten cried, "alack!
This is no paltry pup!
An *ocean greyhound's* on my track!
I may as well give up!"

OUT FOR A HIGH TIME.

E. Louise Liddell.

THREE gay little kittens, named Black, White and Gray,
From their own cozy corner once wandered away.
And old Mother Catkins, asleep on her chair,
Ne'er dreamed that her babies were off "on a tear."

The kitty-cats frolicked, and gambolled, and ran,
And cut up such capers as only cats can;
And when they encountered a very high wall,
Up scrambled and clambered the little cats all.

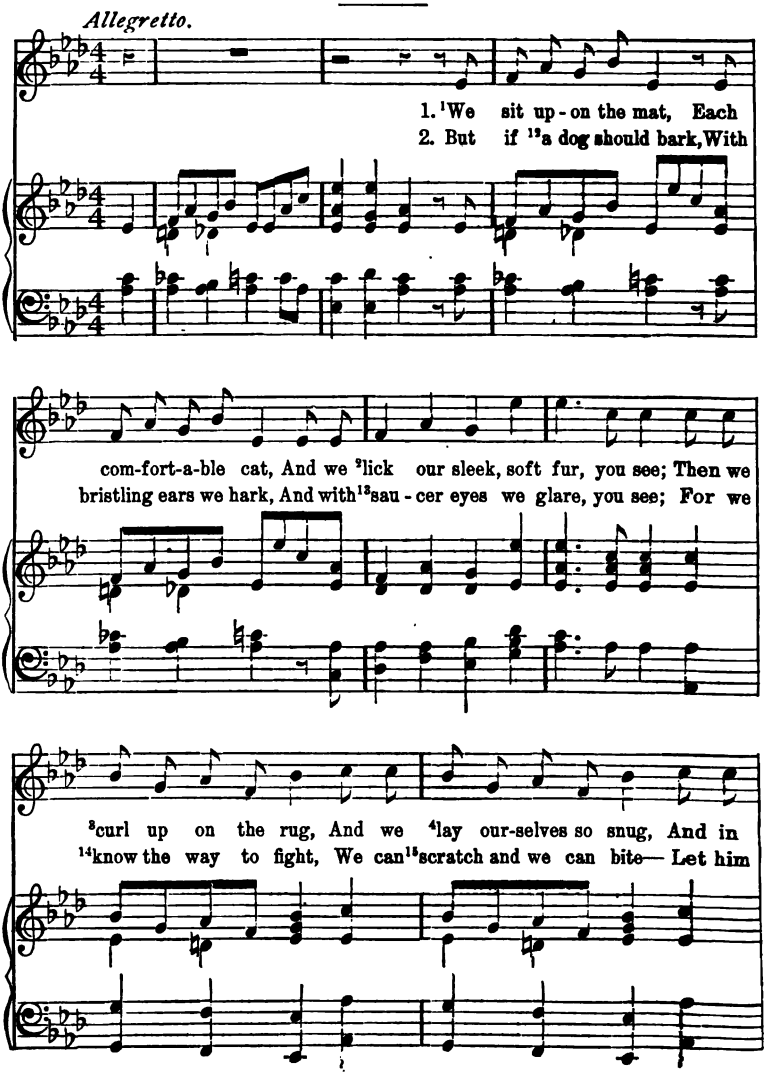
"We're out for a high time," the kitty-cats said;
And they danced a few quicksteps; turned heels overhead.
Then Whitey and Graycoat struck up a sweet tune,
While Black sat sedately and mewed at the moon.

But brief was their pleasure. They soon heard a yell
Of "Scat there, you cats there!" while shoes and things fell.
Down scrambled and tuumbled the poor little kits,
And scampered off homeward, scared out of their wits.

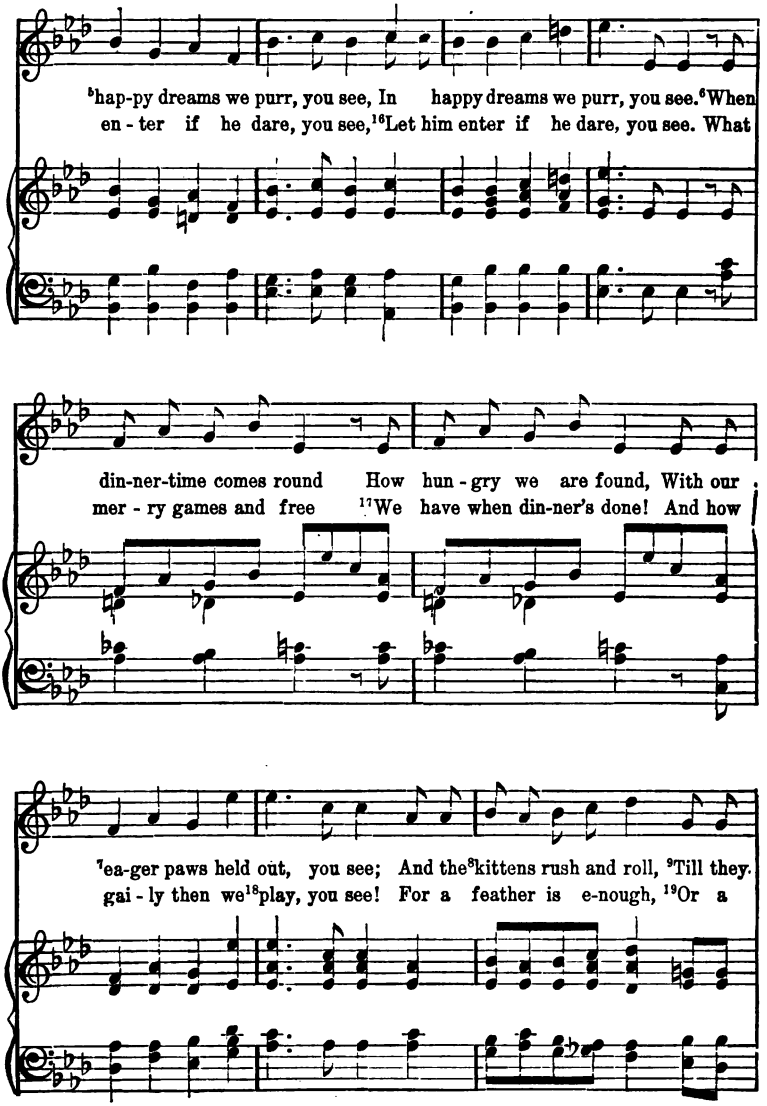
With joy, their warm corner the runaways spied;
And when they were nestled by old Catkin's side,
The kittens purred softly, "No more will we roam,
For all the world over, there's no place like home."

WE CATS.

ACTION SONG.



WE CATS.—Continued.



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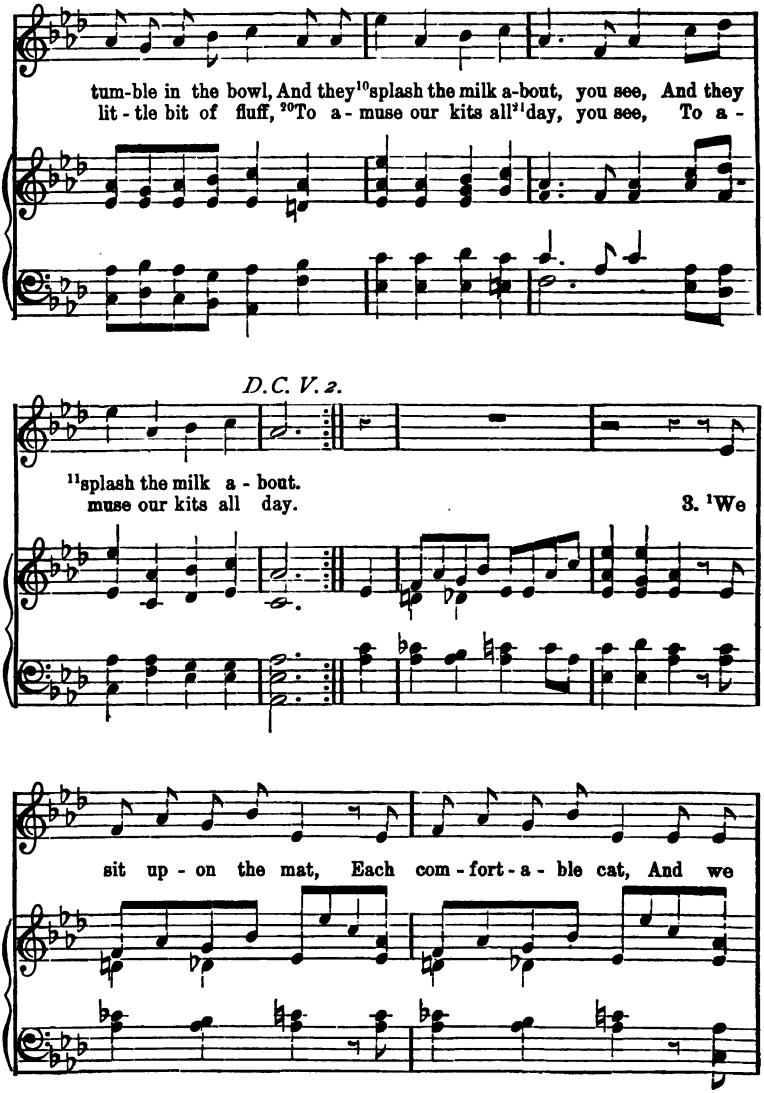

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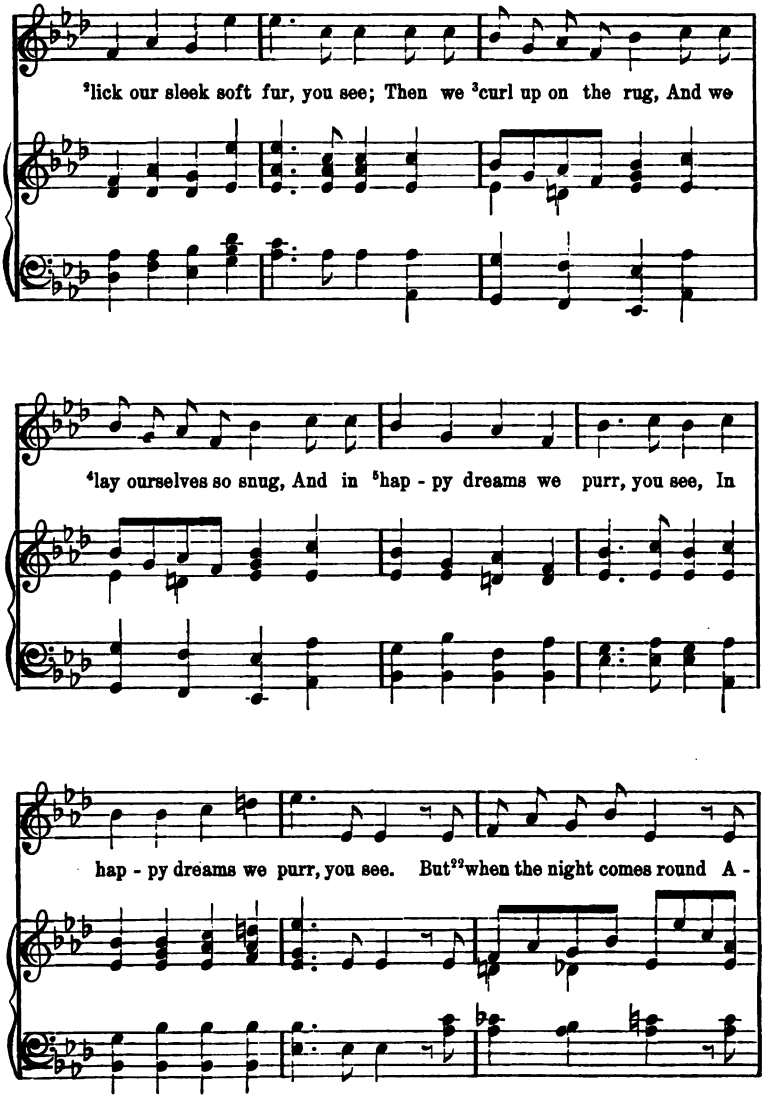

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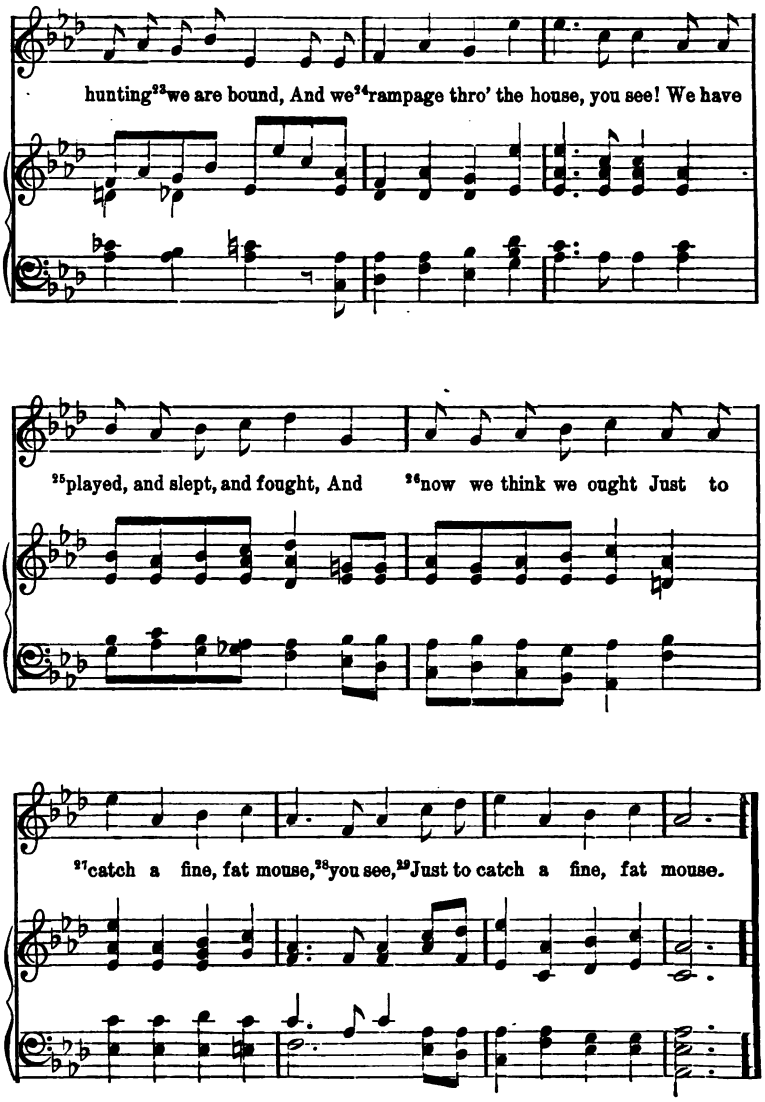


PICTURE VIII.

"Oh, she do be ser very nice."

PICTURE IX.

"Maybe I mite dess tazy dit,
Ef f'um titten I did part."

DIRECTIONS FOR ACTIONS IN "WE CATS."

[1]Each child should sit on a footstool.
[2]Affect to lick breast and paws like a cat.
[3]Lay head down on curled left arm upon knee.
[4]Change attitude to right arm.
[5]Look up with shut eyes, blink and smile, and lay head down again.
[6]All get up and look about eagerly.
[7]Stand on tiptoes and raise paws, like a cat begging; open mouth.
[8]Run three steps to left.
[9]Same action to right.
[10]Raise forefinger, looking down with severe air.
[11]Affect to lap milk eagerly.
[12]Spring back, raise head, put hand to ear.
[13]Stand stiff and erect, with wide eyes.
[14]Shake clenched fist, scowling.
[15]Scratch and bite at imaginary foe.
[16]Remain with both hands extended in clawing attitude and teeth showing.
[17]Each lay left arm around left hand neighbor's shoulder, smiling.
[18]Each pats her neighbor lightly, smiling.
[19]Blow upward, as if at a feather.
[20]Pounce down playfully with right hand.
[21]Sit down on footstool, and affect to play with something on floor.
[22]Look up mysteriously and lay finger to lips.
[23]Rise stealthily and look to and fro with keen eyes.
[24]Rush three steps to left and then three steps to right.
[25]Quickly pat the next child as in 18, lay head on shoulder and shut eyes, and scratch forward as in 15.
[26]Raise forefinger, smiling mysteriously; stoop, crouching forward.
[27]Pounce forward and seize imaginary mouse.
[28]Swallow imaginary mouse.
[29]Look up smiling, and resume seat on footstool.

CATKIN.

I HAD a little pussy,
And her coat was silvery gray;
She lives in a great wide meadow,
And she never runs away.

She always was a pussy;
She never came a cat.
Because—she's a pussy willow!
Now, what do you think of that?

THE CATS.

(With Apologies to Robert Southey.)

HEAR the warbling of the cats—
Merry cats!
Oh, I love to hear the music of their midnight nightly spats!
And they waltz around and frisk all,
In the icy air of night,
In a way so weird and brisk all,
While their shapely tails they wisk all
With a Cataline delight—
Keeping time with their tails,
Like a lot of Runic flails,
To the concat-cantentation, sung in sundry sharps and flats,
Of a canticle on rats,
Rats, rats, rats,
Rats—
To a wild carnivorous canticle on rats!

Hear the turbulent Tom cats,
Daddy cats!
How the catapultic bootjack interrupts their fiendish chats!
In the darkness of the night.
How their ghoulish outcries smite
Portland flats!
From their catacoustic throats
An intense
Cataphonic ditty floats
To the turtle cat that gloats
On the fence!—
Ah, the tabby cat that listens, while she gloats,
To the surging cataclysm of their wild, catarrhal notes!

Hear the hoarse grandfather cats—
Aged cats!
How they make us long to grasp a score of rattling good brickbats!
They have caught a bad catarrh,
Caterwauling at the moon!
(See it? Caught a bad cat R!)
You may hear them from afar,
Roll it like a British R,
Out of tune.
In a clamorous appealing to the aged tabby cat,
In a futile, mad appealing to the deaf, old tabby cat!
Shrieking higher, higher, higher,
Like a demon in a fire—
While the little kitten cats—
Infant cats—
Sing an emulous, sweet ditty of their love for mice and rats?
That's
But a rudimental spasm of the capers of the cats!

KITTEN AND THE MOUSE.

ONCE there was a little kitty, whiter than the snow,
In a barn she used to play, long time ago.
In a barn a little mousie ran to and fro;
For she heard the kitty coming, long time ago.

Two black eyes had little kitty, black as any sloe;
And they spied the little mousie, long time ago.
Four soft paws had little kitty, paws soft as dough;
And they caught the little mousie, long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little kitty, all in a row;
And they bit the little mousie, long time ago.
When the teeth bit little mousie, mousie she cried, "Oh!"
But she got away from kitty, long time ago.

HOW PUSSY AND MOUSIE KEPT HOUSE.

A. C. KISH.

ONE Summer day, not long ago,
A pussy and a mouse,
Decided that it would be fun—
If togeth'r they kept house.

They felt that they could always live
In love and harmony—
And never say an unkind word
Or never disagree.

So they bought a little cottage
And fix'd it very fine;—
And liv'd there-in for quite a-while,
And had a jolly time.

For pussy broiled the beef-steak
And bak'd the bread quite light
While mousie made the beds so neat
And polished the windows bright.

And thus they liv'd, for quite a year,
As happy as could be;
And nothing happened all that time
To mar their love, you see—

Until one day old selfish puss—
Drank all the good rich cream;
And she only left some skim-milk
For mousie,—wasn't it mean!

When mousie said:—"Oh, pussy dear
I think that you are mean
To leave me only some skim-milk
And drink up all the cream."

Then pussy's eyes grew very big,
And pussy's tail went thump,
It frightened little mousie so
It almost made her jump.

And pussy said: "Now, mousie mind
Our mistress here to-day,
And if you say another word,
I'll eat you right away."

ELDER JOHNSON'S LECTURE ON CATS.

THE subject of this lecture is Cats, a domestic animal what is in common use. Cats is a animal as resembles poor people, as they scratches for a living, and never has enough. Cats is lazy, wherein they resemble the rich. Women am fond of cats—p'raps because both uses their claws in asserting their rites—cats on Toms and rats and mice, and little birds, and women on their husbands—which accounts for the great number of divorces. Cats likes milk, but not water, hence the aversion that milkmen have to 'em. Cats is like dandies, as they have great whiskers and white teeth, and is fond of gallivanting about, especially Thomas Cats. There are always a war between cats and rats. Cats has lofty naturs, as they gets on the house-tops, and ascends to the utmost branches of the tallest trees. Robinson Crusoe had a cat, and so had Mahomet. Cats is anti-Malthusians, and increases in geometrical progression, or more. The productions of cats is kittens and electric sparks. This is all there is about cats, except caterwaulin', which they shares with human bein's.

A SUNDAY EPISODE

BY HERBERT RANDALL

A goose, a frog, a cat, a dog
All went to church one day;
The goose went on a head, the rest
All followed on this way

When they got there they heard the choir,
And all began to sing,
The goose, the frog, the cat, the dog,
'Twas such a funny thing!

The goose went, "Honk-a-wonk-e-konk!"
I can't tell how just now,
The frog went "Peep," the cat went "Mew,"
The dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"

The people wouldn't have them there,
They turned them out, and then
The goose, the frog, the cat, the dog
Went walking home again.

LITTLE KITTENS.

THREE little kittens in coats so grey,
Went out with the old mother cat one day.

Said the first little kitten, "If we only might see
A monstrous great rat, what fun it would be!"

Said the next little kitten, "I'd seize hold of his head,
And bite him, and squeeze him, until he was dead."

Said the third little kitten, "Should I see a rat,
I'd eat him all up in much less time than that."

Suddenly something jumped out of the wood—
All three turned and ran as fast as they could,

And never once stopped till they came to their house.
Yet it wasn't a rat, but a wee baby mouse.

It was then caught and eaten by old mother cat;
Said the three little kittens, "Now, just think of that!"

TWO GRAY KITS AND THE GRAY KITS' MOTHER.

TWO gray kits
And the gray kits' mother,
All went over
The bridge together.
The bridge broke down,
They all fell in.
"May the rats go with you,"
Says Tom Bolin.

SANDY JENKINS'S REMARKS ON THE BLACK CAT.

J. D. CORROTHERS.

[From "The Black Cat Club," by special permission.]

THE cat—an' pertickler de Black Cat—have bin a pow'ful an' 'spectable genamun sense Time fust begun to wheel his eternal flight ob circumlocution th'u' endless ages ob nitric acid, quinessence ob floatin' protoplasm, and' parliamentary usage!

Long befo' de earf wah made, de Black Cat had gradjiated f'om a singin' school in Mahs, an' had created de planet ob Juan Fernandez an' de islan' ob Mesopotamia!

De cat am a practical pusson. He am no spring chicken. He am gen'ly cal'cated to hab nine libes, but dis de cunjah man 'roun' de co'nah assures me am a sad mistake. He hab nine hundred and ninety-nine libes, libs as long as he want to evah time, an', lak de good Christ'an, is "bo'n ag'in" almose any ole time. Dat's why de Theosophists sings dey sacred solo, "De Cat Come Back."

When de earf wah made without fo'm er void, de Black Cat wah dah watchin' de whole business, an' a-layin' his wires foh to sen' Grobah Clebelan' to de United States senate an' Dick Crokah to de happy lan' o' Canaan! Fust thing he done wuz to cross our fo' parents' luck in de beautiful Gahden ob Eden, an' sen' po' Adam out to play football wid de rattlesnakes an' In'juns in de lonely Province ob Wes' Virginny.

De Black Cat am prone to ebil, as de spahks fly up'ards. He am a lubber ob de back fence, de telegraph pole, an' de midnight serenade. Bootjacks, pistols, policemen's clubs, an' missiles kin not stop his rapturous ditty to de pale-face moon. He am a genamun! He am de mahvel ob de nations!

You mout ax me whut de Black Cat hab done foh sufferin' humanity. I answer: He am de inventer ob de watermillun, co'n pone, sweeten 'taters, liquor, an' 'possum; an' wuz de fust man to teach de cullud race de advisability ob eatin' po'k chops when you's flush an' libber when you's hahd up.

Oh, de Laud will provide! Dat's why he gib us our ole black cat Mesmerizer here to bring us good luck whahevah we goes in de United Snakes of Americy, while some ob our good ole mothers is a-ben'in' ovah de wash-tub, 'way down yondah in Dixie-lan', sheddin' briny tears an' a-sighin'—"Whah's ma won'rin' boy tonight?"

'N' while she's wo'kin' 'n' frettin', hah trifflin' son's down on de co-nah, sunnin' hisse'f an shootin' dice, an' a-singin':

"Bells am a-ringin' in Memphis—
Bells am a-ringin' in Cairo—
De sun's done sunk, an' de alligatah's
Dreamin' in de deep bayou;
De ole folks done gone to chu'ch,
De little folks done gone to sleep—
'Way down on de ole homestead.
I 'speck dey's grebin' 'bout me;
But dey's got to do widout me,
Tho' I wuz de sweetes' blossom
In de ole homestead."

De Black Cat hab allus bin somebody. Look, whut a pull he had wid ole Isis, one o' de riches' men in Egypt, thousands o' years ago: Cat come along one day, he did, an' crossed Mr. Isis' luck, an' dat fellah didn't do a thing but beg de cat's pawdon, an' build a sacred temple to him Dat's all he done to *him*! An' don' you think he kin take keer o' *us*?—his needy an' faithful chillun? All we's got to do is to wo'k our rabbit's foot, an' say nothin', an' thaings'll come our way.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

"PUSSY-CAT, Pussy-Cat,
Where have you been?"
"I've been to London
To look at the Queen."
"Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat,
What did you there?"
"I frightened a little mouse
Under the chair."

KITTENS' PROMENADE.

WHITEFOOT, Malta and Pussy-cat Gray
Went to walk together one summer day.

Never before had they passed the gate,
And they walked with pride, with tails up straight.

"It's very charming," Miss Whitefoot sighed,
"Who would have thought the world so wide?"

A toad and a grasshopper sat in the way—
"What giants we are!" said Pussy Gray.

"Mother told of danger outside the gate—
There's nothing to harm us," said Malta sedate.

Pussy Gray said, "You see, I suppose,
How very foolish of late she grows."

Just then a dog jumped over the wall—
And spit and a cloud of dust were all

That was left. The kittens brave and sedate
Had vanished through the open gate.

ROBIN REDBREAST AND PUSSY-CAT.

LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-Cat, and down went he;
Down went Pussy-Cat, and away Robin ran;
Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a wall,
Pussy-Cat jumped after him, and almost got a fall;
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy-Cat said, "Mew," and Robin flew away.

PARTNERSHIP.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

[*Little girl addresses the mother of her pet kitten.*]

YOU need not be looking around at me so;
She's my kitten as much as your kitten, you know,
And I'll take her wherever I wish her to go.

You know very well that the day she was found,
If I handn't cried she'd surely been drowned,
And you ought to be thankful she's here safe and sound.

She's only just crying because she's a goose;
I'm not squeezing her—look now—my hands are quite loose,
You may as well hush, for it's not any use.

And you may as well get right down and go 'way,
You're not in the thing we are going to play,
And remember it isn't your half the day.

You're forgetting the bargain we made, and so soon;
In the morning she's mine, and yours all afternoon,
And you couldn't teach her to eat with a spoon.

So don't let me hear you give one single mew,
For you know what will happen right off if you do,
She'll be my kitten mornings and afternoons, too.

THE PACE THAT KILLS.

COUNTED on a tortoise's back,
Pussy Feathertail
Cries, "Next time I take a ride
I will try a snail."

PUSS IN MISCHIEF.

Action Poem.

[1]WHERE are you, kitty?
[2]Where are you?—say.
I've scarcely seen you
At all to-day.

[3]You're not in mischief,
I hope, my dear;
Ah, now I have found you!
How came you here?

[4]That's mother's knitting,
[5]You naughty kit!
Oh! such a tangle
You've made of it!

[6]'Twas *that* which kept you
So very still;
[7]Mamma will scold you,
I know she will.

[8]So, puss, come to me,
You rub your fur
Against my fingers,
And say "purr, purr."

[9]I know you mean
To say, "Don't scold,
So close in my arms
My puss I'll hold.

[10]And now, I'll tell you,
My little pet,
That mother's knitting
You must not get.

[11]The wool will never
Be wound, I fear;
[12]But mother'll forgive
My kitty dear.

DIRECTIONS.

[1]Enters, looks all around, and recites first line.
[2]Recites second line little more emphatically.
[3]Walks to stage L, and looks, while she recites in anxious tone; suddenly face brightens.
[4]Discovers that kitten is playing with her mother's knitting, and in surprised voice speaks.
[5]Shakes finger at kitten, picks up knitting and examines it.
[6]Turns and looks at kitten, who seems to be at her side.
[7]Somewhat anxiously. Sits down and looks at kitten.
[8]Kitten climbs into lap and apparently rubs against her fingers. Girl looks down as if to scold.
[9]Looks into kitten's eyes; hugs kitten close.
[10]Shakes finger warningly at kitten, which she holds up before her. Shows kitten knitting; puts knitting down.
[11]Looks sorrowfully at the hopelessly tangled wool.
[12]Turns suddenly to kitten, as if the dearness of her kitten will cause mother to forgive her; finishes hugging the kitten.

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

DAME TROT and her cat
Led a peaceable life
When they were not troubled
With other folks' strife.
When Dame had her dinner
Near Pussy would wait,
And was sure to receive
A nice piece from her plate.

THAT CAT.

BEN KING.

THE cat that comes to my window-sill
When the moon looks cold and the night is still—
He comes in a frenzied state alone
With a tail that stands like a pine tree cone,
And says: "I have finished my evening lark,
And I think I can hear a hound dog bark.
My whiskers are froze 'nd stuck to my chin,
I do wish you'd get up and let me in."
That cat gets in.

But if in the solitude of the night
He doesn't appear to be feeling right,
And rises and stretches and seeks the floor,
And some remote corner he would explore,
And doesn't feel satisfied just because
There's no good spot for to sharpen his claws,
And meows and canters uneasy about
Beyond the least shadow of any doubt
That cat gets out.

OLD NURSERY RHYME.

POOR pussy-cat mew
Jumped over a coal
And burnt a great hole
In her best petticoat.
Poor pussy-cat mew
Can't have any milk,
'Till her best petticoat's
Mended with silk.

FALSE KINDNESS.

THE softest little fluff of fur!
The gentlest, most persuasive purr!
Oh, everybody told me that
She was the "loveliest little cat!"
So when she on the table sprung,
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,
I only gently put her down,
And said, "No, no!" and tried to frown;
But if I had been truly kind,
I should have made that kitten mind!

Now, large and quick, and strong of will,
She'll spring upon that table still,
And, spite of all my watchful care,
Will snatch the choicest dainties there;
And everybody says, "Scat, scat!
She's such a dreadful, dreadful, cat!"
But I, who hear them, know, with shame,
I only am the one to blame.
For in the days when she was young,
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,
Had I to her been truly kind,
I should have made that kitten mind.

TURN ABOUT.

AUNT MARY: Nora, you're a cruel child. Let that cat go at once.

NORA [*banging cat*]: But she's been naughty, Aunty, an' I'm punishin' her. I told her it was for her own good, an' it hurt me more'n it hurt her.

THE SECRET TOLD PUSSIE.

Romantic Pathetic Monologue for a Young Lady.

ALL gone to the opera, Pussy, but me;
We are alone in this rambling old house.
Afraid? Not I! Come, sit on my knee,
And tell me your stories of dog and mouse.
Do you hear the wind—how it sobs and grieves?
And the rain falling down on the moss-grown eaves?

Let us turn off the gas and sit on the rug;
How the firelight brightens the long old room,
With its scarlet fancies! Puss, are you snug?
You know in one's youth one should never know gloom.
That is what mamma told me to-day
When I sighed, and forgot one should always be gay.

Do you see any pictures in the fire,
Pussy, my dear, with your solemn eyes?
Pictures of river and castle and spire—
Or only of milk and a mouse's surprise?
I see, ah, Pussy, eyes of brown,
And a brow that is royal enough for a crown.

I see a smile that is sweet and rare,
A hand that is gentle and strong and true;
I see a summer-tide swift and fair,
With golden sunshine and skies of blue.
Oh, what shall I do with the long, long years?
Pussy, forgive me, you don't like tears.

The firelight flickers on picture and wall,
On book-case and bracket, and statue white—
Pussy, do you remember a ball
That happened a year ago to-night?

From Painting by J. Adam.

The Hungry Quartet.

(See page 52.)

"Two's company, three's none."

One little year! How the seasons bring
Changes that only blight and sting!

"Sorrow is sorrow to the old
  But death to the young," ah, Pussy, I've read;
Perhaps, if these curls were gray and not gold
  I wouldn't wish to-night I were dead.
Not twenty yet—and all joy o'er,
Oh, Pussy, Pussy, for evermore!

There, there, Pussy! No more tears.
  Let's have a romp in the firelight glow;
Other hearts have beat on through the years
  When love and faith were lying low;
Mayhap, in soothing another's pain
We forget our own. Just hear the rain!

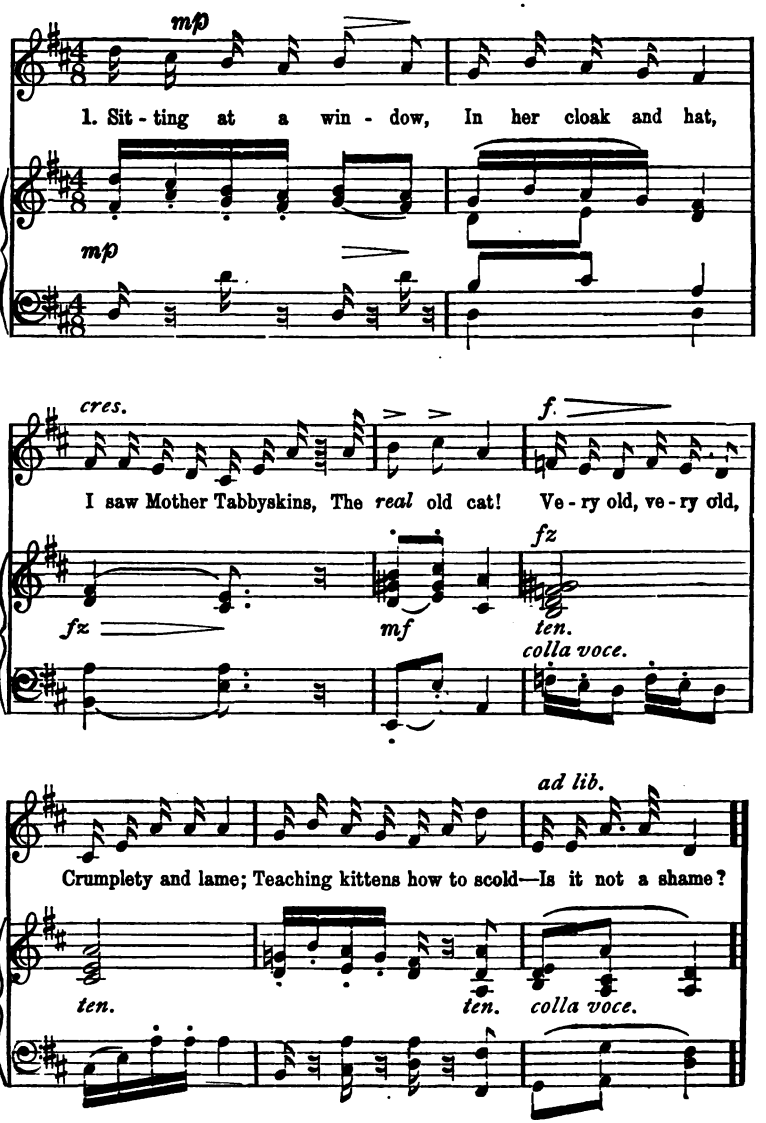
But to-morrow, I doubt not, the sun will shine,
  And the clouds be only a dream of the night.
Why should we cherish a woe divine?
  Let us hide it away from the sun and light.
Forgetting one's self is hard, I fear;
But we'll each try bravely, Pussy, my dear.

Let us say "good-bye" to the dreams of the past—
  And, Pussy, my comfort, never you tell
Of the chat that has made these hours fly fast.
  One more frolic—oh, there is the bell!
I hear them laughing upon the stair—
Eternal secrecy, Pussy, swear!

A NOCTURNAL SHOT.

HE threw his small clock at a cat—
  He missed her, you can bet;
The clock it stopped at half-past three,
  The cat is going yet.

MOTHER TABBYSKINS.



Kittens in the garden,
  Looking in her face,
Learning how to spit and swear,
  O what a disgrace.
Very wrong, very wrong,
  Very wrong and bad;
Such a subject for our song,
  Makes us all too sad.

Old Mother Tabbyskins,
  Sticking out her head,
Gave a howl and then a yowl,
  Hobbled off to bed.
Very sick, very sick,
  Very savage, too;
Pray send for a doctor, quick—
  Any one will do!

Doctor Mouse came creeping,
  Creeping to her bed;
Lanced her gums and felt her pulse,
  Whispered she was dead.
Very sly, very sly,
  The *real* old cat,
Open kept her weather eye—
  Mouse! beware of that!

Old Mother Tabbyskins,
  Saying, "serves him right,'
Gobbled up the Doctor,
  With infinite delight.
"Very fast, very fast,
  Very pleasant, too,—
What a pity it can't last!
  Bring another, do."

Doctor Dog comes running,
Just to see her begs;
Round his neck a comforter,
Trousers on his legs.
Very grand, very grand,
Golden headed cane
Swinging gaily from his hand,
Mischief in his brain.

Ah, Mother Tabbyskins,
Who is now afraid?
Of poor little Doctor Mouse
You a mouthful made.
Very nice, very nice,
Little doctor he:
But for Doctor Dog's advice,
You must pay the fee.

Doctor Dog comes nearer,
Says she must be bled;
I heard Mother Tabbyskins
Screaming in her bed.

Very near, very near,
Scuffling out and in,
Doctor Dog looks full and queer,
Where is Tabbyskins?

I will tell the moral
Without any fuss;
Those who lead the young astray,
Always suffer thus!
Very nice, very nice,
Let our conduct be;
For all doctors are not mice—
Some are dogs, you see.

TOPSY.

I HAVE the dearest kitten
  Your eyes did ever see,
And oh! such merry times she has,
  My kitty dear, with me.

Her coat is soft and silky,
  And just as black as ink,
That's why I call her Topsy:
  A good name, don't you think?

Where did my pussy come from?
  You cannot guess, I fear.
Why, Father Christmas brought her,
  Now, wasn't he a dear?

Just by my Christmas stocking
  A little hamper stood,
And when I lifted up the lid,
  My darling kitty mewed.

It was as if she said to me,
  "Please take me out, dear May,"
And so I took her in my arms,
  And quietly she lay.

But soon some lovely romps we had,
  My kitty dear and I,
All round the room, upstairs and down,
  To race me she did try.

And when each morning comes again,
  And I get out of bed,
I run to feed my kitty
  With nice, new milk and bread.

But one day, oh, my Topsy!
A sad, sad tale I heard,
Tom says you scampered up a tree,
After a little bird.

I'm sure I don't know how you could,
Birds are such pretty things;
I hope you did not catch it, puss,
I'm glad that it had wings.

Perhaps it flew away from you,
So I will scold no more,
But love my Topsy, every day,
Just as I did before.

MY LITTLE GRAY KITTY AND I.

WHEN the north wind whistles round the house,
Piling snowdrifts high,
We nestle down on the warm hearth-rug—
My little gray kitty and I.
I tell her about my work and play,
And all I mean to do,
And she purrs so loud, I surely think
That she understands—don't you?

She looks about with her big, round eyes,
And softly licks my face,
As I tell her 'bout the word I missed,
And how I have lost my place.
Then let the wind whistle, for what to us
Matters a stormy sky?
Oh, none have such jolly times as we—
My little gray kitty and I.

PUSS AND HER THREE KITTENS.

TOM HOOD.

[*Give in an animated style and tone of voice.*]

OUR old cat has kittens three—
What do you think their names should be?
One is tabby, with emerald eyes,
And a tail that's long and slender,
And into a temper she quickly flies
If you ever by chance offend her.
I think we shall call her this—
I think we shall call her that;
Now, don't you think "Pepperpot"
A nice name for a cat?

One is black, with a frill of white,
And her feet are all white fur, too;
If you stroke her she carries her tail upright,
And quickly begins to pur, too,
I think we shall call her this—
I think we shall call her that;
Now, don't you fancy, "Sootikin"
A nice name for a cat?

One is a tortoise shell, yellow and black,
With a lot of white about him;
If you tease him, at once he sets up his back;
He's a quarrelsome Tom, ne'er doubt him!
I think we shall call him this—
I think we shall call him that;
Now, don't you fancy "Scratchaway"
A nice name for a cat?

Our old cat has kittens three,
And I fancy these their names will be:
"Pepperpot," Sootikin," Scratchaway"—there
Were there ever kittens with these to compare?
And we call the old mother—now, what do you think?
Tabitha Longclaws Tidleywink.

NOBODY DID IT.

NOBODY b'oke it! It cracked itself,
It was clear 'way up on the toppest shelf.
I—p'rhaps the kitty-cat knows!"
Says poor little Ned,
With his ears as red
As the heart of a damask rose.

"Nobody lost it! I carefully
Put my cap just where it ought to be,
(No, 'tisn't ahind the door),
And it went and hid,
Why, of course, it did,
For I've hunted an hour or more."

"Nobody tore it! You know things will
Tear if you're sitting just stock-stone still!
I was jumping over the fence—
There's some spikes on top,,
And you have to drop
Before you can half commence."

Nobody! wicked Sir Nobody!
Playing such tricks on all about thee.
If I but set eyes on you.
You should find what you've lost
But that to my cost,
I never am like to do!

THREE MAIDENS FAIR.

Concert Recitation and Pantomime.

STANLEY SCHELL.

Written expressly for this book.

[Three girls in elaborate gowns. Each gown has a long cat-tail attached at back, and each girl wears a cat-mask suited to color of cat she represents. On each girl's head, just back of ears, is a lady's hat, with three plumes drooping forward. The hat is kept in place by white-lawn streamers, tied in big bow beneath chin. One girl wears chain, with lorgnette, which she uses occasionally; another girl carries fancy parasol over shoulder; the third girl carries very showy fan, which she uses at different times. Gloves should be worn by all girls. Girls enter from stage rear with mincing steps, and trip to stage front, doing all sorts of things with lorgnette, parasol and fan until stage front is reached. Then all stand still and look at audience, then look sad a moment, and recite in concert the following:]

MANY years ago there lived
Three of us maidens fair and bright;
But to sorrow we were doomed,
All through a fairy's spite;
For she wanted us to wed
Three sons of hers, we wot;
But we maidens all refused,
And hence this weary lot.
Pity, friends, we ask of you,
Doomed for years to cry me-you!

In this castle were we shut,,
Many years ago;
Here for weary days and nights,
Our pearly tears did flow.
Each a handsome lover met
Within the garden fair;

But that fairy changed them all
To mice, and kept them there—
Changed them into three white mice,
And then devoured them in a trice!

Then not satisfied with this,
While we poor maidens sat
Side by side, that fairy came,
And changed us into cats!
Here we must stay to pine and mope,
In feline misery,
'Till three princes come to woo,
And wed, and set us free—
Me-you! There come three princes true!
And now again we'll happy maidens be.

KITTENS' BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF.

BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF is my name.
Do you know how to play the game?
First shut your eyes, then open me,
And you shall see—what you shall see!

TATTERS, THE CAT.

MRS. FREDERICK W. PENDER.

Written especially for this book.

I WILL tell you a story of Tatters, the cat,
Who was good, if not handsome, and sleek, and so fat,
And his coat it was ragged [which caused his queer name],
Did not lessen his value—he was loved all the same.

Now, one day he was longing to go on the street,
Just to see the fine sights, it would be such a treat;
He was clever, he thought, as he planned it all o'er,
And he said, "I'll be gone but an hour, and no more."

Oh, he never meant wrong, he was seeking some fun,
And to have his own way, why, he skipped out and run.
He was foolish, like children so often, you see,
That he got unawares in some bad company.

He was easy and free, and, I'm sorry to say,
How he went at the call of some boys from his play.
Now, they coaxed him at first till he thought each a friend,
All so trustful was Tatters, he dreamed not the end:

For he looked in their faces and purred his soft way,
And the shame of those boys when they scat him away;
And so timid he grew, and so wild in his flight,
That 'way down a dark alley he stayed all the night.

And his eyes, they shone bright—like two coals in his head.
It was damp, and so cold, and the ground was his bed;
How he crouched all in fear, tho' no harm he had done,
From those wicked young boys, who were friends, no, not one.

He was far from his home, and his coat it was rough,
And more tattered it grew from the kicks and the cuffs
He would get from the boys as he sought food to eat,
So he stayed in the alley and avoided the street.

And his life was so sad, that he soon pined away,
From the day he had run to the street just to play;
And one morning those boys threw a stone at his head,
It could not hurt Tatters, for the poor cat was dead.

JUST PLAIN CAT.

JENNIE PENDLETON EWING.

OUR neighbor's cat is Persian, the Jones's cat Maltese;
Aunty's big Angora has feathers to her knees
(At least they look like feathers), and a tail so big and white,
When that kitty meets a puppy dog, I tell you it's a sight!
But when I ask, "What breed is mine—my pussy, sleek and fat?"
They laugh and pull my curls, and say, "I fear—just plain cat."

It's true her eyes aren't yellow, her tail is rather small,
I don't know if she ever had a ped-i-gree at all.
(That big word means her mother, her grandma, too, they say,
That they all took prizes at a show, were marked a special way.)
What do I care for markings, for prizes and all that?
My kitty's just as precious if she is just plain cat.

She is the dearest kitten, all scamper and all fur!
Not one of all my other pets can make me laugh like her.
She may be very common, but I know she's good and true,
For she meets me when I come from school with loving little mew;
And when she's round we never see a teenchy mouse or rat,
And I b'lieve I love her better 'cause she's just plain cat!

PUSSY'S DREAM.

DAME PUSS fell asleep in the great arm-chair,
And she dreamed a dream that was strange and rare.
She dreamed that the mice were to give a grand ball,
And begged her to come and dance with them all.

Pussy said, in her dream, with a curtsy low,
"With pleasure, dear friends, to your ball I'll go."
But she said to herself with a sly little mew,
"I'll dance with you, yes,—but I'll eat you, too."

When Pussy arrived at Castle Mouse
She really could hardly get into the house;
For the house it was small and the crowd it was great,
And besides Madame Puss was a whole hour late.

When she reached the great hall, which was really quite high,
The mice placed before her a huge, mammoth pie;
And they said, "Lady Puss, you are hungry, we fear,
So the best of our dainties we've brought for you here."

So Puss with good-will set to work at the food,
For the smell of that pastry, oh, wasn't it good?
She picked and she licked, and she gobbled away,
And wished it might last for a year and a day.

And when it was gone, Pussy thought with a sigh—
"Ah, how will the mice taste, now—after the pie.
However, I'll eat them, of course, since they're here."
She looked up—no sign of a mouse anywhere.

No sign of a mouse,—and the door it was shut.
Pussy made every effort to open it, but,—
It was firm double locked, and the windows were barred,
With railings of iron all heavy and hard.

To make matters worse, as each window she tried,
She heard the mice giggling and squeaking outside.
By their shrill cries of triumph, they thought, it was plain,
That their enemy never could get out again.

At this Pussy's courage at once did revive,—
"What, stay here," she cried, "and be buried alive,—
Be eaten by mice when my sufferings are over,—
No—never—miow! I will break down the door."

She gathered her strength for a terrible spring,
And flew at the door like a bird on the wing.
Crash, smash went the panels; one more frantic leap,
And, then—why Dame Pussy awoke from her sleep.

And there she was sitting in master's arm-chair;
No castle, no pie, not a mouse anywhere.
She stretched herself yawning, and, rubbing her eyes,
And looked all around with the greatest surprise.

Ah, Pussy, t'was only a dream, dear, but still
'Twas a dream full of warning for good or for ill;
When you go to Mouse Castle, just take my advice,
Before touching the pastry, first eat up the mice.

DOGS AND CATS.

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

IT is admitted that the dog has intelligence, a heart and perhaps a soul, likewise it is agreed that the cat is a traitor, deceiver, thief, an egotist, an ingrate. How many have we not heard say: "Oh, I cannot abide a cat! it is an animal that loves not its master; it is attached only to the house; one must keep it under lock and key. I had one once, for I was in the country and there were mice. The cook had the imprudence to leave upon the table a

poulet that she had just purchased; the cat carried it off, no morsel of it was ever seen after. Since that day I have said: 'I will have no cat.'" Its reputation is detestable, the fact cannot be disguised, and one must acknowledge that the cat does nothing to modify the opinion in which it is held. It is entirely unpopular, but it cares as little about this as it does about the Grand Turk. Must I confess it to you? It is for this that I love it, for in this world one can remain indifferent to things the most serious—if there are serious things, and this one knows only at the end of his life; but he cannot evade the question of dogs and cats. There is always a moment when he must declare himself. Well, then! I love cats! Ah! the times they have said to me:

"What, you love cats?"

"Yes!"

"Do you not like dogs better?"

"No, I love cats much more."

"That is extraordinary."

I prefer certainly to have neither cat nor dog, but were I forced to live with one of these two individuals, I would choose the cat. It has for me the manners essential to social relations. At first, in its early youth, it possesses all the graces, all the suppleness, all the unexpectedness by which the most exacting, artistic fancy can be amused! It is adroit, it always knows where it is. Prudent unto caution, it goes everywhere, it examines without soiling, breaking nothing; it is in itself a warmth and a caress; it has not a snout, but a mouth—and what a mouth! It steals the mutton as does the dog, but, unlike the latter, makes no delight of carrion; it is discreet and of fastidious cleanliness, which might be well imitated by a number of its detractors. It washes its face, and in so doing foretells the weather into the bargain. One can entertain the idea of putting a ribbon around its neck, never a collar; it cannot be enslaved. It permits no modifications in its race; it lends itself to no combinations that industries could attempt. The cat reflects, this is obvious, contrary to the dog, a lackbrain whose rabies is his crowning idiocy. In short, the cat is a dignified, proud, disdainful animal that hides its love

affairs in the shadows, almost within the clouds, upon the roofs, in the vicinity of the night-working students. It defies advances, tolerates no insults, it abandons the house in which it is not treated according to its merits; in short, the cat is truly an aristocrat in type and origin, whereas the dog is and ever will be naught but a vulgar parvenu by dint of complaisance.

The sole argument at all plausible against the cat is that it destroys the birds, the nightingales as well as the sparrows. If the dog does not as much it is because he is too clumsy and stupid. He runs also after the birds, but barking, the birds escape him, and he stays behind completely dumbfounded, open-mouthed and with astonished tail. He makes up for it upon the partridges and rabbits, after two years' submission to the strong collar in order to learn this art, and it is not for himself, but for the hunter, that he goes in quest of game. The imbecile! He persecutes the animals, an animal himself, for the profit of the man who beats him. At least, when the cat catches a bird she has an excuse; it is to eat it herself. Why would that authorize man to slander her? Let men regard one another! They will see in their race, as in that of cats, those who have claws and have no other preoccupation but to destroy those who have wings.

MISTRESS KITTY.

"MISTRESS KITTY, from the city,
How do your kittens grow?
With eyes so bright,
And fur so white,
And teeth a shining row?"

"My kittens white, my heart's delight,
Their fur is just like snow;
They play and fight
From morn till night,
And *that's* the way they grow."

WHAT'S DELAYING MY DINNER?

From Paintings by A. Rotta.

THE FAMILY CAT.

I CAN fold up my claws
In my soft velvet paws,
And purr in the sun
Till the short day is done—
For I am the family cat.
I can doze by the hour
In the vine-covered bower,
Winking and blinking,
Through sunshine and shower—
For I am the family cat.

From gooseberry bush
Or where bright currants blush,
I may suddenly spring
For a bird on the wing;
Or dart up a tree,
If a brown nest I see,
And select a choice morsel
For dinner or tea;
And no one to blame me,
Berate me, or shame me—
For I am the family cat.

In the cold winter night,
When the ground is all white,
And the icicles shine
In a long silver line,
I stay not to shiver
In the moonbeam's pale quiver,
But curl up in the house,
As snug as a mouse,
And play Jacky Horner
In the cosiest corner;

Breaking nobody's laws,
With my chin or my paws,
Asleep with one eye, and
Awake with the other
For pats from the children,
Kind words from the mother—
For I am the family cat.

DOCTOR TOM MEW.

THIS is the Schoolmaster, Doctor Tom Mew,
Who teaches young kittens, and birches them, too;
When he cries, "Silence!" each pupil turns pale,
And trembles right down to the tip of his tail.

WHERE IS MY KITTY?

Action Poem.

[1]KITTY, kitty, kitty!
[2]Where can you be?
[3]Perhaps you're in the garden;
[4]I'll run out and see.

[5]She's not in the garden;
And not in the shed;
[6]Oh, what shall I do
If my kitty is dead!

[7]I'll look in mamma's room;
[8]I'll look in my chair;
[9]I'll look on the table,
But no kitty is there.

[10]You've found her, the darling,
[11]What, there, you don't say?
[12]Asleep in the barn,
Cuddled up in the hay,
My kitty.

DIRECTIONS.

[1]Child runs in calling.
[2]Stops and looks about.
[3]As if thinking a moment, shakes head as she recites the line.
[4]Recites fourth line and runs out a moment.
[5]Enters hurriedly and tells audience.
[6]Sorrowfully. Stands disconsolate a moment.
[7]Recites line, skips to entrance near R. front and looks in; comes back, and stops a moment, as if thinking.
[8]Recites line; goes and looks in chair; stops a moment.
[9]Recites third line; goes and looks at table; seeing no kitty, looks heartsick and ready to cry.
[10]Looks up and off L. suddenly; face brightens as she listens. Recites line, full of joy and animation and love.
[11]Listens; speaks as if astonished. Takes kitten in her arms very lovingly.
[12]Talks to kitty very lovingly, drawling out on "My Kitty." Gives kitty a loving squeeze.

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KATHIE'S STORY.

NOW stay right still and listen, kitty-cat, and I'll tell you a story:

Once there was a little girl. She was a pretty good little girl, and minded her papa and mamma everything they said, only sometimes she didn't, and then she was naughty; but she was always sorry, and said she wouldn't do so any more, and her mamma'd forgive her.

So she was going to hang up her stocking.

"You'll have to be pretty good, lest 'twon't be filled," said her mamma.

"'Less may be there'll be a big bunch of sticks in it," said her papa.

Do you think that's a nice way to talk, kitty-cat? I don't.

So the little girl was good as she could be, and didn't cry nor slap her little sister hardly any at all, and always minded her mamma, specially when she came where the chimney was.

So she hung up her stocking. And in the night she got awake and wanted it to come morning; but in the morning she didn't get awake till 'twas all sunshiny outdoor. Then she ran quick as she could to look at her stocking where she'd hung it; and true's you live, kitty-cat, there wasn't the leastest little mite of a scrimp!

Oh, the little girl felt dreadful!

How'd you feel s'pose it had been you, kitty-cat?

She 'menced to cry, the little girl did, and she kept going harder and harder, till bymby she screeched orfly, and her mamma came running to see what was the matter.

"Mercy me!" said her mamma. "Look over by the window 'fore you do that any more, Kathie."

That little girl's name was Kathie, too, kitty-cat, just the same's mine.

So she looked over by the window, the way her mamma said, and—oh! there was the loveliest dolly's house you ever saw in all

your born life. It had curtains to pull to the sides when you wanted to play, and pull in front when you didn't. There was a bedroom, kitty-cat, and a dinner-room and a kitchen and a parlor, and they all had carpets on. And there was the sweetest dolly in the parlor, all dressed up in blue silk. Oh, dear! And a penano to play real little tunes on, and a rocking-chair and—O kitty-cat, I can't begin to tell you half about it.

I can't about the bedroom, either, nor the dinner-room. But the kitchen was the very bestest of all. There was a stove—a teenty, tonty mite of a one, kitty-cat—with dishes just 'zactly like mamma's, only littler, of course, and frying-pans and everything; and spoons to stir with, and a rolling-pin and two little cutters-out, and the darlingest baker-sheet ever you saw!

The first thing that little girl did was to make some teenty mites of cookies, 'cause her mamma let her; and if you'll come right downstairs, kitty-cat, I'll give you one, 'cause I was that little girl, kitty-cat, all the time.

READY FOR BREAKFAST.

MIOU, miou, miou!
I'm ready for breakfast now.
I want to be fed
On milk and bread,
Miou, miou, miou!

MISS TABBY CAT'S RECEPTION.

ELIZABETH L. GOULD.

THE eldest Miss Tabbycat gave an "at home,"
With music and choice recitations
By Signor Angora, quite lately from Rome,
Who rendered the "Yowls of All Nations."

The "Squalls Without Words," sung by Fräulien von Manx,
Were greeted with murmurs of "charming!"
While her "Chanson de Alley" elicited thanks
So loud they were almost alarming.

There was, too, a sonata, composed by C. Waul,
Which was classic and claimed the attention
For fully an hour. The themes one and all,
Were models of feline invention.

This piece and the trio, "Beloved Young Mouse,"
Were voted the evening's successes,
The latter was purred by three guests of the house
Who wore solid tortoise shell dresses.

The pleasant refreshments were freely dispensed
At twelve. There were crumbs of long standing,
And milk in all possible forms, save condensed,
Set forth on the cellar way landing.

Now, little Miss Velvetpaw, pattering home
In a shower beneath the umbrella
Of Signor Angora, quite lately from Rome,
Said, "Wasn't it nice in that cellar?

"And wasn't Miss Tabby the dearest old thing?
And weren't those split milkings just splendid?
And didn't that Manx creature know how to sing?
Though she looked—well, least said, soonest mended!"

But Fräulein von Manx, treading homeward alone
With a large book of songs, said ('twas spiteful,
Of course), "She was ready to gnaw a dry bone,
And the damp in that cellar was frightful!"

And the eldest Miss Tabbycat sank on the stair
Where she'd stood and reflected with sorrow
On the mess that her party had made ev'rywhere
And the bills that would come on the morrow.

FIVE KITTY CATS.

[For the baby fingers—to be played with open fingers first—closing each as designated.]

FIVE little kitty cats on the kitchen floor,
This one saw a rolling ball,
Then there were four.

Four little kitty cats sleepy as can be,
This one smelled a creepy mouse,
Then there were three.

Three little kitty cats wondering what they'll do,
This one heard the milk boy's bell,
Then there were two.

Two little kitty cats sleeping in the sun,
Baby wanted one to love,
Then there was one.

One little kitty cat left all alone,
Along came a barky dog,
Then there was none.

MY KITTENS.

OLIVE STEVENS BROWN.

DO you want to see my kittens?
I found them in the shed;
They squirm so I can't hold 'em,
I'll haul 'em on my sled.
I guess I'd better name 'em,
'Cause some might get away.
Who'd ever thought of kittens
All cuddled in that hay?

I'll call this white one "Muffy,"
He looks just like a muff;
This little spotted, fat one,
I guess I'll call him "Puff;"
This black one with the boots on,
He looks so smart and brisk,
I'll put a collar on him,
And put around it "Frisk."

These gray ones—guess they'll puzzle me,
They're just as live as pins.
I'll tell you what I think, sir,
These kittens must be twins.
I guess I needn't name them,
It wouldn't hardly pay,
'Cause I wouldn't know to-morrow
Which one was which to-day.

TWO PUSSY-CATS.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I.

THE PET CAT.

DAINTY little ball of fur, sleek and round and fat,
Yawning through the lazy hours, some one's household cat,
Lying on a bed of down, decked in ribbons gay,
What a pleasant life you lead, whether night or day.

Dining like an epicure, from a costly dish,
Served with what you like the best, chicken, meat or fish,
Purring at an outstretched hand, knowing but caresses,
Half the comforts of your life, pussy, no one guesses.

Romping through the house at will, racing down the hall,
Full of pretty, playful pranks, loved and praised by all,
Wandering from room to room to find the choicest spot,
Favored little household puss, happy is your lot.

Sleeping on my lady's lap, or dozing by the grate,
Fed with catnip tea if ill, what a lucky fate!
Loved in life and mourned in death, and stuffed maybe at that,
And kept up on the mantel-shelf—dear pet cat.

II.

THE TRAMP CAT.

Poor little beggar cat, hollow-eyed and gaunt,
Creeping down the alley-way like a ghost of want,
Kicked and beat by thoughtless boys, bent on cruel play,
What a sorry life you lead, whether night or day.

Hunting after crusts and crumbs, gnawing meatless bones,
Trembling at a human step, fearing bricks and stones,
Shrinking at an outstretched hand, knowing only blows,
Wretched little beggar cat, born to suffer woes.

Stealing to an open door, craving food and heat,
Frightened off with angry cries and broomed into the street,
Tortured, teased and chased by dogs, through the lonely night,
Homeless little beggar cat, sorrow is your plight.

Sleeping anywhere you can, in the rain and snow,
Waking in the cold, gray dawn, wondering where to go,
Dying in the street at last, starved to death at that,
Picked up by the scavenger—poor tramp cat.

MATILDA MARTHA MAY.

FANNIE ROGERS WHITE.

MATILDA MARTHA MAY
Played the livelong day.
When supper time came
This little dame
Was too sleepy to eat her whey.

Her head would go up and down,
Bobbing around and round,
While kitty puss sat
Just waiting for that,
Then up on the table she'd bound.

She'd eat all the whey in sight;
Now do you think that was right?
While this little yum yum
With an empty tum tum
Spent a very restless night.

AN OBJECT OF LOVE.

MARY E. WILKINS.

A TINY white-painted house, with a door and one window in front, and a little piazza, over which the roof jutted, and on which the kitchen door opened, on the rear corner. Squashes were piled up on this piazza in a great yellow and green heap.

Ann Millet, her shawl pinned closely over her hair and ears, the small oval of her solemn, delicate old face showing almost uncanny beneath it, stood in the door, surveying the sky outside.

"There's goin' to be a heavy frost, sure enough," she said. "I'll hev to git the squashes in. Thar's Mis' Stone comin'. Hope to goodness she won't stop an' hinder me! Lor' sakes! I'd orter hev more patience."

A tall, stooping figure came up the street, and paused at the gate hesitatingly.

"Good-evenin', Ann."

"Good-evenin', Mis' Stone."

"Gettin' in your squashes, ain't you?" Mrs. Stone spoke in a very high pitched tone. Ann was somewhat deaf.

"Yes. I didn't dare resk 'em out to-night, it's so cold."

"Well, it's a good deal colder than I hed any idea of when I come out. Yes, I'd take 'em in. We got ourn in last week. We ain't got more'n half as many as you hev. I shouldn't think you could use 'em all, Ann."

"Well, I do. I allers liked squashes, an' Willy likes 'em, too. You'd orter see him brush round me, a-roundin' up his back an' purrin' when I'm a scrapin' of 'em out of the shell. He likes 'em better'n fresh meat."

"Seems queer for a cat to like sech things. Ourn won't touch 'em. How nice an' big your cat looks a-settin' thar in the window!"

"He's a-watchin' of me. He jumped up thar jest the minute I come out!"

"He's a good deal of company for you, ain't he?"

"Yes, he is. What on airth I should do this long winter that's comin', without him, I don't know. Everybody wants somethin' that's alive in the house."

"That's so. It must be pretty lonesome for you anyway."

"Well, I don't mean to complain. I'd orter be thankful. I've got my Bible an' Willy, an' a roof over my head, an' enough to eat an' wear; an' p'rhaps some other woman ain't lonesome because I am, an' maybe she'd be one of the kind that didn't like cats, an' wouldn't hev got along half as well as me. No, I never orter complain."

"Well, if all of us looked at our mercies more'n our trials, we'd be a good deal happier. But, sakes! I must be goin'. Good-night, Ann."

"Good-night, Mis' Stone."

Mrs. Stone hitched rapidly down the street to her own home, and Ann went on tugging in her squashes. She was a little woman and had to carry them in one at a time. After they were all in she took off her shawl and hung it on a nail behind the kitchen door. Then she gave her cat his saucer of warm milk in a snug corner by the stove and sat down contentedly to her own supper. The cat was a beautiful little animal, with a handsome dark striped coat on his back, and white paws and face.

When he had finished lapping his milk, he came and stood beside his mistress's chair while she ate, and purred, and she gave him bits of bread from her plate now and then. She talked to him.

"Nice Willy! nice cat. Got up on the window to see me bring in the squashes, didn't he? There's a beautiful lot of 'em, an' he shall hev some stewed for his dinner to-morrow, so he shall."

And the cat would purr, and rub his soft coat against her, and look as if he knew just what she meant.

There was a prayer-meeting that evening, and Ann Millet went. She never missed one. The minister, when he entered, always found her sitting in the same place. She had a pretty voice when she was young, people said, and she sang now in a sweet thin quaver the hymns which the minister gave out. She listened in

solemn enjoyment to the stereotyped prayers and the speaker's remarks.

After meeting Ann always went up and told him how much she had enjoyed his remarks, and inquired after his wife and children. To her a minister was an unpublished apostle, and his wife and family were set apart on the earth.

When she had reached home and lighted her lamp, she called her cat. She had expected to find him waiting to be let in, but he was not. She stood out on her little piazza, and called, "Willy! Willy! Willy!"

She thought every minute she would see him bounding around the corner, but she did not. She called over and over, "Willy! Willy! Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!"

Finally she went into the house and waited awhile, crouching, shivering with cold and nervousness, over the kitchen stove. Then she went outside and called again, "Willy!" over and over, waiting between the calls trembling, her dull old ears alert, her dim old eyes strained. She ran out to the road, and looked and called. Once her heart leaped; she thought she saw Willy coming; but it was only a black cat which belonged to one of the neighbors. Over and over all night long she called the poor little creature which was everything earthly she had to keep her company in the great universe in which she herself was so small.

In the morning she went over to Mrs. Stone's, her small old face wild and wan.

"Hev you seen anything of Willy?" she asked. "He's been out all night, an' I'm afraid somethin's happened to him. I never knowed him to stay out so before."

When they told her they had not seen him, she went on to the next neighbors to inquire. But no one had seen anything of the cat. All that day and night, at intervals, people heard her plaintive, inquiring call, "Willy! Willy! Willy!"

The next Sunday, Ann was not out at church. Mrs. Stone went over to see what was the matter.

"Why, Ann Millet, are you sick?" she asked.

"No, I ain't sick."

"You wa'n't out to meetin', an' I didn't know——"

"I ain't never goin' to meetin' agin."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean jest what I say. I ain't never goin' to meetin' agin. Folks go to meetin' to thank the Lord for blessin's, I s'pose. I've lost mine, an' I ain't goin'."

"What hev you lost, Ann?"

"Ain't I lost Willy?"

"You don't mean to say you're makin' such a fuss as this over a cat?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I aint nothin' agin cats, but I must say I'm beat. Why, Ann Millet, it's downright sinful for you to feel so. Of course, you set a good deal by Willy; but it ain't as ef he was a human creature. Cats is cats. For my part, I never thought it was right to set by animals as ef they was babies."

"I can't hear what you say."

"I never thought it was right to set by animals as ef they was babies."

"I don't keer. It's comfortin' to have live creatures about you, an' Iain't never hed anything like other women. I ain't hed no folks of my own sense I kin remember. I've worked hard all my life, an' hed nothin' at all to love, an' I've thought I'd orter be thankful all the same. But I did want as much as a cat."

"Well, as I said before, I've nothin' agin cats. But I don't understand any human bein' with an immortal soul a-settin' so much by one."

"I can't hear what you say."

"I don't understand any human bein' with an immortal soul a-settin' so much by a cat."

"You've got folks, Mis' Stone."

"I know I hev; but folks is trials sometimes. But, Ann Millet, I didn't think you was one to sink down so under any trial. I thought the Lord would be a comfort to you."

"I know all that, Mis' Stone. But when it comes to it, I'm here

an' I ain't thar; an' I've got hands, an' I want somethin' I kin touch."

Then the poor soul broke down, and sobbed out loud like a baby.

"I ain't—never felt as ef I orter begrutch other—women their homes an' their folks. I thought—p'raps—I could git along better without 'em than—some; an' the Lord knowed it, an' seein' thar wa'n't enough to go round, he gave 'em to them that needed 'em most. I ain't—never—felt—as ef I'd orter complain. But—thar—was—cats—enough. I might a hed—that—much."

"You kin git another cat, Ann. Mis' Maxwell's got some real smart kittens."

"I don't want any of Mis' Maxwell's kittens; I don't never want any other cat."

"P'rhaps yourn will come back."

"No, he won't. I'll never see him agin. I've felt jest that way about it from the first."

"Hark! I declar' I thought I heard a cat mew somewhar! But I guess I didn't. Well, I'm sorry, Ann. Why, Ann Millet, whar's your squashes?"

"I throwed 'em away out in the field. Willy can't hev none of 'em now, an' I don't keer about 'em myself."

Mrs. Stone looked at her in horror. When she got home she told her daughter that Ann Millet was in a dreadful state of mind, and she thought the minister ought to see her.

The next day the minister called on her. He did not find her so outspoken; her awe of him restrained her. Still, Ann Millet was for the time a wicked, rebellious old woman.

In the course of the call a rap came at the kitchen door.

"Nothin' but a little gal with a Malty cat," said she. "The children hev got wind of my losin' Willy, an' they mean it all right, but it seem as ef I should fly! They keep comin' and bringin' cats. They'll find a cat that they think mebbe is Willy, an' so they bring him to show me. They've brought Malty and white cats, an' cats all Malty. They've brought yaller cats, an' black, an' there wa'n't one of 'em looked like Willy. Then they've

brought kittens that they knowed wa'n't Willy, but they thought mebbe I'd like 'em instead of him. They mean all right, I know; they're real tender-hearted; but it 'most kills me. Why, they brought me two little kittens that hain't got their eyes open jest before you came. They was striped and white, an' they said they thought they'd grow up to look like Willy."

He went away without saying much of anything; he was so afraid that what he said might be out of proportion to the demands of the case.

Going out the door, he stopped and listened a minute; he thought he heard a cat mew. Then he concluded he was mistaken, and went on. He watched eagerly for Ann the next meeting night, but she did not come.

The day after the meeting, she had occasion to go down cellar for something. The cellar stairs led up to the front part of the house. Ann went through her chilly sitting-room, and opened the cellar door, which was in the front entry. There was a quick rush from the gloom below, and Willy flew up the cellar stairs.

"Lor' sakes!" said Ann, with a white shocked face. "He has been down there all the while. Now I remember. He followed me when I came through here to git my cloak that meetin' night, an' he wanted to go down cellar, an' I let him. Lor' sakes!"

She went back into the kitchen, her knees trembling. She poured out a saucer of milk, and watched Willy hungrily lapping. He did not look as if he had suffered, though he had been in the cellar a week.

Ann watched him, the white, awed look still on her face.

"I s'pose he mewed an' I didn't hear him. Thar he was all the time, jest whar I put him; an' me a-blamin' of the Lord an' puttin' of it on him. I'v been an awful wicked woman. I ain't been to meetin', an' I've talked, an'—them squashes I threw away. It's been so warm they 'aint froze, an' I don't deserve it. I hadn't orter hev one of 'em; I hadn't orter hev anything. I'd orter offer up Willy. Lor' sakes, think of me a-sayin' what I did, an' him down cellar!"

That afternoon Mrs. Stone saw Ann slowly and painfully bring-

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From Painting by L. Perrault.

A Happy Mother.

ing in squashes one at a time. The next meeting night Ann was in her place. After meeting, the minister hurried out of his desk to speak to her. When she looked up at him, her old cheeks were flushing.

"The cat has come back," said Ann.

THE KITTENS' FRIGHT.

Action Poem.

LITTLE Kitty Cotton-tail
[1]Rubbed her sleepy eyes;
[2]Went out for a morning walk—
[3]Stared in wild surprise!

"*Meaow!*" cried Kitty Cotton-tail,
To her sister calling;
[4]"Poppy, Poppy, let us hide!
[5]See, the sky is falling!"

[6]Cotton-tail and Poppy ran
Down the yard together;
Baby Jimbo met, and stopped
To talk about the weather.

"*Meaow!*" said Kitty Cotton-tail;
"*Meaow!*" said Baby Jimbo;
[7]So they all ran on again,
With their arms akimbo.

[8]Mother Tortoise-shell they met:
"What means this?" she cried.
[9]"Skies are falling," answered they;
[10]"Come with us and hide!"

[11]Mother Tortoise-shell was wise,
And her speech was slow;
[12]"Foolish little cats!" she said—
"*That* is only snow!"

DIRECTIONS.

[1]Pass hands over eyes as if just awakening.

[2]Extend hands at right angles to chest, and move them to and fro.

[3]Hand by side, head erect, and look straight in front, as if astonished at something.

[4]Beckon with finger, and nod head, as if calling in haste.

[5]Raise hands and arms vertically, and then, with hands at right angles to arms, lower them quickly.

[6]Move hands quickly to right.

[7]Point as if directing attention to the three kittens running to right.

[8]Raise forefinger of right hand, and gesticulate as if to emphasize.

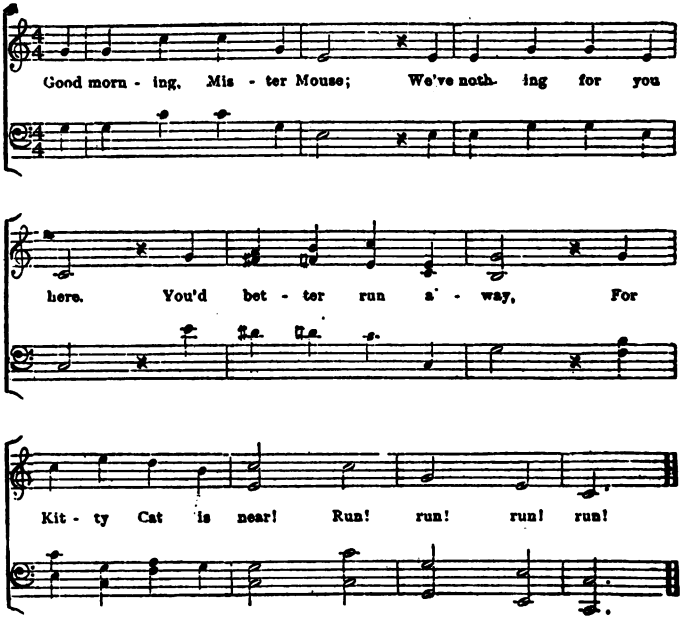
[9]Imitate action 5.

[10]Imitate action 4.

[11]Imitate action 8.

[12]Shake head, and speak very deliberately.

THE WARNING



MY CAT.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

MY pretty cat to my heart I hold,
My heart ever warm to her;
Let me look in thine eyes of agate and gold;
Thy claws keep sheathed in fur.

My finger strokes thy head, and thrills
Thy back that arches higher;
My touch with quivering rapture fills
Thy veins' electric fire.

I dream of my love; her eyes like thine,
Profound and cold, sweet cat of mine,
My soul like dart-wounds fret.

A subtle air, a deadly sweet
Breathes round her, and from head to feet
Envelopes my brunette.

CAT-EGORICAL COURTSHIP.

I SAT one night beside a blue-eyed girl—
The fire was out, and so, too, was her mother;
A feeble flame around the lamp did curl
Making faint shadows, blending in each other.
'Twas nearly twelve o'clock, too, in November.
She had a shawl on also, I remember.
Well, I had been to see her every night
For thirteen days, and had a sneaking notion

To pop the question, thinking all was right,
And once or twice had made an awkward motion
To take her hand, and stammered, coughed, and stuttered,
But somehow nothing to the point had uttered.
I thought this chance too good now to be lost;
I hitched my chair up pretty close beside her,
Drew a long breath, and then my legs I crossed,
Bent over, sighed, and for five minutes eyed her.
She looked as if she knew what next was coming,
And with her foot upon the floor was drumming.
I didn't know how to begin or where—
I couldn't speak; the words were always choking,
I scarce could move—I seemed tied in my chair—
I hardly breathed—'twas awful provoking;
The perspiration from each pore was oozing,
My heart and brain and limbs their power seemed losing.
At length I saw a brindled tabby-cat
Walk purring up, inviting me to pat her;
An idea came, electric-like at that—
My doubts, like summer clouds, began to scatter;
I seized on tabby, though a scratch she gave me,
And said, "Come, Puss, ask Mary if she'll have me?"
'Twas done at once—the murder now was out;
The thing was all explained in half a minute;
She blushed, and, turning pussy round about,
Said, "Pussy, tell him, yes!" Her foot was in it!
The cat had thus saved me my category.
And here's the catastrophe of my story.

TOMMIE.

THE elephant has greatness,
The little pug has fame,
The cat they call just Tommie,
But he gets there just the same.

HODGE, THE CAT.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

BURLY and big his books among
Good Samuel Johnson sat,
With frowning brows and wig askew,
His snuff-strewn waistcoat far from new;
So stern and menacing his air
That neither "Black Sam" nor the maid
To knock or interrput him dare—
Yet close beside him, unafraid,
Sat Hodge, the cat.

"This participle," the Doctor wrote,
"The modern scholar cavils at,
But"—even as he penned the word
A soft protesting note was heard.
The Doctor fumbled with his pen,
The dawning thought took wings and flew,
The sound repeated came again—
It was a faint reminding "Mew!"
From Hodge, the cat.

"Poor pussy!" said the learned man,
Giving the glossy fur a pat,
"It is your dinner time, I know,
And, well, perhaps I ought to go;
For if Sam every day were sent
Off from his work your fish to buy,
Why—men are men—he might resent,
And starve or kick you on the sly—
Eh! Hodge, my cat?"

The dictionary was laid down—
The Doctor tied his vast cravat,
And down the buzzing street he strode,
Taking an often-trodden road,
And halted at a well-known stall;
"Fishmonger," spoke the Doctor, gruff,
"Give me six oysters—that is all;
Hodge knows when he has had enough—
Hodge is my cat."

Then home; Puss dined, and while in sleep
He chased a visionary rat,
His master sat him down again,
Rewrote his page, renibbed his pen;
Each I was dotted, each T was crossed;
He labored on for all to read,
Nor deemed that time was waste or lost
Spent in supplying the small need
Of Hodge, the cat.

That dear old Doctor! Fierce of mien,
Untidy, arbitrary, fat,
What gentle thoughts his name enfold!
So generous of his scanty gold,
So quick to love, so hot to scorn,
Kind to all sufferers under heaven—
A tenderer despot ne'er was born;
His big heart held a corner even
For Hodge, the cat.

PUSSY AND THE MICE.

SOME little mice sat in a barn to spin;
Pussy came by and popped his head within;
"Shall I come in, and bite your threads right off?"
"Oh, no! kind sir, you'll snap, instead, our heads all off!"

BAD PETER, BAD JOE.

I SUPPOSE you've heard tell of those frolicsome kittens
Who covered their paws with some bright woolen mittens,
And behaved so politely in every way.
Well, we'll never mind them, for they died long ago.
And I now want to tell you of Peter and Joe,
Two troublesome kittens who live at Herne Bay!

They are always in mischief, and leave nothing alone!
Run away with my knitting or dear doggie's bone!
Roll over and over the clean kitchen table,
Climb up to the very tip top of the stairs,
Then race to the bottom as mad as wild hares,
Rush out to the garden and hide in the stable.

You never can catch them unless they are sleeping,
And e'en when they scratch you they don't mind your weeping;
But stare at you boldly and stiffen their tails,
These very sad kittens, bad Peter! bad Joe!
And the worst of it is, one never can know
Any way to improve them, for every plan fails!

There are two little boys just like Peter and Joe,
For they're always in mischief wherever they go,
Till the people say, "O what a bother they are!"
No! I won't print their names, for perhaps they'll be good;
Perhaps behave, for the future, as gentlemen should;
So instead of their names, why, I'll put a big X.

Yes! and if very soon they're behaving no better,
Why, their names *must* be printed—every letter.

What is it that looks like a cat, walks like a cat, but isn't a cat?
A kitten.

THE KIND BOY.

MRS. FREDERICK W. PENDER.

Written especially for this book.

The boy who strives
To honest be,
And shows a dog
Or cat that he
Will be their friend,
In want or woe,
Why *that's* the boy
I honor so.

He never tries
By act to do
What oft will make
Some kitten mew;
But he defends
Her with his might
And takes a stand
That's brave and right.

To see a creature
Suffer much
From some rude hand
His heart will touch;
And he will shun
A wicked mate
Who tortures pets
For pleasures' sake.

In all this land,
How grand 'twould be
A mighty band
Of boys to see
Who make a point
At home or play
To treat all pets
In kindly way.

A bird or dog
A horse or cat,
Will grateful be
For kindly pat
In friendly way;
And thus you'll do
Some good each day,
I know 'tis true.

Then, too, a boy
With heart so warm
Will nobler grow
As years roll on;
And his strong arm
Will oft be sought
To check some wrong
That mischief wrought.

LITTLE PUSSY.

TAYLOR.

I LIKE little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play.

THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SEE the kitten on the wall,[1]
Sporting with the leaves that fall[2]
Withered leaves—one, two and three—[3]
From the lofty elder-tree![4]

Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,[5]
Eddying round and round, they sink[6]
Softly, softly. One might think,
From the motions that are made,[6]
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,[7]
To this lower world descending,[8]
Each invisible and mute,[9]
In his wavering parachute.[10]

But the kitten, how she starts,[1]
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts![11]
First at one and then its fellow,[12]
Just as light and just as yellow:
There are many now—now one;[13]
Now they stop, and there are none.[14]

What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire![15]
With a tiger-leap half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,[16]
Lets it go as fast,[17] and then
Has it in her power again:[16]

Now she works with three or four,[18]
Like an Indian conjurer;
Quick as he in feats of art,[19]
Far beyond in joy of heart.[20]
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,[21]
Clapping hands with shout and stare,[22]
What would little Tabby care[1]
For the plaudits of the crowd,[22]
Over-happy to be proud,
Over-wealthy in the treasure[23]
Of her own exceeding pleasure![20]

DIRECTIONS.

BY BERTHA L. COLBURN.

[From "Graded Physical Exercises," by permission of the Publishers.]

[Imagine that you really see the kitten playing with the falling leaves; then, as you point to her and illustrate her movements, your gestures will be natural and expressive instead of awkward and mechanical.]

[1]Point to right.
[2]Same, with circular movement of hand.
[3]Point to three leaves in same direction but slightly different places.
[4]Point higher.
[5]Raise arms front to shoulder level and carry outward to half sides, turning palms upward.
[6]Turn palms down, and move arms in circles, lowering slowly.
[7]Arms extended at front shoulder level, palms up.
[8]Turn palms, and lower to low front.
[9]Peer forward.
[10]Extend arms at front shoulder level, palms down, and wave hands slightly to sides.
[11]Bend forward; extend arms; move hands downward, and give leaping movement with arms.
[12]Point left, then right.
[13]Point outward with both hands; lower right.
[14]Lower left.
[15]Look up eagerly.
[16]Give leaping movement with arms, and close hands.
[17]Open hands.
[18]Movement of leaping and catching leaves.
[19]Carry left arm out to half side mid line, palm up.
[20]Clasp hands joyously.
[21]Carry both arms out to mid line at half sides, palms up.
[22]Clap hands.
[23]Lift forearms to mid line at half sides, palms up.

What does a cat have that no other animal has? *Kittens.*

DE BLACK CAT CROSSED HIS LUCK.

J. D. CORROTHERS.

[From "The Black Cat Club," by special permission.]

ODE Black Cat cotch ole Sambo Lee,
As he come home f'om a jamboree!
De cat sot up in a juniper tree,
Shakin' ob his sides wid glee.
De moon was sailin' oberhead—
Sam's h'aht felt lak a lump o' lead.
Black Cat grinned an' wonk one eye,
Licked his paws an' gib a sigh,
An' den he cried: "Me-ow, me-ow—
Upon ma soul ah'm got you now!
Fall down an' pray, po' cullud man,
Foh de ole Black Cat done call yo' han'."

Sam los' his job de very nex' day;
An' when he went to git his pay,
Got bit by a po' man's dog—
Policeman beat him wid his log—
Got arrested, put in jail—
Had to hustle hahd foh bail—
Lost his lawsuit, sprained his jaw
Wranglin' wid his mother-in-law—
Lost his best ob lady lubs—
Got knocked out wid de boxin'-glubs—
Got hel' up an' lost his roll—
Robber almose took his soul!
Sam went to de hospital—
Three weeks passed 'fo' he got well.
Played de races—got broke flat;
An' all because ob dat Black Cat!

Den to de cunjah-man Sam sped,
An' dis am whut de cunjah-man said:
"Black Cat am a pow'ful man;
Ruinin' mo'tals am his plan.
Ole Satan an' de 'Riginal Sin
Am de daddy an' mammy o' him.
He's got nine hundred an' ninety-nine libes—
Nineteen thousan' an' ninety-nine wibes—
He's kin to cholera an' allied
To smailpox on de mammy's side;
An' all de ebils on de earf
Stahted at de Black Cat's birf!—
Jes' stop an' die right whah you's at,
Ef yo' luck bin crossed by de ole Black Cat!"

An' den Sam read in history
Dat a cat crossed Pharaoh by de see,
An' burried him, as sho's you bo'n,
Too deep to heah ole Gabriel's ho'n!
An' dat de cat crossed Jonah once,
An' made him ack a regular dunce.
Crossed Bonaparte at Waterloo,
An' got Jeems Blaine defeated, too.
"Oh, Laud a-mussy now on me!"
Cried Sam, "an' on his history!"
An' den Sam went an' killed de cat—
Swo'e he'd make an end o' dat:—
Burried him in de light o' de moon,
Wid a rabbit's-foot an' a silver spoon.
But de Black Cat riz, an' swallered him whole—
Bu'nt his house an' took his soul!

"I KNOW where there is a catbird's nest," said Jack, as he came in to dinner, "and it's full of young ones."

"Let me see," shouted wee Bessie. "I want to see the kitty birds."

BARON GRIMALKIN'S DEATH.

A Parody.

WILL M. CARLTON.

O'ER a low barn, the setting sun
Had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony,
A dying tom-cat lay.
One who had caught full many a mouse,
By pantry, barn, and shelf,
But now, by unrelenting Death,
At last was caught himself.

"They come around me here, and say
My days of life are o'er!
That I shall snoop in pans of milk,
And scratch and fight no more.
They come, and to my whiskers dare
Tell me now, that I,
The oldest tom-cat on the place!
That I? y-o-w! y-o-w! must die.

"And what is death? I've braved him oft,
Before the poker's thrust;
I've fought full many a cat and dog,
For many a bone and crust;
I've met him, faced him, scorned him,
When the fight was raging hot!
If he comes here I'll scratch his eyes,
Defy and fear him not.

"Ho! sound the signal from the barn,
And raise a mighty din!
Go round to every house and farm,
And call each tom-cat in;

Away, and do my bidding, now,
  My every order mind!
Bring hither every rat and mouse
  That you can catch or find!"

A hundred cats were busy then;
  A feast of rats was spread;
And everything was done in haste
  As the old cat had said;
While, through a crack, the rising moon
  Lit up the novel scene,
And shone on poor old Thomas cat
  Of sad but gritty mien.

Soon hurrying through the great barn door
  The neighboring pussies came;
Some black, some white, some grizzly gray
  Some wild, and others tame.
They gathered quickly round the feast,,
  Each sitting firm and straight;
While, at their head, the dying cat,
  With tail curled round him, sat.

"Let every one be filled, my cats;
  Eat all you can, to-night!
And then, when we have done our feast,
  We'll have a glorious fight!
Are ye all there, my Thomas cats;
  Mine eyes are waxing dim;
Now, wash your faces, bristle up,
  And get in fighting trim.

"Ye're there, and yet I see ye not—
  Come, clinch together, now,
And let me hear you scratch and fight;
  We'll have a glorious row!

I hear it faintly; louder yet!
What clogs my breath, I say?
Up, all, and scratch, and fight and yawl,
And scare grim Death away!"

Teeth bit with teeth, cat fought with cat,
And rose a deafening yawl,
And scared the horses in that barn,
And made the cattle bawl!
"Ho! cravens, do ye fear him?
Slaves, traitors, have ye flown?
Ho, tom-cats, have ye left me,
To meet him here alone?

"But I defy him! Let him come!"
Down came his sharp, old claws;
And rage and fury grimly clashed,
Within his teeth and jaws;
And with his staring, yellow eyes
Protruding from his head,
There, on a bunch of barley straw,
Lay the old rascal, dead!

LITTLE KITTY.

Action Poem.

[1]WHAT does little Kitty say?
"Please give [2]me a [3]taste to-day!
[4]Bread and [5]milk so nice, I see,
Leave a [6]little, please, for [7]me."

DIRECTIONS.

[1] Move right forefinger.
[2] Point to self.
[3] Raise hand to mouth.
[4] Spread hand out to right.
[5] Spread hand out to left.
[6] Show first two fingers of left hand, and cross them with first finger of right hand.
[7] Point to self.

From Painting by E. Lambert.

A Musical Basket.

The Playful Kittens.

A FELINE FATE.

ANNA ROBESON BROWN.

BECAUSE the night was bitterly cold, Dick Eaton put on his heavy overcoat, in which everything was furlined, even to the pockets, before starting for Mrs. Leighton's dinner.

He was, in general, a happy-hearted fellow, but when one has just received a severe snub from one's lady love, one does not contemplate a dinner with much satisfaction.

Dick was in love with a girl of wit as well as of beauty; a young lady who could afford to pick and choose.

Dick's friends sang his praises all day long, much to Miss Girton's astonishment.

"I can not understand," she said, "what it is that makes that young Eaton fellow so popular. He hasn't an ounce of brains."

So it happened that on this particular evening he was discouraged.

The wind blew the sleet in his face. He stumped along, growing less inclined for the chilly formality of a dinner at every step. Half the distance had been traversed when he felt something brush against his foot.

It was a kitten—a very weak, very wet, and very miserable kitten.

"Hello, old man," said Dick. "Whom do you belong to?"

The kitten continued to blink at Dick and to shiver helplessly.

It was so very small that it staggered and slid about when it tried to stand.

"We'll, I'm awfully sorry, but I can't help it, you know. Run home to your mamma. You're far too little to be out alone."

He started to move away, but the kitten sprang feebly up his leg, and clung there. Dick was fond of cats. He lifted it, and rubbed the rough fur for dryness; the kitten sat on his arm and held its head first to one side and then to the other. "Well, you

are cool; but I say, old man, what am I to do with you, you know?"

The kitten purred. The purr settled it.

"Well, I suppose you have got to come; only, old man, I must say I wish you had chosen to favor me on my way home."

And the kitten gave a jubilant burst of purr which sounded apologetic.

Dick transferred it to his pocket, which, as it was a very small kitten, was roomy quarters. Dick walked briskly on, chuckling to himself, yet reflecting on his situation with some anxiety.

He simply could not produce the beast upon entering Mrs. Leighton's parlors. If the animal would stay quietly in his pocket it might not be so hard to conceal it during the meal, and he would excuse himself as early as possible.

"Now, old man," he said to the kitten, as they stood on the door-step, "I have done you a good turn, you know, so I expect you to do me another by lying low and keeping dark. Don't give yourself away, if you love me."

Never was a dinner so long. They had allotted him to a little girl in her first season, and he was far away from Miss Girton's end of the table.

With the third course came a new torment. That kitten was starving, Dick had no doubt of it. He looked about him for something to slip into his pocket. Chicken with truffles, or Roman punch was hardly the diet any self-respecting cat would select for her offspring. Dick passed three courses endeavoring to manufacture some excuse for leaving the table, but finally gave up in despair, resolving to wait until the ladies retired to the drawing-room.

When the cigars had been lighted and chairs pushed back, he felt his hour had come.

"Leighton," he said, addressing his host, "would you—could I—ah, that is—would it be too much trouble to get me a glass of milk?"

An amazed silence fell upon the party.

"Milk!" said the host.

"Well, you see, the doctor ordered me after every meal——"

"Oh, of course, if you like," and the butler brought a large tumbler of milk and placed it solemnly before Dick, during a rather chilly silence. He was forced to gulp down at least half the glass. Meanwhile, how to get away?

"Leighton," he said, "did I hear you say that Gladstone had been criticized in the 'Times' for that last speech of his?"

"Yes," said Leighton, "and of all the unwarrantable——"

The men pushed the bottles into the center of the table, squared their elbows, and in ten minutes, as Dick had anticipated, were far too deep in politics to observe his movements. With the half-finished glass of milk in his hand, he rose and wandered out of the door and down the hall to where his overcoat hung.

The kitten was awake and restless. Dick felt that he was just in time. He held it under one arm, and carefully tilted the glass for it until every drop was gone.

"There, old man, you feel better, don't you? Have a cigar after you drink?" The sound of chairs being pushed about in the dining-room struck him with sudden panic. He spilled the kitten hastily into his pocket again and sped back with the empty glass.

In the drawing-room Miss Girton was in her element, and Dick eyed her from afar with a heavy heart.

Soon the people wandered out by twos and three, a few into the softly lighted hall. Miss Girton was one of these, and Dick as a matter of course joined the group of men gathered around her. The ribbon of her bouquet had become untied, and she rolled it in her fingers, and trailed it to and fro over the shining wood floor as she talked.

Suddenly there was a stir among the overcoats and two bright spots met Dick's eyes—two sparks of topaz fire. Oh, that fascinating blue ribbon! How it curved and trailed about! What kitten could have resisted the temptation?

Dick made a sudden plunge.

"Your ribbon is untied," he said, offering it to Miss Girton, with nervous politeness.

"Thank you," she said. She let it dangle from her hand for a minute, and then shook it out in a long curved line. No mortal kitten could withstand that.

There was a bound and a rush and the scamper of four soft little paws, and Dick's unfortunate waif lay on its back under Miss Girton's very feet, kicking and clawing at the ribbon in an ecstacy of playful excitement.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Miss Girton. "Where did that come from?"

"It's a cat, by Jove!" said somebody.

Then Dick, feeling cold and weak all over, made a step forward.

"It's mine; I picked it up. It was so cold and wet, you know——"

"Did you find it?"—"Was it here all the time?"—"Where did it come from?" Everybody crowded around, while the kitten made short charges at the ribbon, batted at it with its paws, and kicked at it frantically with its hind legs.

Dick told the story with a sinking heart. What would she think of him? What would she say? She did not say anything, but nearly everybody else did.

"Come, Eaton, cried the host, laughing. "That milk——"

"Yes," said Dick, scarlet, but sturdy, "it was for the kitten."

There was a roar of laughter from the men, and then the joke had to be explained to the ladies.

"And why did you not produce the beast right away," said Leighton. "By the way, there's a smart fox-terrier of mine upstairs. Let's introduce them and have some fun."

Dick made a dash for his protege.

"No, you don't. This little beast's had quite enough of that sort of thing, I fancy. I'm going to take it home and make it comfortable. You don't mind living with me, old man? We'll be pretty good chums so long as you don't smoke bad tobacco."

He got on his overcoat and said good-bye to his hostess amid a fire of good-natured chaff. Then he looked around for Miss Gir-

ton. She was standing alone, and her face wore a curious expression. Dick, with his prize cuddled up in his arms, came over to her.

"All that for a kitten?" she said. "Why was it?"

"Oh, well, it liked me, and it was so beastly wet, you know."

She gave him her hand with a sudden dazzling smile.

"Won't you come and see me to-morrow? I shall be quite alone all the afternoon, and I do so want to hear about—about the kitten."

THE DISHONEST CAT.

MRS. FREDERICK W. PENDER.

Written expressly for this book.

A CAT whose name, I've heard, was Tab,
Was known for being very bad.
Her home was good, her mistress kind,
But thieving seemed to fill her mind.

Her looks were rough, she was not neat,
From tip of nose to dirty feet;
And all her ways, they were so sly,
One could not bear to have her nigh.

Her greatest crime was from some dish
To steal the meat, or often fish;
And milk, if left in pan to cream,
If Tab was 'round she'd skim it clean.

One time she got herself in plight,
This naughty cat (it serv'd her right!)
She stuck her nose in soup so hot,
She ran out doors like she was shot.

And from the house, she stayed for days,
Though never mended her bad ways.
For she did steal from neighbors' cats,
Their food left out upon the mat.

And often was she in disgrace,
And couldn't look you in the face,
And came to grief at last, I'm told,
For thieving and from being bold.

MORAL.

Now boys and girls, a lesson learn,
From your nice ways, oh, never turn;
For if you do, perhaps like Tab,
Your fate may be—why, twice as bad.

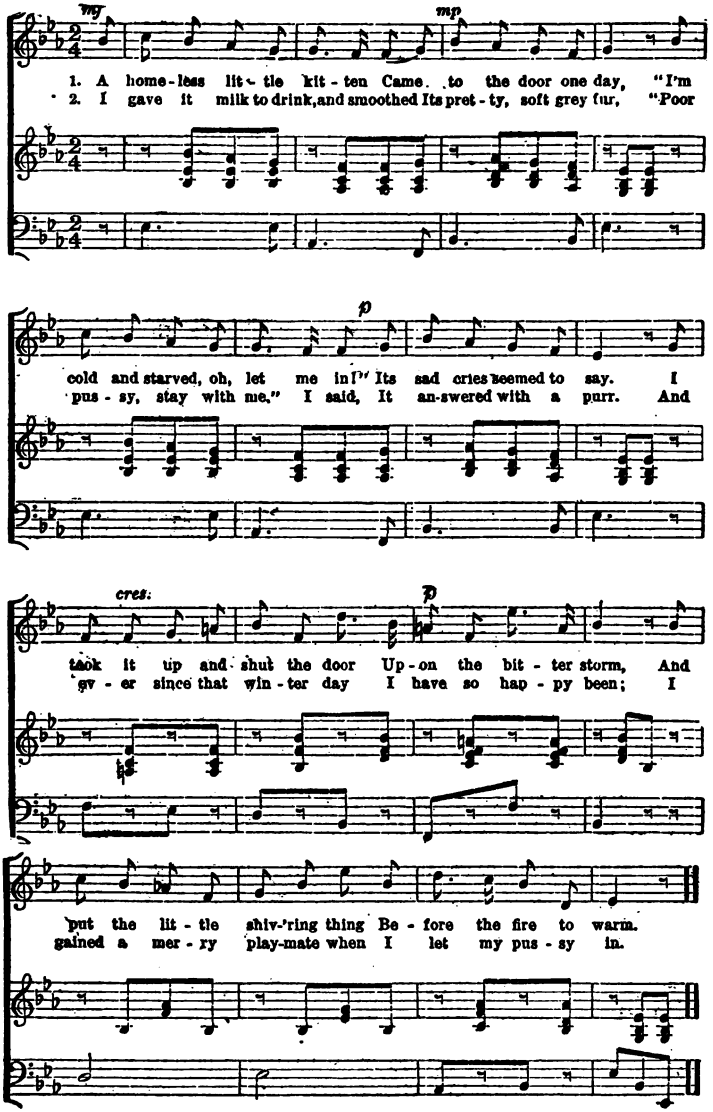
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR'S FAVORITE CAT, CHINCHINILLO.

Addressed to His Child, Carlino.

DOES Chinchinillo follow thee about?
Inverting one swart foot suspensively
And wagging his dread jaw at every chirp
Of bird above him on the olive branch?
Frighten him then away! 'Twas he who slew
Our pigeons, our white pigeons peacock-tailed,
That feared not you and me—alas nor him!
I flattened his striped sides along my knee,
And reasoned with him on his bloody mind,
Till he looked blandly and half-closed eyes
To ponder on my lecture in the shade.
I doubt his memory much, his heart a little,
And in some minor matters (may I say it?)
Could wish him rather sager.

HOMELESS KITTEN.

JANE CAMPBELL.



MY OLD GRAY CAT AND I.

JOE LINCOLN.

THE wind blows shrill and the night is chill
And the black clouds hide the moon,
And the raindrops splash on the window sash
In a lazy, lonesome tune;
But the fire burns low, with a rosy glow,
As the sifting cinders die,
And we sit and dream in its cosy gleam,—
My old gray cat and I.

The smoke-wreaths curl from my pipe and whirl
Aloft in the dusky gloom,
And the buzzing burr of the cat's soft purr
Hums low through the raftered room;
And the raging rout of the storm, without,
May scream in the chimney, high,
We're blithe to-night, by the fire's warm light,—
My old gray cat and I.

The squire may stand by his hearth so grand,
In his palace rich and old,
But his haughty breast has a deep unrest,
For he fears for his bonds and gold;
No wealth have we, so our hearts are free,
And our cot is warm and dry,
We feel no care, in our easy chair,—
My old gray cat and I.

From its well-worn hook, in the chimney's nook,
I take my fiddle down,
And snugly in, 'neath my grizzled chin,
I cuddle its breast of brown;

And the strain that rings from the crooning strings,
Bids grief to the four winds fly,
While the sweet notes swell, we know so well,—
My old gray cat and I.

For Puss, old chum, whate'er may come,
You're still a comrade true,
Through shine or rain you ne'er complain,
So here's good health to you:
The best of luck, my ancient buck,
While old Time hurries by;
Till this world ends we'll be fast friends,—
My old gray cat and I.

CAT AND FOX.

A Fable.

A CAT once met a fox in a forest. The fox bragged so much about the many tricks he could do that the cat felt she must, in some way, reply.

Finally, she said, very modestly: "Well, I only know how to do one thing. It's my only trick."

"You don't say so!" replied the fox, patronizingly. "Why, I can do no end of tricks."

The cat stared at the fox, enviously, and was suddenly aroused by hearing the horns of the king's hunters and the barking of the dogs. The cat ran up the tree and, sitting on a branch, watched the approach of the cavalcade, with serenity.

"I thought you could do only one thing," cried out the distracted fox as he ran away.

"I can," the cat answered. "But this happens to be my trick."

Then the cat had the satisfaction to see the dogs, after barking about the foot of the tree, run after the fox.

MISS EDITH'S MODEST REQUEST.

BRET HARTE.

MY papa knows you, and he says you're a man who makes reading for books;
But I never read nothing you wrote, nor did papa—I know by his looks;
So I guess you're like me when I talk, and I talk and I talk all the day,
And they only say, "Do stop that child!" or, "Nurse, take Miss Edith away!"

But papa said if I was good, I could ask you—alone by myself—
If *you* wouldn't write me a book like that little one up on the shelf.
I don't mean the pictures, of course, for to make *them* you've got to be smart;
But the reading that runs all around them, you know—just the easiest part.

You needn't mind what it's about, for no one will see it but me
And Jane—that's my nurse—and John—he's the coachman—just only us three.
You're to write of a bad little girl, that was wicked and bold, and all that;
And then you are to write, if you please, something good—very good—of a cat!

This cat she was virtuous and meek, and kind to her parents, and mild,
And careful and neat in her ways, though her mistress was such a bad child;
And hours she would sit and would gaze when her mistress—that's me—was so bad,

And blink, just as if she would say, "O Edith! you make my heart sad."

And yet, you would scarcely believe it, that beautiful, angelic cat
Was blamed by the servants for stealing whatever, they said, she'd get at,
And when John drank my milk—don't you tell me! I know just the way it was done—
They said 'twas the cat—and she sitting and washing her face in the sun!

And then there was Dick, my canary. When I left the cage open, one day,
They all made believe that she ate it, though I know that the bird flew away.
And why? Just because she was playing with a feather she found on the floor.
As if cats couldn't play with a feather without people thinking 'twas more.

Why, once we were romping together, when I knocked down a vase from the shelf;
That cat was as grieved and distressed as if she had done it herself;
And she walked away sadly and hid herself, and never came out until tea—
So they say, for they sent *me* to bed, and she never came even to me.

No matter whatever happened, it was laid at the door of that cat.
Why, once, when I tore my apron—she was wrapped in it, and I called "Rat!"—
Why, they blamed that on *her*. I shall never—no, not to my dying day—
Forget the pained looked that she gave me when they slapped *me* and took me away.

Of course, you know just what comes next when a child is as lovely as that.
She wasted quite slowly away—it was goodness was killing that cat.
I know it was nothing she ate, for her taste was exceedingly nice;
But they said she stole Bobby's ice-cream, and caught a bad cold from the ice.

And you'll promise to make me a book like that little one up on the shelf.
And you'll call her "Naomi,' because it's a name that she just gave herself;
For she'd scratch my door in the morning, and whenever I'd call out "Who's there?"—
She would answer, "Naomi! Naomi!" like a Christian, I vow and declare.

And you'll put me and her in a book. And, mind, you're to say I was bad;
And I might have been badder than that but for the example I had.
And you'll say that she was a Maltese— And what's that you asked? "Is she dead?"
Why, please sir, *there ain't any cat!* You're to make one up out of your head!'

MISS KITTY MANX TO SIR THOMAS ANGORA.

MARY S. BOYD.

SIR THOMAS, pardon me I pray,
But I would like to know
If you could not direct me to
The swamp where cat-tails grow?

A PRINCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND; OR, ONLY A DOG AND A KITTEN.

CELIA THAXTER.

THE shower had ceased, but the city street
Was flooded still with drenching rain,
Though men and horses with hurrying feet
Swept on their busy ways again.

The gutter ran like a river deep;
By the clean-washed pavement fast it rushed,
As out of the spouts with a dash and a leap
The singing, sparkling water gushed.

A little kitten with ribbon blue
Crossed over the way to the gutter's brink;
With many a wistful, plaintive mew,
She seemed at the edge to shudder and shrink.

And there she stood while her piteous cries
Were all unheard by the heedless throng,
Looking across with such longing eyes;
But the torrent was all too swift and strong.

Up the streets, o'er the pavements wide,
Wandered our Prince from Newfoundland,
Stately and careless and dignified,
Gazing about him on either hand.

The sun shone out on his glossy coat,
And his beautiful eyes, soft and brown,
With quiet, observant glance took note
Of all that was passing him, up and down.

He heard the kitten that wailed and mewed,
Stopped to look and investigate,
The whole situation understood,
And went at once to the rescue straight.

Calmly out into the street walked he,
Up to the poor little trembling waif,
Lifted her gently and carefully,
And carried her over the water safe.

And set her down on the longed-for shore,
Licked her soft coat with a kind caress,
Left her and went on his way once more,
The picture of noble thoughtfulness.

Only a dog and a cat, you say?
Could a human being understand
And be more kind in a human way
Than this fine old Prince of Newfoundland?

O children dear, 'tis a lesson sweet:
If a poor dumb dog so wise can be,
We should be gentle enough to treat
All creatures with kindness and courtesy.

For surely among us there is not one
Who such an example could withstand;
Who would wish in goodness to be outdone
By a princely dog from Newfoundland.

Ques.—What kind of a cat do we usually find in a large library?

Ans.—Catalogue.

Ques.—Why are cats like unskillful surgeons?

Ans.—Because they mew-till-late and destroy patience (patients).

THE DUEL.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat,
'Twas half past twelve, and what do you think,
Neither of them had slept a wink!
And the old Dutch clock and Chinese plate
Seemed to know, as sure as fate,
There was going to be an awful spat.

(I wasn't there—I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate.)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Me-ow!"
And the air was streaked for an hour or so
With fragments of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now, mind, I'm simply telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true.)

The Chinese plate looked very blue
And wailed: "Oh, dear, what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
And utilized every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!

(Don't think that I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese plate.)

Next morning, where the two had sat,
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away;
But the truth about that cat and pup
Is that they ate each other up—
Now, what do you really think of that?

(The old Dutch clock, it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

IN THE HAY-LOFT.

HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

UP in the hay-loft—kitten and I!
With a window open to the sky,
Curtained with boughs of the chestnut-trees
That toss and sway in the cool west breeze.

The dome of the sky with a cloud is lined,
And the rain comes down when it has a mind,
Pelting the leaves of the chestnut-tree;
Never the rain can touch kitten and me.

Up in the hay-loft—kitten and I!
The hay behind us is mountain high;
The beams across are dusty enough;
Darkness broods in the peak of the roof.

In pearly lines the daylight falls
Through the chinks of the boarded walls;
The air is fragrant with clover dried,
Brake and daisies and things beside.

A TIGHT FIT.
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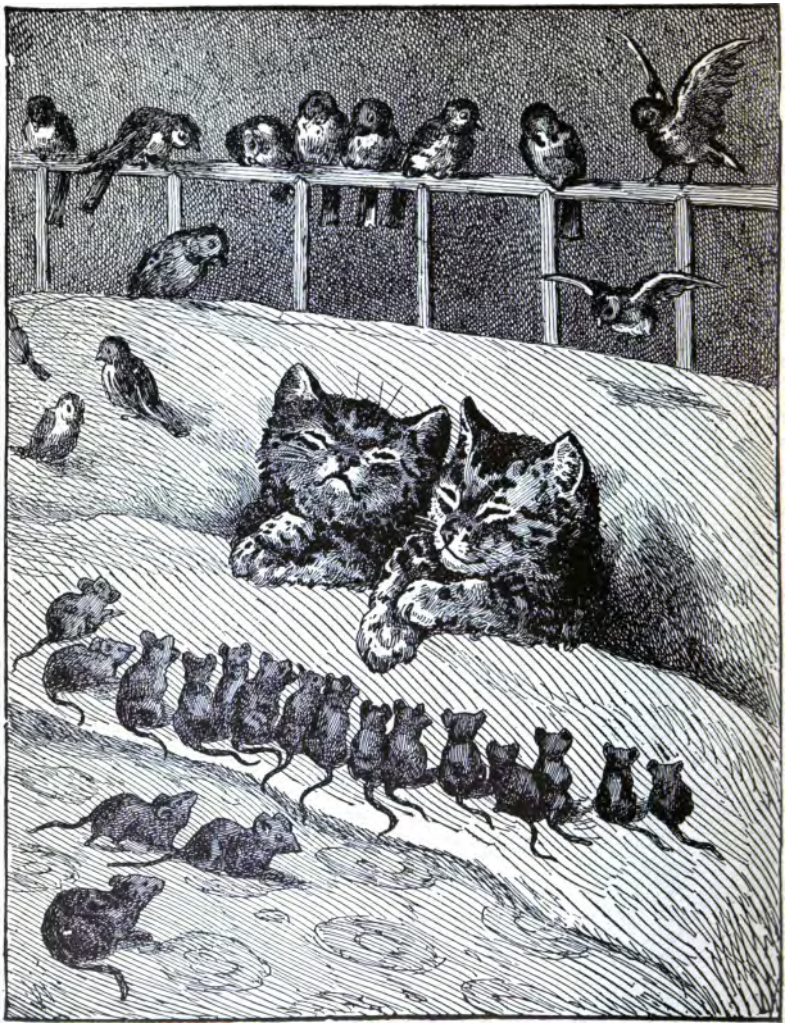


'Twas But a Dream.

Queer little spiders drop down from on high;
Softly we welcome them—kitten and I!
Swallows chirp in a lazy strain
Between the showers of the summer rain.

Let the rain come down from the clouded sky,
We're quiet and cosy—kitten and I!
We muse and purr and think out a rhyme,
And never know what has become of time.

People down there in the world below,
They toil and moil and get dinner and sew;
Up in the hay we lazily lie;
We have no troubles—kitten and I!

Kitten purrs and stretches and winks,
She doesn't speak, but I know what she thinks;
Never a king had a throne so high,
Never a bird had a cosier nest;
There is much that is good, but we have the best—
Kitten, kitten and I!

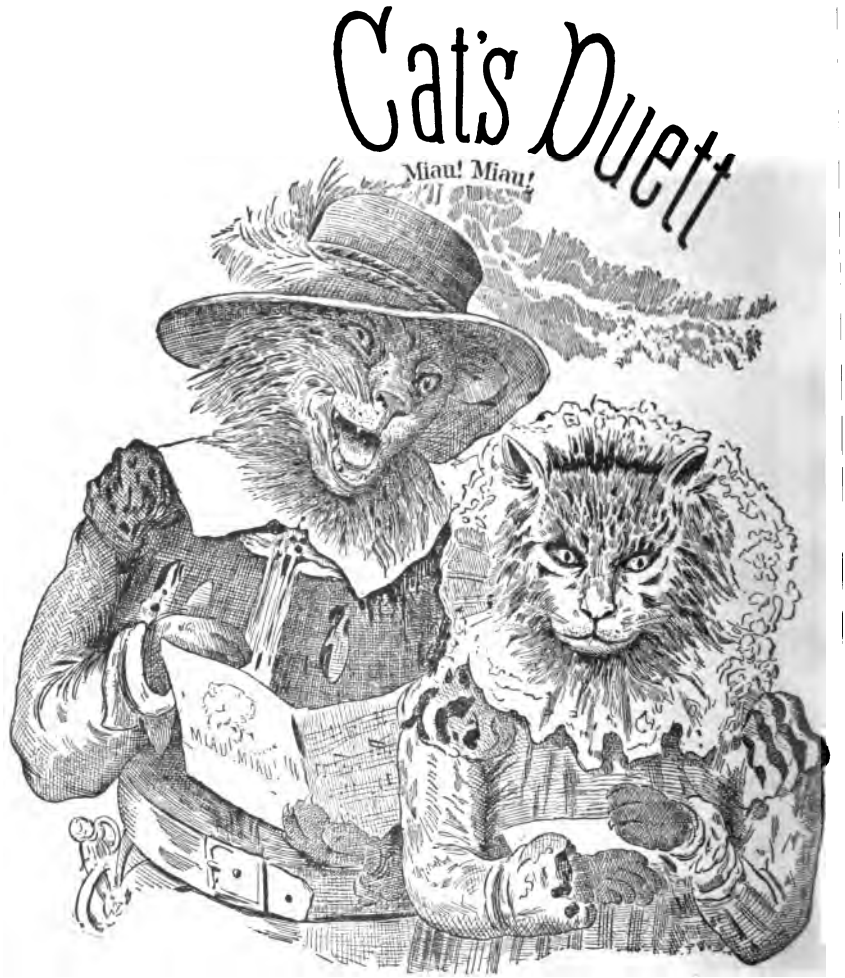
EMBLEMATIC SIGNIFICATION OF CAT.

IN hieroglyphics of ancient monuments of Egypt a cat represents false friendship, or a deceitful, flattering friendship.

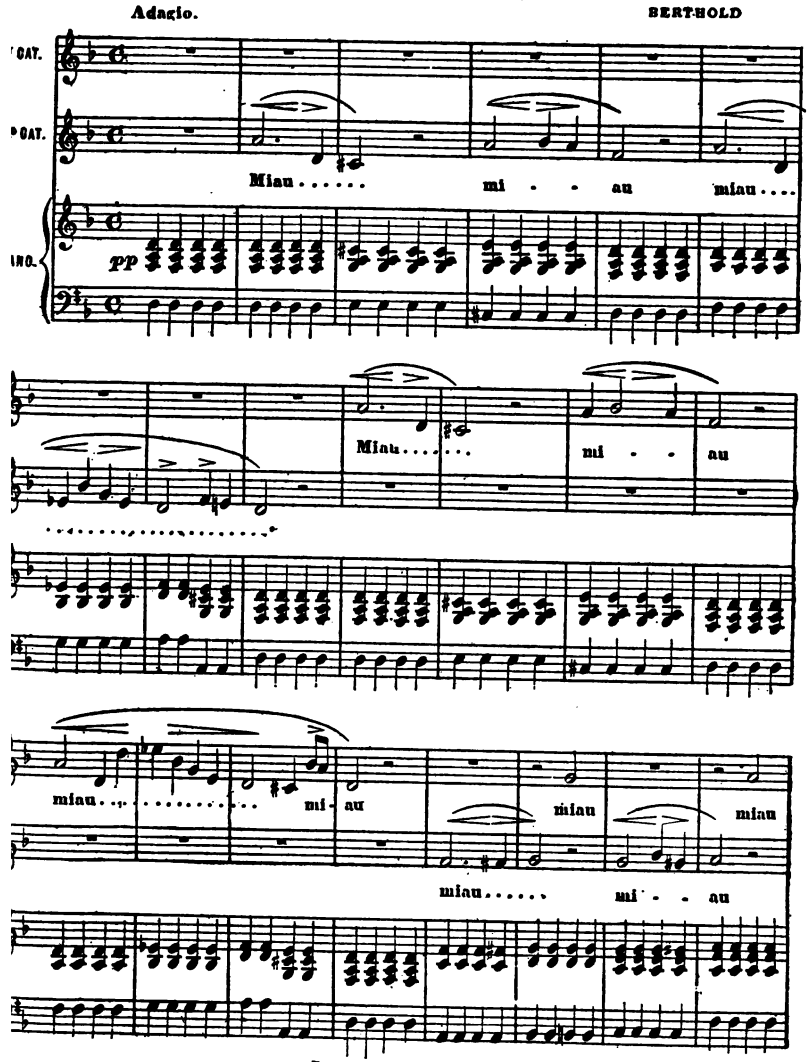
In heraldry, a cat is an emblem of liberty, because it dislikes to be shut up.

In coat-of-arms, the cat must always be represented as full face—both eyes and both ears to show. Three cats in pale sable is the coat of the family of Kent of Devonshire.

The cat is always the emblematic animal of newspaper offices and editors' chairs of to-day.


Cat's Duett
Miau! Miau!

CAT'S DUET.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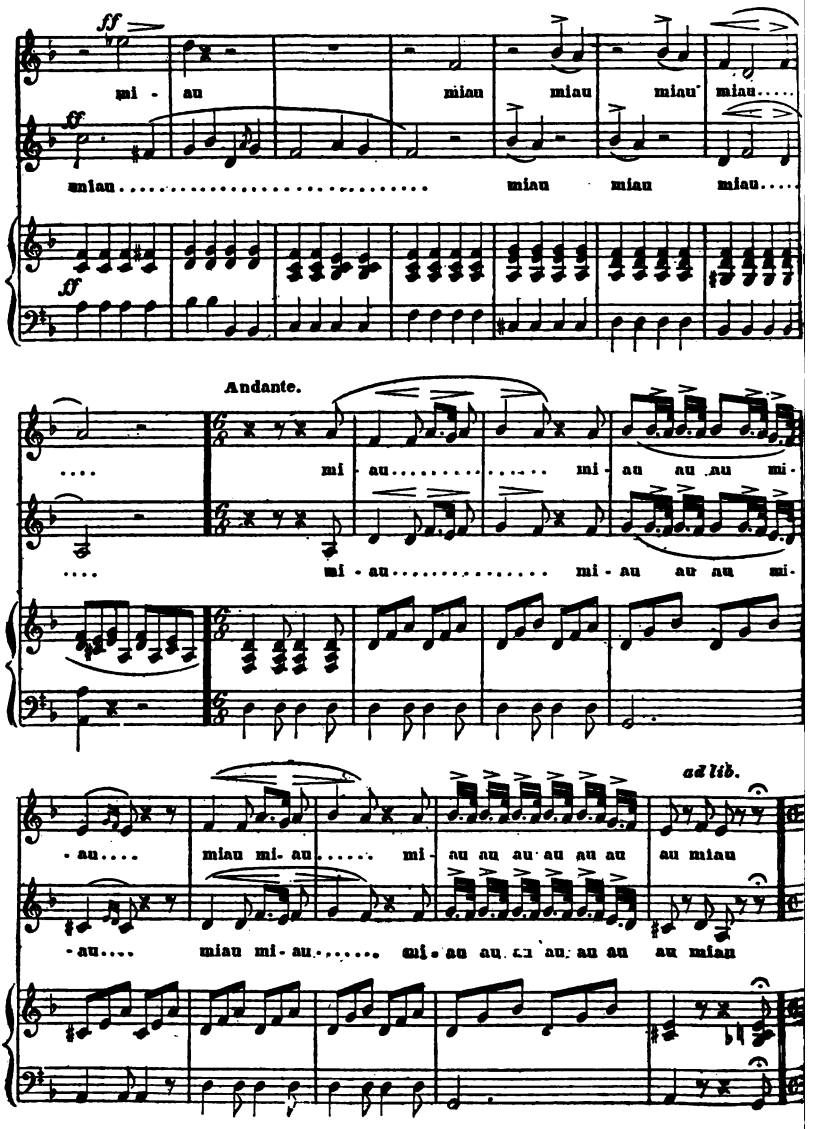
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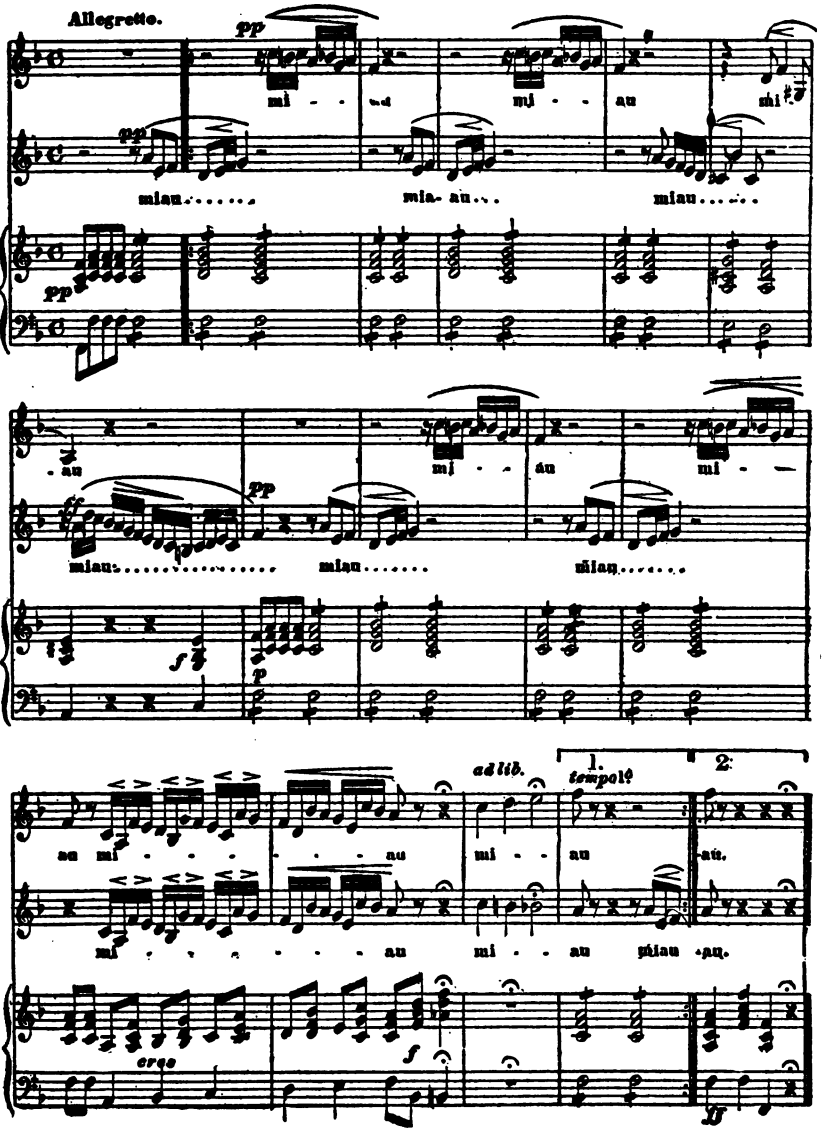
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EVERY MOTHER'S LOVE THE BEST.

AS I went over the hills one day,
I listened, and heard a mother sheep say,
"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie with his nimble feet;
With his eyes so bright, and his wool so white,
Oh! he is my darling, my heart's delight.
The robin that sings in yonder tree,
Dearly may dote on his darlings four,
But I love my one little lammie more."
So the mother sheep and her little one,
Side by side, lay down in the sun,
And there let them lie on the hillside warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old gray cat and her kittens three;
I heard her whispering soft and low,
"My kittens with their tails so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things in all the world.
The birds in the tree, and the old sheep, they
May love their babies exceedingly,
But I love my kittens from morn to night,
With their fur so soft, and clean and white.
Which is the prettiest, I cannot tell,
I cannot choose, I love all so well;
So I will take up these kittens I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."
There they snugly lie under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard and saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten;

She clucked, and she scratched,
And she bristled away,
And what do you think I heard her say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like these ten chickens of mine.
You may hunt the round moon
And the stars, if you please,
But you'll never find any such chickens as these.
The cat loves her kittens,
The sheep loves her lamb,
But they do not know what a proud mother I am.
For lambs nor for kittens I won't part with these,
Though the sheep and the cat should go down on their knees.
My dear, downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come nestle now cosily under my wings."
So the mother hen said, and the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their warm feather-bed.
And there let them lie 'neath the feathers so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

ME AN' BAB.

JOY VETREPONT.

ME an' Bab we went to church, an' Bab she saw a mouse. An'—course she wanted to catch him. An' she slipped out nder my sack, where I'd hid her when we went to church, an' as out of the pew quicker'n no time.

Well, my pa's a dicken, an' he had a correction-box, an' he was -leanin' over with the correction-box stretched out so 't Frankie Hill, what sat in the farthest corner, could put in a cent, an' all ie people was givin' centses, too, an' ten cents, too, an' five ents, too, and he was a-stretchin' out the correction-box to Frankie, an' just then the mouse ran right acrost his feet an' Bab

after him. An' my papa he gave a queer sort of a cry, an' dropped the correction-box, an' all the centses fell on the floor in Frankie Hill's pew, an'—an' my pa's face went redder'n red, an' his ears, an' his neck, an' he turns around an' sees our Bab scamperin' after the mouse, an' he started to go after her, an' everybody on our side was a-lookin' at Bab, an' the people on the other side that couldn't see Bab was lookin' at my pa, an' then they all looked at Mr. Green—that's the minister—an' Mr. Green he was lookin' orful solemn. An' the mouse ran acrost the raised places covered with red carpet, where the minister sits, an' he ran under his chair, an' Bab after him. An' all the dickens had laid down their correction-boxes an' was goin' there, too—not under the chair I don't mean—but up to the raised place with red carpet, an' the mouse he scampered to the door that's one side of where the min'ster sits, an' he couldn't get out, an' there wasn't no hole for him, an' Bab was after him lickety split, an'—an'—he comed back an' ran into old Miss Tromley's pew, an' she screamed an' ran out, an' then there was a reg'lar scrimmage; an' the dickens was all mixed up, an' Bab was among their feet, an' my pa he stooped down, an' then he came down 'tween the pews with Bab in his arms, an' his face was orful. An' he went out with Bab, an' the other dickens went for their boxes.

An' Mr. Green he dropped his hank-cher, and he was *orful long* pickin' it up; an' then he coughed, an' hid his face in his hank'cher, an' he shooked all over just like he did when my pa told that story about the dicken what put the wrong plaster on his nose: an' everybody was laughin', but *I* was cryin', 'cause I didn't know what my pa would do to Bab—or—or—*me*.

An' Frankie Hill was pickin' up centses in his pew when my pa comed back; an' he took me by the arm, an' led me out of church, an' says, very stern—

"Go home!"

An' our house is close by, so I went all by myself, an' my pa went back to his correction-box. An' I don't know what came of the mouse; but Jemima Jane says it's a good thing my ma's away, an' I'll get a proper "correction-box" when she gets home.

THE CATS' MERRY, MERRY MEETING.

Action Song for Six Boys and a Chorus.

STANLEY SCHELL.

Written expressly for this book.

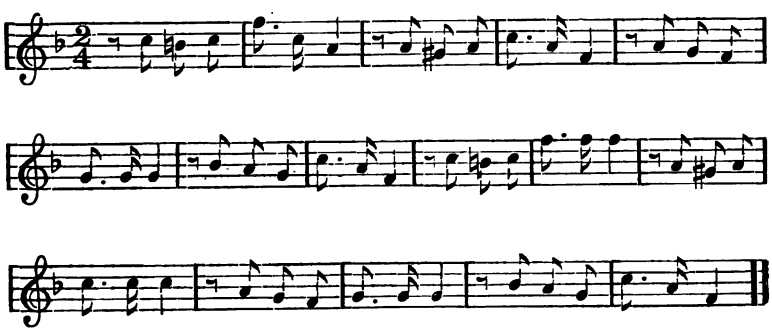
COSTUME: Every boy wears a different colored costume made from cambric or cotton cloth. First a hood is made perfectly tight-fitting and covering all except the eyes, nose and mouth. Then ears are made and fastened to side of head. The rest of costume is made like a little boy's night-suit, but perfectly tight-fitting and open at the back. The suit is so made that feet and hands are covered by the sleeves, and legs being of sufficient length to form a sort of glove or stocking. To the lower back of the costume is attached a tail made from the goods rolled in a long coil and sewed together, then attached to suit. Every boy wears a cat-mask fitted under hood.

STAGE SETTING: At stage center should be placed a table with lighted lamp above it. On table a large pan of milk.

Music: "Merry, Merry Cats."

[*Chorus begins to sing and the cats come wandering in from all parts of stage and on all fours and to act out the words sung.*]

MERRY, MERRY CATS.



Some merry cats, once on a time,
Had a merry, merry meeting:
They said "Good Day" and "How De Do?"
Amid some very loud meowing.

ACTIONS: Boys smile as they enter and see the other cats; then, as they slowly edge around in alert fashion and catch the others' eyes, they bow, move along, say "Good Day" and "How De Do?" and scamper quickly about "meowing" as they go.

Chorus sings as follows:

How they do scamper round the room,
How they do run and play;
And such a merry time they have,
These merry, merry cats to-day.

ACTIONS: Cats scamper around, roll over each other, give each other gentle pats, etc.

There on the table 'neath the light,
Is a pan of milk so clean and white;
The cats now see it, and with a cry,
All lap until the dish is dry.

ACTIONS: Cats suddenly stop playing as one discovers table and gets up to see what is on table. His discovery is learned by his meow, and all rest paws on table and begin to lap milk from pan.

They now feel full and lazy, too,
And walk about and gossip anew
Of mice and all the latest styles
Of rats and coats, hats, ties and shoes.

ACTIONS: Cats having finished the milk lazily leave table, drop to floor and roll about; begin to wash themselves, then walk about in couples and act as if gossiping about something of greatest interest.

They feel at last 'tis growing late,
And yawn and stretch and say "Good Night."
Then give each other sleepy bows,
Now see them scamper out of sight!

ACTIONS: Cats act sleepy and move about very lazily. They yawn and stretch a bit, then nod to one another sleepily. Suddenly a crash is heard and all the cats scamper out of sight.

CAT CONVENTION.

EDNA A. FOSTER.

A CONGRESS was held in Great Catkin Town,
And all the kitties of wealth and renown
Met to consider the mission of cats
As something more than the killing of rats.
The lawyer declared, in a long-winded speech,
That the very habits of cats should teach
They were born for orators firm and true;
You may hear them argue the whole night through.
They turned the discussion this way and that,
With an eloquent plea from every cat.
Only one admitted that he could live
For love alone, and his hours would give
To graceful posing on hearth-rug and chair.
Then the clown spoke up and said: "I despair—
This weighty question I move to give up;
My feelings warn me 'tis time to sup.
And, so with apologies, friends, to you,
I think I'll prowl round for a mouse or two!"
Be it said with sorrow, the president then
Gave a wee wink and said, "My dear men,
I much regret the way things have turned;
This Cat Convention is hereby adjourned!"

SOME CAT TRAITS.

Cats work while we sleep.

Cats do not mind the cold.

Cats sing to show friendship.

Cats scratch or bite when annoyed.

Cats cannot catch game by running.

When hunting prey, cats' claws are sheathed; when seizing prey, their claws are quickly uncovered and thrown out.

When winking at us, cats' eyes become dull and expressionless.

When darkness approaches, pupils of cats' eyes dilate and shine brightly.

When daylight strikes pupil of a cat's eye, it contracts until only narrow vertical slits remain.

Cats' ears always stand erect to catch sound, except Chinese cats, who have drooping ears.

Cats show less fondness for human beings than do most animals.

Cats are expert hunters of birds, squirrels, fish, mice, rats.

Cats spit or purr.

When scared, cats lay back ears, show thirty sharp teeth, arch back, raise tail.

Cats have five toes on each front paw and four on each back paw. To each toe is attached a sharp nail or claw. These claws are covered by a sheath except when in use.

Cats have twelve cutting teeth—six above and six below. Cats also have four longer teeth known as canine teeth, similar to those of nearly every carnivorous animal.

Cats love to sleep by day and prowl by night.

When cats catch prey they play with it for a long time before killing it.

Cats always wash after eating or drinking.

Ques.—What is the name of the plant most fatal to mice?
Ans.—Cat-nip.

CAT AND MOUSE.

A MOUSE was chased, and in its haste
Away from claws to fly,
In use an empty bottle placed
That happened to be nigh.

Then pussy, peeping through the neck,
Could scarce suppress a grin
To see how calm it met her gaze
As safe it sat within.

She turned the bottle upside down
And shook it freely there;
But nothing could induce the mouse
To seek the open air.

Then lying down upon the floor
She reached a paw to take her,
But still the mouse had room enough
And blessed the bottle-maker.

She raised the bottle overhead
With all the strength she knew,
And in a thousand pieces small
The port of safety flew.

But while the fragments filled the air
The mouse with action spry
Quick reached another hiding-place
And squeaked a glad good-bye.

Ques.—Why has a chambermaid more lives than a cat?
Ans.—Because each morning she returns to dust.

LAND ON YOUR FEET.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

YOU take a cat up by the tail,
And whirl him round and round,
And hurl him out into the air,
Out into space profound,
He through the yielding atmosphere
Will many a whirl complete;
But when he strikes upon the ground
He'll land upon his feet.

Fate takes a man, just like a cat,
And, with more force than grace,
It whirls him wiggling round and round,
And hurls him into space;
And those that fall upon the back,
Or land upon the head,
Fate lets them lie there where they fall—
They're just as good as dead.

But some there be that, like the cat,
Whirl round and round and round,
And go gyrating off through space,
Until they strike the ground;
But when at last the ground and they
Do really come to meet,
You'll always find them right side up—
They land upon their feet.

And such a man walks off erect,
Triumphant and elate,
And with a courage in his heart
He shakes his fist at fate;

Then fate with a benignant smile
  Upon its face outspread,
Puts forth its soft, caressing hand
  And pats him on the head.

And he's fate's darling from that day,
  His triumph is complete;
Fate loves the man who whirls and whirls,
  But lands upon his feet.
That man, whate'er his ups and downs,
  Is never wholly spurned,
Whose perpendicularity
  Is never overturned.

KITTEN'S VIEW OF LIFE.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

KITTEN, kitten, two months old,
  Woolly snowball, lying snug,
Curled up in the warmest fold
  Of the warm hearth-rug!
Turn your drowsy head this way;
  What is life? Oh, kitten, say!
"Life?" said the kitten, winking her eyes,
  And twitching her tail in a droll surprise,
"Life? Oh, it's racing over the floor,
  Out at the window and in at the door;
Now on the chair-back, now on the table,
  'Mid balls of cotton and skeins of silk,
And crumbs of sugar and jugs of milk,
  All so cozy and comfortable.
It's patting the little dog's ears, and leaping
  Round him and over him while he is sleeping,

Waking him up in a sore affright;
Then off and away like a flash of light,
Scouring and scampering out of sight.
Life? Oh, it's rolling over and over
On the summer-green turf and budding clover;
Chasing the shadows as fast as they run
Down the garden-paths in the mid-day sun;
Prancing and gamboling, brave and bold,
Climbing the tree-stems, scratching the mold—
THAT'S life!" said the kitten two months old.

PUSSY GRAY'S DINNER.

THE lobster and fish on the long table lay,
When, smelling and sniffing, in walked Pussy Gray.
"I've had breakfast, of course, but fresh fish is rare,
And while no one's looking, I'll just take my share.
For once I am sure, I shall really rejoice,"
She remarked, "to dine first and make my own choice.
A lunch of fresh fish! Now what could be nicer?
I'll eat of you raw, the rest may have fry, sir.
What hinders my dining at table to-day?
The first bite shall be mine," said smart Pussy Gray.

But poor Puss, alas! had no chance to be first!
The lobster was living, his temper the worst,
And when Puss began to poke round him, and claw
At his shell, he suddenly seized on her paw
And held it with a grip so exceedingly tight
That no one could question that he had the first bite.
Puss mewed and she squalled and made such a clatter
That cook rushed in to see what was the matter.
"Served you right," she cried crossly, as Puss limped away.
"'Tis best to be honest," mourned poor Pussy Gray.

From Painting by J. Adam.

Four Little Scamps Are We.

From Painting by L. Knaus.

Unhappy Mother.

ME AN' METHUSELAR.

HARRIET FORD.

[SCENE.—*An alley leading to the stage entrance of the theater. Enter a very ragged child carrying a pet cat. She looks cautiously around as if afraid of being followed. Her dress is draggled and she wears an old shawl. Her hair is tangled and unkempt.*]

NOP—nobody seed us, Methuselar. Nop—no—o—op. Thought sure Pike Cotes 'u'd guess what we wuz up t', an' foller. Oh—oo! Oh—oo! That wuz a stunner, wa'n't it, Methuselar? Sit down sudden 'nough that time, didn't we? Oh—oo! Did I smash his 'ittle empty stomach? Did I? Drat Daddy? He drank yer milk, he did. Meuw, meuw! You're right, Methuselar. He's a stingy, skimpy, skinny old stealer. That he is. But you knowed you stayed out on the roof half the night—yes, you did, yes, you did. O' course, ye're shamed of it, now ye're starved an' sober. Daddy got in first an' swiped your drink, he did. There's no ust o' me talkin'. You an' Daddy are dead set t' keep out nights. Yes, you be, yes, you be! Never you mind. We'll buy a whole river o' milk sometime or 'nother, an' you shall jest swim in it, Methuselar.

We've had a tough time of it to-day, hain't we? This 'ere's me first 'round these diggin's. Don't believe nobody never thought o' this afore. My eyes! but I wuz 'fraid Pike Cotes 'u'd catch on an' sneak after us, but we skipped him. This must be the stage-door. We'll jest set here an' sing, Methuselar.

"On Sunday night
'Tis my delight
An' pleasure, don't you see,
With all the boys
An' all the girls——"

Can't seem to rouse a shadder, Methuselar. Meuw! You knowed this wuz the spot fer us. Yes, you did, yes, you did.

Didn't you wink yer grazy eyes, an' wag yer fuzzy tail when I sat an' thought it up. Now, you knowed from the start, Methuselar, that you had t' toddle 'long a me, an' you 'greed to it, yes, you did, you did. You heard Pike Cotes tell how he got in the the-a-tur t'run erruns an' things, an' he said as how all the acturs an' show folks jest dote on cats, an' 'u'd have a fit if one turned agin 'em. Why, Puss, they'd no more dare walk by me an' you 'thout givin' us a penny fer luck—goodness! Here comes one.

"She's my sweetheart,
I'm her Joe,
She's my Annie,
I'm her beau.
Soon we'll marry,
Never to part——"

He can't be an actur, Methuselar. Why, he looked right at you an' you never phased him. That song did it, Methuselar. It's a Jonah, ain't it? Let's try anodder.

"The heart bowed down by grief an'——"
We're a sad pussy cat,
A hungry pussy cat,
An' a sad, sad, sorrowful girl.

Here comes somebody else. Better luck this time, Methuselar.

"On Sunday night,
'Tis my delight,
An' pleasure, don't you see——"
Oh, thank you, lady,
Thank you, lady,
Da de da, ah de dee—e.
"There's an organ in the parlor
To give the place a tone,
An' ye're welcome ev'ry evenin'
To Maggie Murphy's home."

My eyes! Methuselar, ain't it grand? Hain't seen one afore t'-day, have we? You caught her, Methuselar. Yes, you did, you did! She's 'fraid you'd bring her everlastin' bad luck. Guess she don't know it's 'bout all you kin do t' hustle fer yourself 'thout mousin' 'round hoodooin' other folks. You couldn't do much hoodooin' on such an awful empty stomach, could you? Brace up, Methuselar! Here comes a swell.

Oh, sir, jest a penny t' help a girl, me an' puss are starvin'. Jest a—

Oh, thank you, sir! Thank you!

A nickle, as you're a cat with whiskers, Methuselar! You done it, you done it! Yes, you did—yes, you did. Yer first trip, too, ain't it? You'll soon be up t' the tricks. You do look hungry, Methuselar, but I'll have t' train you in looks. Now, jest t' think, if you could squeeze out a few tears while I sung, my eyes! wouldn't we get rich! Here comes a beautiful lady. Hush up an' I'll try a new dodge on 'er.

Oh, lady, can't you give a poor girl a lift? I do so want t' see you act in the play. If I could only git a few more pennies, me an' a friend 'u'd clap you out of sight. Jest a few pennies, a quarter or a dime, or a nickle 'u'd do, lady. Oh, thank you! Much obliged, much obliged! God bless you, lady!

Ho, ho! Methuselar! How's that? Ain't you proud o' yer mudder? That's the way to catch 'em. Pike put me on, he did, the night he an' me went to the play, an' he tole me t' help him raise the roof whenever his bloomin' benefactor so much as put his nose on the stage.

Methuselar, I don't think we need to sing. Anybody jest t' look at us 'u'd know we wuz poverty-struck. Now, I'd know you was the minit I seen you. Well, I have t' sing t' make folks look, I s'pose. Oh, see this gentleman, Methuselar! I guess an upper-atic song'll catch him.

"She's plain Molly O,
Tender an' sweet;
She's plain Molly O,
An' my heart is at her feet.
She's plain Molly——"

Oh, thank you, sir. Oh, thank you! Thank you! My name? Oh—Ginny Mur—Genavarur Murkin's my name, sir. Yes, I have t' sing or I guess we'd starve. I'd a' sung better for you jest now only I'm frightful hungry. Rats ain't in it with me an' Methuselar. Methuselar? This 'ere's Methuselar. We're pards. Purty name? Yes, we think so. Pike Cotes, he named him. He's 'bout the only friend I got, Pike is. He goes t' Sunday

school, Pike does, an' he tole me, he says: "Now, if you'll name that 'ere cat Methuselar, he'll live to be as old as this 'ere house, see?"

Our house? Well, 'taint ourn, but we live on top. Bordun's saloon's on the first floor, you see, an' Granny Midders an' her son's on the second. Tom Grimy an' his pard's the third, an' Daddy an' me an' Methuselar's fourth back. That 'ere saloon's the spite o' me an' Methuselar's life, 'cause Dad he—he can't—can't get by it nohow. He's richer'n we are, but he has t' drink. He can't help it somehow. He's purty weak lately. Me an' Methuselar think he's 'bout drowned out.

What, sir? What, sir? Sing—in—the the-a-tur? Yes, sir! Yes, sir—yes—sir! Sing in the the-a-tur? My eyes! You don't think they'd have me? You do? Sing in the the-a-tur! Sing—in—oh, sir, may I try? I'll sing—nobody never heard the way I'll try for it, sir. Not alone? Yes, I know, sir—in the chorus, yes, sir. To-morrow? Yes, sir. Ten o'clock sharp, sir. Yes, I'll fix up a bit, sir. Oh, thank you, sir. Look for you? Yes, sir. Good-bye, sir. Good-bye, sir—Good-bye!

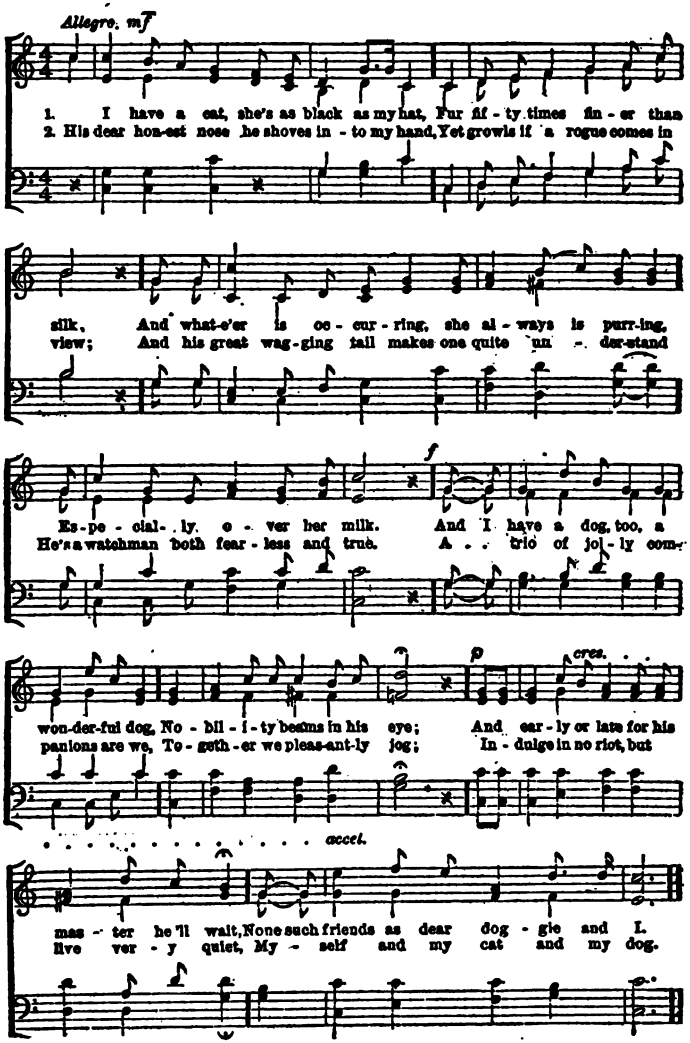
Sing—in—the—the-a-tur! Methuselar! Me—Ginny Murkins. You shall hear, Methuselar, you shall, you shall. My! but I'll be skart, won't I? But I'll sing, Methuselar. What'll Pike say now, what'll he say? Methuselar, you shall have a bouncin' bowl of milk this minit, an' Granny Midders shall help me get a gown. Methuselar—think of it! Sing in the the-a-tur—the the-a-tur—the the-a-tur!

[*Exit laughing and crying.*]

PUSSY CAT.

PUSSY CAT, pussy cat, where have you been?
You say: "To the grand matinée;"
'Twas held on the house-top, away down the street,
And ended at breaking of day.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.



THREE NAUGHTY KITTENS.

ISABEL FRANCES BELLOWS.

THERE once were three kittens who lived on a farm,
And never were kittens who did so much harm;
They worried the chickens, and snarled at the hen,
And scratched at the pig through a hole in the pen;
They climbed on the sty and hung over the rail,
And bit off the curl from a little pig's tail.

The horses they scared, and they frightened the cows,
By shrieking out at them with dreadful me-ows;
They worried the ducks and they bothered the geese,
And clawed at the ram till he lost all his fleece;
They frightened the bossy calf half into fits,
And spit at the dog till he half lost his wits.

They knocked down the turkey and rolled him about,
They rumpled his feathers, and pulled them all out;
Such horrible faces they made at the drake,
He went straight and drowned himself off in the lake;
They fought the old rooster upon his own hill,
Till all that was left were his spurs and his bill.

They drank up the milk and tipped over the cream,
And gave the old parrot a horrible dream;
They chewed up the tab-strings of grandmother's cap,
While she, poor old lady, was taking a nap;
So shocking the squealing they made in their pride,
The children all ran, and the baby it cried.

They played with the meal and the hominy bags,
And tore them all up into tatters and rags;
They climbed by their claws up the farmer's new clothes,
And knocked his gold spectacles off from his nose;

The meat in the pantry they stole from the hooks,
And chewed up the children's nice Sunday-school books.

These kittens left nothing at all to itself,
Save only the mice on the store-closet shelf;
The farmer's good wife bore it meekly and long,
Though telling them oft they were naughty and wrong;
She argued and reasoned by day and by night,
But nothing could make them behave as was right.

Her patience, one morning, was wholly worn out,
So, ere they discovered what she was about,
She clapped them all three in a covered tin pail,
And carried them straight to the great county jail.
And there they have kept them to this very day,
Locked up in a cell where they can't get away.

"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY THE MICE WILL PLAY."

Tableau.

MRS. MARY L. GADDESS.

YOUNG girl in morning dress, seated in a chair; sewing on the floor, where it has been dropped. A youth in blouse and flannel trousers, or bicycle suit, kneels at her feet. She has her finger on her lips, and laughingly motions the youth with her hand to keep quiet, as someone is in the back room. Old lady in house dress, broom in hand, enters, stands as if appalled; then advances with broom up. The youth sees her, and jumps up; girl looks astonished, while old lady catches each by the ear and glares at them. The girl drops a curtsy and demurely says: "When the cat's away the mice will play." Lad nods head as if he agrees, while curtain falls.

A CAT LAW-SUIT.

TWO tabbies on a summer morn
Were gayly walking,
When, lo! a boy let fall a cheese,
While busy talking.
Both wandered near, as though in play,
And slyly rolled that cheese away.

They rolled it fast, they rolled it far,
Those cunning cats;
They rolled it to the forest's edge,
By dint of pats;
But when they came to share, you see,
These foolish cats could not agree.

Each one, mistrusting much the other,
Began to growl,
And made so loud a din and noise
They woke an owl.
He cried: "Don't fight, but let us tell
Your case to Lawyer Judge-em-well."

So said, so done. A monkey came,
When they did call,
With ink and pen, and scales in hand
To settle all.
"Are you the folks who disagree?
Give here the cheese, and trust to me."

He broke the mass, dropped either half
In balance flat—
One lowest plumped. "Now, see how law
Will altar that."
He bit a huge piece off, and then
They saw him weigh the rest again.

"Now, this side's wrong." Another nibble
Made that too light.
"Stop!" cried the cats; "Why, at the rate
At which you bite,
We soon shall have no cheese to share.
Surely that is not dealing fair."

"Justice must have its dues," cried he,
Still biting;
"You should have shared your cheese in peace,
Instead of fighting.
The two sides I have matched, and for my fee
All that is left belongs to me."

PUSSY'S VOCAL LESSON.

MY elocution lesson I didn't quite enjoy;
You'd scarcely guess the reason, 'twas a little teasing boy.
Wee Rob, my naughty nephew, would listen to it all,
And mimic in a manner that made me feel quite small,

The motions and the gestures, the swayings and the bounds,
The consonants explosive, the open vowel-sounds.
And then he'd tell his kitty, in jolly boyish play,
Just how I said the letters "P," "T," "Z," "S," and "K."

One morn came Uncle Charlie, with Nero by his side,
A big Newfoundland beauty, our uncle's pet and pride.
Toward kitty Nero sauntered with stately doggish grace,
She spit and hissed like fury right in his friendly face.

Astonished and disgusted, no word did Nero say,
Scorn on his noble features, he turned and walked away.
And Snowball swelled her body, with all her feline might,
Her back looked like a camel's, she was a funny sight.

"You spitfire," shouted uncle, "you bristling bunch of rage!
If you were mine I'd whip you and put you in a cage!"
"My kitty is no spitfire" (Rob's eyes with mischief glowed),
"She says them 'splosive letters as fast as she can 'splode."

"Oh, now I see," laughed uncle, "please pardon me, my dear,
'Twas pussy's vocal lesson I happened then to hear.
You've done it well, brave pussy" (he smoothed her ruffled back),
"Although your tones are faulty, you've learned the right attack."

THE SEA-PUSS.

KATE UPSON CLARK.

[On certain portions of the coast the white, rushing waves which precede a storm are called "sea-pussies."]

THE ocean-cats flirted their fluffy white tails,
And flecked with salt dewdrops the fisherman's sails,
And the noise of their fighting flew over the foam,
Till the mother, leagues off, in the fisherman's home,
As she watched o'er her little ones, cried: "Listen! how
The sea-puss is screeching! Just hear her me-ow!"

When the ocean-cats shake their fluffy white tails,
The fisherman trembles and takes in his sails,
And when on his ear strike their menacing cries,
Before them the bravest of fishermen flies;
And he says to his children: "I came home just now,
For the sea-puss was angry—I heard her me-ow!"

So, when the waves whiten, the children's hearts quail,
And, "Mother," they say, "there's a sea-pussy's tail!"
For they know, if the ocean-cats sport on the foam,
Their father may never get back to his home;
And a cloud darkens even the baby's bright brow,
When they shout: "There's the sea-puss! Just hear her me-ow!"

PUSSY AT SCHOOL.

LOUIS B. TISDALE.

[For a little child sitting in a chair nursing a kitten. Appropriate actions suggest themselves in the verse. "Do mi, sol, do," should be sung.]

NOW pussy come and play at school
And sit up very straight,
Just listen now—you'll get bad marks,
If you are ever late.

So, pussy, say your A B C,
Don't make a face like that;
You know quite well, I'm sure you do,
That C A T spells "cat!"

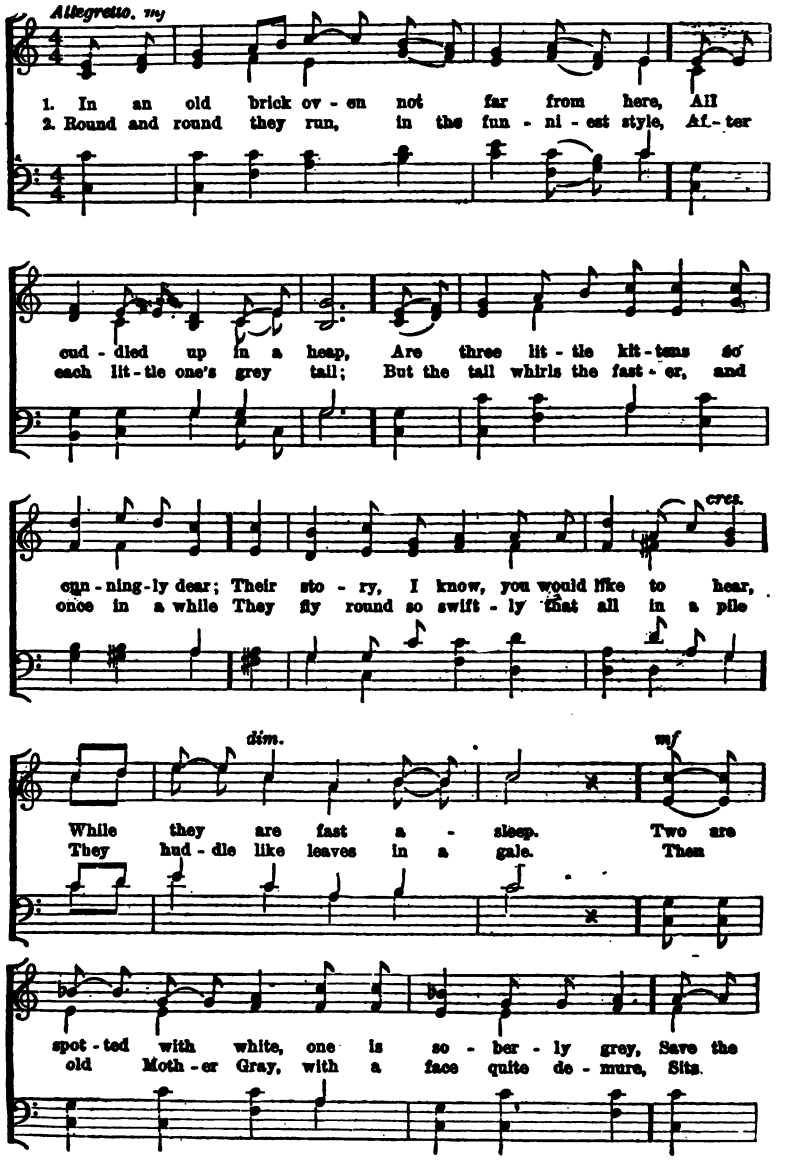
Come, let me see you write your name,
Just hold the pencil so,
Don't say "Mieow, mieow, mieow,"
That's not your name, you know.

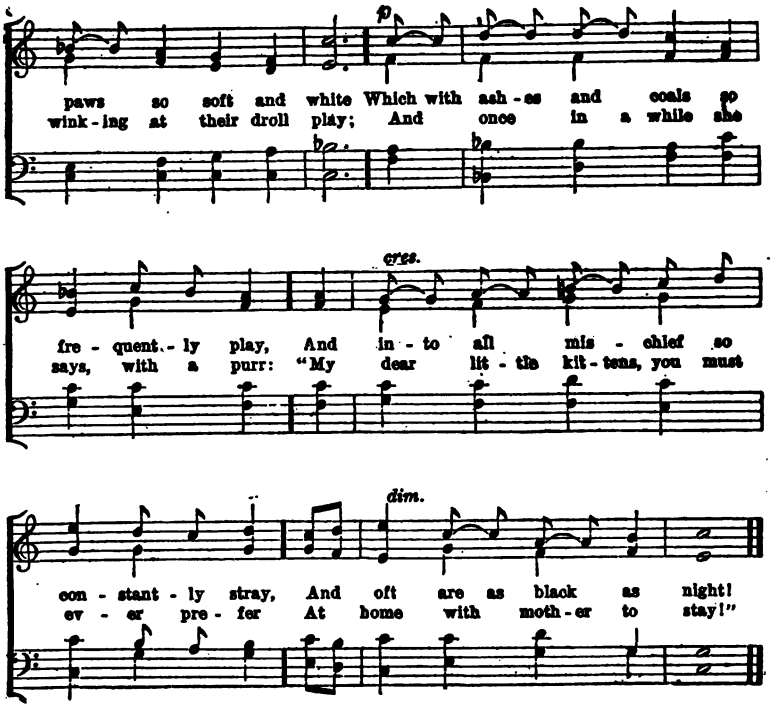
I think I'd like to hear you sing,
'Twill give me great delight;
What's that you say? "You only sing
Upon the tiles at night?"

Well, never mind, just do your best
And sing this after me;
"Do, mi, sol, do," that's right, and now
You'll have some milk for tea.

I'm very pleased indeed with you,
You've been so good to-day;
And school is over, so dear puss,
You now can go and play.

MOTHER GRAY AND HER CHILDREN.





THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT.

A MOUSIE begged, "Oh, mother, please,
The moon, they say, is made of cheese;
Let's go there—you and I. The man
Could never catch us if we ran."

"Dear," said the parent, "I've a mind
To buy you specs—you seem so blind.
Had you the sight of any bat
You'd see that man is just a cat."

PET AND HER CAT.

NOW, Pussy, I've something to tell you,
You know it is New Year's day,
The big folks are down in the parlor,
And mamma is just gone away.

We are all alone in the nursery,
And I want to talk to you, dear,
So you must come and sit by me,
And make believe you hear.

You see there's a new year coming,
It only begins to-day,
Do you know I was often naughty
In the year that is gone away?

You know I have some bad habits;
I'll mention just one or two,
But there really is quite a number
Of naughty things that I do.

You see, I don't learn my lessons,
And, oh! I do hate them so,
I doubt if I know any more to-day,
Than I did a year ago.

Perhaps I'm awfully stupid,
They say I'm a dreadful dunce.
How would you like to learn spelling?
I wish you would try it once.

And don't you remember Christmas—
'Twas naughty, I must confess—
But while I was eating my dinner
I got two spots on my dress.

And they caught me stealing the sugar,
But I only got two little bits,
When they found me there in the closet,
And frightened me out of my wits.

And, Pussy, when people scold me,
I'm always so sulky then,
If they only would tell me gently,
I never would do it again.

O Pussy! I know I am naughty,
And often it makes me cry,
I think it would count for something,
If they knew how hard I try.

But I'll try again in the New Year,
And, oh! I shall be so glad
If I only can be a good little girl
And never do anything bad!

WHAT BECAME OF THE KITTEN?

AUNTY.—What became of the kitten you had when I was here before?

NIECE [*in surprise*]. Why, don't you know?

AUNTY.—I haven't heard a word. Was she poisoned?

NIECE.—No'm.

AUNTY.—Drowned?

NIECE.—Oh, no.

AUNTY.—Stolen?

NIECE.—No, indeed.

AUNTY.—Hurt in any way?

NIECE.—No'm.

AUNTY.—Well, I can't guess. What became of her?

NIECE.—She growed into a cat.

THE OUTING.

MRS. FREDERICK W. PENDER.

Written expressly for this book.

NOW, a stylish young cat and a little white pig,
And a duck who was black, and a goat who was big,
Were all playing around in some newly mown hay,
When they paused in their sport as the duck she did say:

"Come away to the woods for a nice sunny walk,
There's a stream on whose banks we can rest as we talk,
For the day is so fine, 'tis a shame if we stay,
So we'll hurry and dress, then away, all away."

Now, the cat was so pleased that she bowed and she smiled,
While the piggie he squealed till he nearly went wild.
As for Billy, he did—why, a stunt that was fine,
For he stood on his head with his heels up behind.

They were proud and the pains they all took so each rig
"It would suit the complexion," remarked the white pig;
And his hat it was pink, like the bow on his tail,
And he marched with the cat 'cause she wore a blue veil.

Now, gray Billy, the goat, wore a beard nearly white,
And a new linen duster a trifle too tight;
While a string with a bell on his neck he did twine,
As he said, "Now, my suit it is stunning and fine."

As the duck was determined to dazzle them all,
She selected a gown that was fit for a ball;
Then she simpered and waddled in her silly way
Till the rest were disgusted, tho' tried to look gay.

CONVALESCING.
"ROTOGRAPH" SERIES

From Painting by J. Adam.

When the cat, with her paw on the pig, came the first.
Why, the duck (who was jealous) with envy near burst,
Still she walked with the goat, and they looked very trim,
And the calf, how he laughed, as they nodded at him.

When they reached the cool stream they sat down for a treat,
And the goodies they brought, they were hungry to eat;
And the cat was so dainty, the pig was so clean,
While the goat was polite, but the duck, she was mean.

For she gobbled the cake, and the berries so red;
Till they saw at a glance, she was very ill bred;
Then she told how she loved on the water to float,
And she blinked and she winked at the poor Billy-goat,

Who then told the white pig, how a pain in his back
Came from stooping to hear all the duck's foolish quack;
While Miss Pussy she charmed with her sweet, modest air,
As she wore the pink bow of the pig in her hair.

When they finished their lunch then all danced 'neath the trees
And the duck at the last, I will say, tried to please;
For she found a mistake in her greed she had made,
When her friends told her how she at home had best stayed.

When the stars were a-twinkling o'er each bright little head,
"Why, it's time," said the cat, "we were home and in bed."
And the pig, to be friends with the duck, he walked back,
While the goat led the way, with the nice pussy-cat.

Ques.—What is the difference between a cat and a comma?

Ans.—A cat has its claws at the end of its paws; a comma its pause at the end of a clause.

KITTEN THAT NEVER GREW OLD.

THERE once was a kitten who wished that he
Might never grow older, for "Don't you see,"
Said Pussy, "I'm told
That when a cat's old
He curls himself up on the hearth to sleep!"
Why, just the mere thought made this Pussy-cat weep,
"Meow—ow—ow—ow,
Meow—ow—ow—ow!"

And so, as he lay in his snug little bed,
He thought of the kittens' good fairy, and said,
In a kittenish way—
Or a purr, I should say—
"Oh, fairy, dear fairy, just as I am now
I wish to be always, meow! meow!"
Now, wasn't it queer!
The fairy was near,
And then and there took Mr. Puss at his word,
And said to him, "Pussy" (or so I have heard),
"With play you are smitten!
Be always a kitten!"

And so ever after, by night and by day,
That poor little kitten did nothing but play.
Just ask him for me,
Should ever you see
A playful old cat of diminutive size,
Whose friends have grown older and ever so wise,
If being the only
Puss left isn't lonely?
He'll tell you that fairies should never allow
A cat to be always a kitten, meow!

KITTENS' DANCING LESSON.

STANLEY SCHELL.

Written expressly for this book.

NOW kitties, dear, come, form a square,
Right in the center of the room;
No, girlies here, and bubbies there,
Now, all face so and smile and bow.

[*Play music of Lancers from now on with variations.*]

First, Tom and Nell and Will and Min,
Dance forward and then back again;
Next go Fred, Ned, Tootsy and Jane,
With Hey diddle-diddle and riddle-cum-ree!

All forward and then back; next ladies' chain;
Up the middle and back again.
My dearest kitties, won't you try,
The Hey diddle-diddle and riddle-cum-ree?

Balance to corners, all now bow,
Join arms and try a promenade.
For all who dance, as you can see,
Must Hey diddle-diddle and riddle-cum-ree!

Swing the next lady fast and low,
Now in a circle all must go;
Take partners all, all skip away,
For kitties' dance is o'er to-day.
With Hey diddle-diddle and riddle-cum-ray!

"I DON'T like that cat; it's got splinters in its feet!" was the excuse of a four-year-old for throwing the kitten away.

THE SOCIAL TEA.

MRS. FREDERICK W. PENDER.

Written expressly for this book.

NOW, a bundle of fun
With the sweetest of eyes,
Was Miss Kitty McGee,
Who had won the first prize
At a big country fair,
Where were kittens galore,
Who her rivals had been,
And she made them heart sore

For the laurels they had,
Why, they could not compare
With the prize this dear pet
Wore with pride from the fair.
And the judges all said,
When they saw her sweet way,
She eclipsed all the cats
They had met the whole day.

And she mused as she blinked,
When she rode thro' the town,
"There were few like herself,
Who had gained such renown."
And to show she was kind,
As a kitten should be,
She planned to invite
Her three cousins to tea.

When Miss Kitty awoke
From her dreams the next day,
And her toilet was made
In her own dainty way,
Why, she drank all the milk
In her pretty new dish,
And she ate some nice bits
Till no more she could niche.

With a snuff of the air,
All so sweet and so clear,
Off she scampered to write
To her cousins most dear;
And the notes she perfumed
With a dash of catnip
And invited them all
To her home for a sip

Of the nicest of tea,
With a wafer or two,
And she tied all the notes
With pink ribbons and blue;
And a special dispatch
They all sent right away
And it said "they would come
To her house that same day."

There was Queenie, so white,
With a sweet, dainty air,
And her brother Sir Tom,
With a dignity rare;
And dear little Snip,
Who was cute as could be,
And a prettier sight,
Why, you seldom do see.

Now, Miss Kitty, she served
At the table with ease,
And she tried, oh, so hard,
All her guests for to please;
And they drank to the health
Of their hostess, with tea,
And they said "she was good
And as sweet as could be."

And they hoped she would care
All their love to retain,
For they wished, very soon,
To be with her again;
And they shook her soft paw,
Said the judges were right,
"You are worthy the prize,"
Then they bade her good night.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S CAT ATOSSA.

Elegy on a Canary.

THOU hast seen Atossa sage
Sit for hours beside thy cage;
Thou wouldst chirp, thou foolish bird,
Flutter, chirp—she never stirred!
What were now these toys to her?
Down she sank amid her fur—
Eyed thee with a soul resigned—
And thou deemedst cats were kind!
Cruel, but composed and bland,
Dumb, inscrutable, and grand;
So Tiberius might have sat,
Had Tiberius been a cat.

GIRL, CAT AND CUSTARD.

DEAR Pussy, I love you, an' I's your true friend,
'Cause I saved you a whippin' to-day,
When cook missed her custard, an' every one said
It was puss that had stealed it away.
You know you are naughty sometimes, Pussy, dear,
So in course you got blamed, an'—all that!
An' cook took a stick, an' she 'clared she would beat
The thief out that mizzable cat!
But I—didn't feel comfor'ble down in my heart,
So I saved you the whippin', you see,
'Cause I went to mamma, an' telled her I 'spect
She'd better tell cook to whip me.

'Cause the custard was stealed by a bad little girl
Who felt dreffely sorry with shame,
An' it wouldn't be fair to whip Pussy, in course,
When that bad little girl was to blame!
"Was it my little girlie?" my dear mamma said,
I felt dreffely scared, but I nodded my head,
An' then mamma laughed. "Go find nurse, for I guess
There's some custard to wash off a little girl's dress."
Well, then, 'course they knew
It was I, an' not you,
Who stealed all the custard an' then ran away.
But it's best to be true
In the things that we do,
An'—that's how I saved you a spankin' to-day.

Ques.—Why does a Maltese cat rest better in summer than in winter?

Ans.—Because summer brings a caterpillar (cat-a-pillow).

THE AUDACIOUS KITTEN

OLIVER HERFORD.

"HURRAH!" cried the kitten, "hurrah!"
As he merrily set the sails;
"I sail o'er the ocean to-day,
To look at the Prince of Wales!"

"O kitten! O kitten!" I cried,
"Why tempt the angry gales?"
"I'm going," the kitten replied,
"To look at the Prince of Wales!"

"I know what it is to get wet,
I've tumbled full oft in pails,
And nearly been drowned—and yet
I *must* look at the Prince of Wales!"

"O kitten!" I cried, "the Deep
Is deeper than many pails!"
Said the kitten, "I shall not sleep
Till I've looked at the Prince of Wales!"

"O kitten! pause at the brink,
And think of the sea-sad tales."
"Ah, yes," said the kitten, "but think,
Oh, think of the Prince of Wales!"

"But, kitten," I cried, dismayed,
"If you live through the angry gales,
You *know* you will be afraid
To look at the Prince of Wales."

Said the kitten, "No such thing!
Why should he make me wince?
If *'a cat may look at a king,'*
A kitten may look at a prince."

CAT-LIFE.

LUCY LARCOM.

DOZING, and dozing, and dozing!
Pleasant enough,
Dreaming of sweet cream and mouse-meat,—
Delicate stuff!

Of raids on the pantry and hen-coop,
Or light, stealthy tread
Of cat-gossips, meeting by moolight
On a ridge-pole or shed.

Waked by a somerset, whirling
From cushion to floor;
Waked to a wild rush for safety
From window to door.

Waking to hands that first smooth us,
And then pull our tails;
Punished with slaps when we show them
The length of our nails!

These big mortal tyrants even grudge us
A place on the mat.
Do they think we enjoy for our music
Staccatoes of "scat?"

What in the world were we made for?
Man, do you know?
By you to be petted, tormented?—
Are *you* friend or foe?

To be treated, now, just as you treat us,—
The question is pat,—
To take just our chances of living,
Would you be a cat?

THE LANGUAGE OF CATS.

[Dialogue for four small girls. Each may have a cat, excepting the last. All stand on line, facing audience.]

JEANNE. MY cat speaks French, dear little friends,
As plainly as can be;
Says "s'il vous plait" (that's if you please),
And thanks me with "merci!"
I know because I understand
Each word she says to me.

LISA. And mine speaks German, dearest friends,
And we live on the Rhine;
Says "bitte" when she wants a drink,
And "ja," of course, and "nein";
I wouldn't have a cat that spoke
A different tongue from mine.

NORAH. That's foine fer yees, you French and Dutch,
With faces so demure;
Me cat sphakes Oirish; whin I set
A saucer on the flure,
An' ax her would she have some milk,
Me darlint tells me shure.

LILY. You may talk about your kittens,
May think they talk like you,
I've listened well to all they said—
And know that this is true;
Cats speak in English, every time,
And all they say is "Miaow."

HOW PUSSY BATHES.

AS Pussy sat washing her face by the gate,
A nice little dog came to have a good chat;
And after some talk about matters of state,
Said, with a low bow, "My dear Mrs. Cat,
I really do hope you'll not think I am rude;
I am curious, I know, and that you may say—
Perhaps you'll be angry—but, no, you're too good—
Pray, why do you wash in that very odd way?

"Now, I, every day, rush away to the lake,
And in the clear water I dive and I swim;
I dry my wet fur with a run and a shake,
And am fresh as a rose and neat as a pin.
But you any day in the sun may be seen,
Just rubbing yourself with your red little tongue;
I admire the grace with which it is done—
But, really, now, are you sure you get yourself clean?"

And Pussy sat swelling with rage and surprise,
At this from her nice little doggie friend,
For she had always supposed herself rather precise,
And of her sleek neatness had bragged without end;
So she flew at that doggie and boxed both his ears,
Scratched his nose and his eyes, and spit in his face,
And set him off yelping from pain and disgrace.

CAT AND PAINTER.

ELEANOR H. PORTER.

"ME-OW-W!"

It was a plaintive wail that came from behind the ash barrel in the alley-way.

It had been so delightful to scurry out the hall-door when Miss Dorothy was not looking—out into the bright sunshine, where the red and yellow leaves were chasing each other down the smooth walk in front of the house.

Then there came a time when the sunshine fled and the leaves lay quiet, refusing to play, even when she poked them with her little insistent paw. She had run far down the street, and everything was new and strange to her. A big dog bounced around the corner, and she was obliged to scramble up a tree.

She had but just accomplished her fearsome descent when a group of boys hailed her appearance with yells of delight. Then to her tail—her beautiful fluffy tail—they tied a cruel cord with a jangling tin can at the end. Down the street she wildly fled, around corners, through back alleys, followed always by that deafening rattle dangling at the tip of her tail.

The shouts of the boys grew fainter and fainter, and finally ceased altogether. It was then that she stopped, and tugged and bit at the knotted cord until at last she could switch her tail from side to side—free from its hated burden.

"Me-ow-w!"

"Whew! little cat, is it so bad as all that?"

He was tall, wore a soft black hat, and carried a cane, which he playfully twirled over the kitten's head as he spoke.

The kitten's tail came upright instantly, waving an appreciative welcome to the kindly tones.

Two blocks down the street, the man ran up the steps of a house. His latch-key was in his hand before he spied the kitten.

She had sprung lightly to the topmost step and was now facing him.

"Why—pussy!"

"Meow!"

Mechanically the man obeyed the obvious command, unlocked the door, and pushed it open. The kitten was inside the hall with a bound.

"Oh, what a beauty, Mr. Heywood! Where did you get it?" asked the landlady.

"That's just the trouble, Mrs. Merriam; I didn't get it at all—it came!"

"Came to you? How perfectly lovely! The very best sign of good luck that you could possibly have! There's not a bit of doubt now, Mr. Heywood—your picture will be a certain success."

"But what am I going to do with it?" asked Heywood.

"Do with it? Why, you're going to keep it."

The kitten had arrived with a bedraggled ribbon of what had once been lustrous white satin around her neck. This forlorn bit of finery Heywood at once consigned to the wastebasket, substituting a band of blue cut from a roll of ribbon, after scrutiny of his guest's eyes to obtain just the proper shade; but the roll of ribbon soon began to show signs of a rapid disappearance, so frequently was the necklet renewed. This was owing to the fact that the kitten's usual companions, during her waking hours, were Heywood's tubes of paints.

The first time she had jumped upon his low stand and poked her inquisitive nose into his paint-box, he had looked on in dumb dismay. A skirmish, a sweep of a yellow paw—and a tube of Rose Madder leaped from the box and scurried across the floor with the kitten in full pursuit.

It was then that Heywood had caught up his crayon and drawn hurried lines on the canvas before him; and it was that rough sketch that became the first study for his famous picture "The Kittens' Playground."

After that he used every device in his power to interest the kitten in that paint-box.

From the very first the little stranger had not lacked for a name. She was always referred to as "Her Majesty," and right royally she ruled the household. It was two weeks before Her Majesty's new surroundings palled upon her and she longed for other worlds to conquer. Coincident with this longing came the open back-yard gate. A wild scamper, and she was free—out in the wide, wide world! Through the alley and across the lot another open gate tempted her. Up the steps, through the kitchen door and on into the dining-room pattered the little yellow feet.

"Why, Queenie!—you darling!" and she was in Miss Dorothy's arms.

"Where have you been? You little dear—you're as plump as a partridge, anyway! Some one has appreciated you. But they've taken off your pretty white ribbon and put on a horrid blue one. We'll go and change it, sweetheart. I never did like blue!"

Meanwhile on the other side of the square consternation reigned.

"Where's Her Majesty?"

"I don't know, but I'll hunt her up," responded Mrs. Merriam.

Perhaps the kitten missed her box of pigment playthings, or perhaps she longed for the masculine homage she did not find at home; at any rate, three days later, when she heard a familiar call from across the open lot, she slipped through the back-yard gate, and hurried in the direction of Mrs. Merriam's voice.

"I've got her," she announced breathlessly, "but I guess she's found her home, Mr. Heywood. I don't know's we ought to keep her—you she her ribbon's changed."

"Yes, I see it is. But that's easily remedied. I shan't paint her in a white one."

"But—shall we keep her?" asked Mrs. Merriam timidly.

"We'll try to—until the picture is done, anyway."

When the kitten had first come to the house, Heywood had been engaged upon an elaborate landscape, which he had intended to finish and present to the judges of a forthcoming Art Exhibition. But since the first study of "Her Majesty," his interest in the landscape had waned. Abandoning his original plan, he was now

hard at work on "The Kittens' Playground," determined to exhibit that or nothing. For a week Her Majesty was closely guarded and the picture grew apace; then one day she disappeared. High and low they searched, but all in vain.

Across the square Miss Dorothy was tenderly caressing an animated ball of yellow fur.

"Queenie, Queenie, what does this mean? What am I to think when you run away from me so? Who are your new friends that insist on tying on these odious blue ribbons around your neck? Here, just let me take off the horrid thing and—why, what is this!" she exclaimed, interrupting herself in amazement as a tiny crumpled paper dropped into her hand.

"Kindly leave the blue ribbon on. I like it better—it's more artistic," she read.

"Well, really—impertinent creature!" Then she laughed, caught up a pencil, and wrote on the back of the paper:

"So sorry, but I prefer white!"

When the small yellow cat and the big white bow appeared before Heywood that night, he laughed outright. With careful fingers he undid the knot, and then he laughed again.

"As I expected—graceful, in spite of disadvantages."

When the blue again adorned the kitten's neck, it bore with it this message:

"I regret to be obliged a second time to call your attention to the fact that blue is the only possible ribbon for this cat. Look at her eyes!"

The picture was nearly done now. Her Majesty came and went much at her own sweet will, and it was not two days before another huge white bow appeared on her neck to mock Heywood's gaze. His fingers shook a little as he untied the knot and freed the tiny crumpled paper.

"I regret to be obliged a second time to call your attention to the fact that I prefer white. Look at her—whiskers!" he read.

The time of the Exhibition arrived and Heywood had thoughts for but one thing. At last his picture was hung, and so attractive did it prove to be that it bid fair to realize his dearest hopes.

It represented the interior of an artist's studio. The whole was but the setting for four yellow kittens—the cleverest, most fascinating yellow kittens in the world, peeping from behind curtains, tumbling among rugs, rolling over tubes of paint—life-like, bewitching, and altogether perfection.

It was on the third day of the Exhibition that a tall girl in drooping feathers and rich furs stopped before the picture with an exclamation of delight.

"It's Queenie!—why, it's Queenie to the very life!" "C. R. Heywood. Not for sale," she read disappointingly from her catalogue; then she sought the manager.

"'This Kittens' Playground'—it is not for sale," she asked.

"No, madam."

"But the artist, Heywood—does he live in the city? Can you give me his address?"

"Thirty-four Union Avenue, madam," replied the man, consulting his book.

Dorothy Marsh was not a young woman who dallied. Once determined on a course, action quickly followed. Her mother, always gentle and pleasantly acquiescent, was hurried into the carriage and the order, "Thirty-four Union Avenue," given to the coachman.

Upon their arrival at the house, the two ladies were shown into the studio, and in a moment Heywood appeared.

The girl was in the middle of the floor, turning round and round in amazement.

"Why, they're all Queenies, every one of them!" she exclaimed.

The man bowed, and a peculiar smile flickered across his face.

"They are, indeed, all—'Her Majesty's.'"

He had not time to say more, for at the first tones of the girl's voice, there was the crash of a falling vase and the scampering of little feet from an inner room. Then with a spring and a bound a small yellow kitten landed in Miss Dorothy's outstretched arms.

There was a moment's awkward silence. Mrs. Marsh unconsciously came to the rescue.

From Painting by Frank Paton.

Witness My Act and Deed.

From "Life," by courtesy of David Smith, Artist.

(See page 135.)

Homeless Kitten.

"Why, it is our kitten, isn't it? This must be where she goes so often, daughter."

The color deepened in the girl's cheeks and she threw a quick glance at Heywood.

"It evidently is, mother," she laughed.

Mrs. Marsh turned to the artist.

"My daughter has taken a great fancy to your kitten picture at the Exhibition, Mr. Heywood. We—er—I see that the catalogue states that it is not for sale."

"Indeed, madam, it *was* my intention to keep the picture," he began, speaking to the mother, though looking at the daughter, "but—"—the kitten jumped from the girl's arms to the floor and began playing with a tube of paint—"Well, there are circumstances," he continued, then paused again.

"Yes, there are circumstances," repeated the girl softly, her eyes on the kitten.

"Yes, circumstances which—which alter determinations," he suddenly concluded, following her gaze with his eyes.

Dorothy was strangely silent through the rest of the interview.

It was when the ladies were leaving that the artist placed Her Majesty into Dorothy's arms. His hand rested in a momentary caress on the round yellow head, then his fingers just touched the white bow at the neck.

"The ribbon in the picture, Miss Marsh," he began, closely studying the girl's face, "shall I change it to—er—white"

"Thank you, no. I—I prefer the blue," she answered, with a sudden flash from her eyes and a dazzling smile.

Her Majesty is older now. She is plump, sleek, and of stately dignity, and her eyes—once turquoise—gleam with shifting amber lights. Her present realm is a certain mansion. Incidentally, it is also the home of the artist, Heywood, and of his wife, Dorothy.

Ques.—When is a tea-pot like a kitten?

Ans.—When you're teasin' it (tea's in it).

DIRTY KITTY-CAT.

STANLEY SCHELL.

Written expressly for this book.

YOU surely have heard of the bad kitty-cat,
A source of great grief to her mother,
I'm sorry to say if you search round about,
You'll doubtless find many another.
She did love dirt, and she did not love soap,
And she certainly hated a tubbing,
And her mother declared if she did not keep clean,
She'd give her a thorough good scrubbing.

She won't be happy when she gets it,
No, she won't be happy when she gets it,
Now, just take my word,
'Tis the truth you have heard,
She won't be happy when she gets it.

Kitty cared not a bit for her dear mother's threat,
Too often she'd heard the same story,
Till one fated day to her home she returned,
All muddy, and dirty, and gory.
She'd just had a fall, she smilingly said,
When mother remarked her condition;
Then she walked to her rug and curled down for a nap,
And did nothing to show her contrition.

Oh, she'll be happy when she gets it,
Now, won't she be happy when she gets it?
For I saw her mother's eye,
As kitty gaily passed her by,
And I know she'll be happy when she gets it.

That mud and dirt and gore
Were really the last straw to break the camel's back,
That mother watched that kit, then looked about her quick,
And decided that the time was very ripe for her to act.
She seized that little kit by the back of the neck,
And dragged her to a fast-running stream,
All in vain were her screams,
For into that stream was she hastily and speedily tossed.

Oh, wasn't she happy when she got it!
I told you that she'd be so;
But she swam for her dear life,
To the shore where mother stood,
And promised ever more to be good,
For she wasn't a bit happy when she got it.

DICKENS AND HIS KITTEN.

CHARLES DICKENS was particularly fond of cats. One little deaf kitten had the liberty of her master's study. She followed him about like a dog and sat beside him while he wrote.

One evening Dickens was reading by a small table upon which stood a lighted candle. As usual, the cat was at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out.

Dickens was deeply interested in his book, and he proceeded to relight the candle, stroking the cat while he did so. Afterward he remembered that puss had looked at him somewhat reproachfully while she received the caress. It was only when the light again became dim that the reason of her melancholy suddenly dawned upon him.

Turning quickly, he found her deliberately putting out the candle with her paw, and again she looked at him appealingly. She was lonesome; she wanted to be petted, and this was her device for gaining her end.

LINCOLN'S MOTHERLESS KITTENS.

MRS. FREDERICK W. PENDER.

Written expressly for this book.

[During one of President Lincoln's visits to the Army of the Potomac three tiny kittens were crawling about the tent. The mother had died, and the little wanderers were expressing their grief by mewing piteously. Mr. Lincoln took them on his lap, stroked their soft fur, and murmured, "Poor little creatures! Don't cry; you'll be taken good care of;" and, turning to an officer, said: "Colonel, I hope you will see that these poor, little, motherless waifs are given plenty of milk and treated kindly." The Colonel replied: "I will see, Mr. President, that they are taken in charge by the cook of our mess, and are well cared for." Several times during his stay, Mr. Lincoln was found fondling these kittens. He would wipe their eyes tenderly with his handkerchief, stroke them, and listen to them purring their gratitude to him. It was a curious sight at an army headquarters, upon the eve of a great military crisis in the nation's history, to see the hand that had signed the Emancipation Proclamation tenderly caressing these stray kittens.]

A MOTHER cat with kittens three,
Was such a pretty sight to see;
All curled around her, soft and warm,
Those babies knew no fear or harm.

Their noses were a rosy pink;
Their tiny eyes, they tried to blink;
While pussy sang, as mothers do,
And babies tried to join her, too.

And, then, they were so happy there
All in a tent, without a care;
And oft the mother purred with pride,
When those wee mites were by her side.

She washed their faces and their feet,
With velvet paw, for she was neat;
And taught them how to run and play,
And they grew cunning ev'ry day.

But, oh! this good old pussy died,
And those wee babies cried and cried!
They did not know that she was dead,
And sorely begged they to be fed.

They crawled around both day and night,
No mother there, how sad their plight,
And how their little hearts did beat
At ev'ry sound of coming feet.

A man was passing by the tent,
He paused, then quickly in he went.
He saw those waifs, he picked them up
And called for milk for them to sup.

Then softly murmured "not to cry,"
A friend you have now I am nigh.
He stroked their fur, and soothed their fears,
And even wiped away their tears.

Those grateful babies purred and purred,
At kindly touch and gentle word;
For Lincoln was their friend in need,
And love shown in his ev'ry deed.

And he whose pen had freed a race,
Thought petting kittens no disgrace,
Nor stooping to a thing so small,
For God had made them, one and all.

His great heart beat for them, indeed,
As much as for the race he freed;
And in the years that faster come,
All love to think of this deed done.

Ques.—Why is the world like a cat's tail?
Ans.—Because it is fur to the end of it.

MY OL' BLACK CAT.

FLAVIA ROSSER.

YOU jes' orter to see my ol' black cat;
'E's soft like a cushion, but nicer'n that.
'E's made out o' velvet, an' stuffed 'ith springs,
An' ther's sumpin' in 'im wot whizzes an' sings.
'Is eyes 'r round 's marbles, an' bigger'n any o' mine;
They're jes' chock full o' meanness, an' wink, an' blink, an' shine.
We ketch 'im an' hol' 'im in th' dark, an' rub 'im—my pa an' I,
'N' you orter to see them 'lectric sparks wot crackle, an' snap, an' fly.
Sometimes my pa'll take that cat an' touch 'is nose to 'is——
I wouldn't do it 'cause it hurts, and makes pa say, "Gee wiz'!"
But sometimes pa is differunt, and them is the times wot he
Takes me out to the woodshed an' kinder wallops me.
It gets so dark in the woodshed 'at I sneak up near th' door,
But th' other children won't come out, nor play 'ith me no more.
My ma, she works 'ith her head tucked down, so's not to see me cry;
Them times I think how sorry this fambly 'ud be if I'd die.
But yip! 'cross th' big, black garden, my cat comes hoppity-skip,
'E never even looks to see th' place pa throwed the whip;
'E humps 'is back up 'gainst me, an' snuggles, and sniffs an' sings;
An' stickles me 'ith 'is viskers, an' talks 'bout other things.
O' course I love my ol' black cat; w'y it seems to me at times like that
I love 'im better'n I love ma, 'n' a good deal better'n I love pa.

Spell live mouse-trap with three letters.
C-A-T (cat).

THE DEAD KITTEN.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

DON'T talk to me of parties, Nan; really, I can not go.
When folks are in affliction they don't go out, you know.
I have a new brown sash, too; it seems a pity, eh?
That such a dreadful trial should have come just yesterday.
The play-house blinds are all pulled down as dark as it can be,
It looks so very solemn and so proper, don't you see?
And I have a piece of crape pinned on my dolly's hat;
Tom says it is ridiculous for only just a cat.
But boys are all so horrid! They always, every one,
Delight in teasing little girls and kitties, "just for fun."
The way he used to pull her tail—it makes me angry now—
And scat her up the cherry-tree to make the darling "meow."
I've had her all the summer. One day, away last spring,
I heard a frightful barking, and I saw the little thing
In the corner of a fence; 'twould have made you laugh outright
To see how every hair stood out, and how she tried to fight.
I shooed the dog away, she jumped upon my arm;
The pretty creature knew I wouldn' do her any harm;
I hugged her close, and carried her to mamma, and she said
She should be my own Kitty, if I'd see that she was fed.
A cunning little dot she was, with silky, soft, gray fur;
She'd be for hours on my lap, and I could hear her purr,
And then she'd frolic after when I pulled a string about,
Or try to catch her tail or roll a marble in and out.
Such comfort she has been to me I'm sure no one can tell,
Unless some other little girl who loves her pussy well.
I've heard about a Maltese cross; but my dear little Kit
Was always sweet and amiable, and never cross a bit!
But, oh, last week I missed her! I hunted all around;
My darling little pussy cat was nowhere to be found,

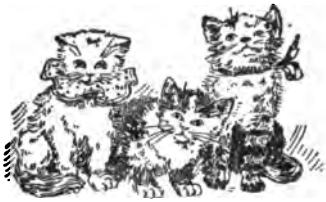
I knelt and whispered softly, when nobody could see:
"Take care of little Kitty, *please* and bring her back to me."
I found her lying yesterday behind the lower shed;
I thought my heart was broken when I found that she was dead.
Tom promised me another one, but even he can see
No other Kitty ever will be just the same to me.
I can't go to your party, Mamie Macaroons, you say?
And ice-cream? I know I ought to try and not give way;
And I feel it would be doing wrong to disappoint you so,
Well, if I'm equal to it by to-morrow, I may go.

MY CAT AND DOG.

MARORI.

I HAVE a cat; she's as black as my hat.
Fur fifty times finer than silk,
And what e'er is occurring, she always is purring,
Especially over her milk.
And I have a dog, too, a wonderful dog,
Nobility beams in his eye;
And, early or late, for his master he'll wait—
None such friends as dear doggie and I.

His dear, honest nose he shoves into my hand,
Yet growls if a rogue comes in view;
And his great wagging tail makes one quite understand
He's a watchman both fearless and true.
A trio of jolly companions are we,
Together we pleasantly jog;
Indulge in no riot, but live very quiet—
Myself and my cat and my dog.



THE LOST MITTENS.

THREE little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"O mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens."

"Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie."
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
"No, you shall have no pie."
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"O mother dear,
See here, see here,
See! we have found our mittens."

"Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you may have some pie."
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, let us have the pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r."

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
"O mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens."

"Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little kittens washed their mittens
And hung them out to dry;
"O mother dear,
Do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens?"

"Washed your mittens!
Oh, you're good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by!"
"Hush, hush! mee-ow, mee-ow!
We smell a rat close by!
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"

KITTYCAT AND THE MILKMAN.

MR. MILKMAN, please to stop!
Fill my jug up to the top;
Half for mother, half for me,
Fresh and sweet milk let it be.
Mother told me, too, to say,
"Please to call here twice to-day."

TWO HEARTS AND A KITTEN.

MABEL PREECE.

TIMOTHY Dale, the blacksmith, sat beside the kitchen table in his tiny cottage, laboriously penning his first love letter. He destroyed sheet after sheet of writing paper in disgust at his misshapen letters and poor composition, until only one remained.

"It's got ter come right on this 'ere one, or it can't be done at all. The store's closed fer th' night an' I ain't got no more paper."

"Dere Cynthia," it read, "can you mete me bi the mill to morrow at 3. i luv you and wood like to no if you do the same and will marrie me plese not to forgit at 3 yours trooly Tim Dale."

Cynthia Warden turned up the lamp and read the letter with no great surprise, for Timothy was not an adept in concealing his feelings. But Cynthia had been at boarding-school, and the honest but faulty epistle somewhat jarred on her. And then there was Walter Hughes.

Walter Hughes was a traveling salesman and at times visited his uncle, old Lawyer Hughes, the richest man in the place. At first the visits were infrequent, prompted by duty and the thought of "uncle's little pile in the bank;" but after meeting Cynthia Warden he seemed to form an attachment for the village and spent much time there. His city-bred airs and refinement won Cynthia's regards, and when he gave accounts of his thrilling experiences, her heart warmed to this hero of her girlish dreams. As she stood gazing out of her window, she almost laughed aloud at the thought of marrying Timothy Dale.

"Of course, it's absurd. I might have thought him all very well had not Walter come;—but now it is out of the question."

As Walter Hughes walked to Cynthia's home the following afternoon his thoughts were extremely pleasant.

"The little game is progressing very favorably," he murmured,

rubbing his soft, flabby hands together in delight. "The girl is awfully smitten with me. She'll come in for a goodly share of old Warden's savings, and I might do worse than to marry her."

He found Cynthia standing by the gate waiting for him.

"Come for a walk," he suggested. "Cynthia," he said, when they had exhausted the minor topics of thte day, "I love you, and I believe you are not wholly indifferent to me. Will you marry me?"

Cynthia turned her eyes away that he might not see her great happiness, and as she did so they fell on an object by the roadside.

It was a kitten that some cruel boys had stoned. With a cry of pity she drew her hand from Hughes's grasp and started toward the kitten, but he pulled her roughly back.

"Never mind the fool cat, Cynthia. What if it is hurt? I guess I'm of more importance than a kitten. Answer my question: will you marry me?"

It was as if a veil had been torn from her eyes. His cold, unsympathetic words, and still more, his pitiless face, betrayed the cruel, selfish nature of the man, and Cynthia's face flushed with indignation and shame at the thought of having cared for such as he.

"No," she responded quietly, but firmly, "I will not."

He turned on his heel and left her standing there, and she buried her face in her hands, shuddering at the horror of what she had escaped.

A cheery voice roused her from her reverie.

"Well, Cynthia, girl, here you are! I've been looking by the mill for you, but as you warn't there I thought I'd take a turn up this 'ere way an' maybe I'd find—why, look at that pore little cat! Now, I'd jest like ter know who could ha' done that! Wouldn't I larrup their hide, though?"

He picked the kitten up and bound its wounded foot with his coarse red pocket-handkerchief. The hands of the burly fellow became as tender as a woman's.

"I'll jest take it home an' fix it up," he said carelessly, slightly

ashamed of showing his soft-heartedness. "It'll be sort 'er company 'bout the house. An' now, Cynthia, I jest wanted ter know ef you'd do what I said in th' letter—marry me—you know. I ain't got much but a heart full of honest love ter give you, girl, but I'll do my best by you an' make you happy. I know I ain't much, but—but—"

It was the longest speech the poor fellow had ever made and he broke down confusedly. But Cynthia, looking up at him with glistening eyes, said softly: "Will I marry you, Tim? Yes—with all my heart."

Then, as with a low exclamation of surprise and joy he turned quickly toward her,—

"Look out!" she cried, laughing through the tears sparkling in her eyes, "Look out, or you'll drop the kitten!"

LITTLE TURNCOATS.

GEORGIA A. PECK.

AS passed the rector of All Saints' one day,
Obsequiously an old man crossed his way,
And with "Good-mornin', sir!" his head laid bare;
Then, steadying his basket with all care,
He turned its cover back to show within
Three sleeping kittens, saying, with a grin,
"I have some fine Episcopal kittens here
That you might like to buy,—they won't come dear."

"Look here, old man!" called out a passer-by,
"I see what you're about, with half an eye!
You tried to sell that lot to me last night
As good, clean, Baptist kittens."

"You are right,
My friend, and they were Baptist then, all three,
But 'twas before their eyes were opened! See?"

THE MISCHIEVOUS CAT.

MRS. E. J. CORBETT.

LITTLE Pussy Pink-toes sat in the sun,
Blinking,
And thinking
What next could be done?
There wasn't a mouse
To be found in the house,
Nor even a rat in the cellar—not one.
And Pussy said, "Mi-ow! I wish I could find
A nice bit of mischief just to my mind."

Around the corner came Johnny McGee,
Aged four,
And no more,
Plump and rosy, and pleasant to see.
Not a moment he tarried,
But carefully carried
A pitcher of milk for his grandmother's tea.
"Ho! ho!" cried the cat—
"I'd like to taste that;
I'll frighten young Johnny, and then he will flee."

So this wicked pussy-cat quickly uprose,
Raised her tail
Like a sail,
Showed the sharp claws in her little pink toes,—
And grew bigger and bigger,
A terrible figure—
Poor Johnny was frightened, as you may suppose.
And her tail, how it swelled—
And her voice, how she yelled—
'Twas so dreadful that poor little Johnny stood there
Quaking and shaking with fright and despair.

Pussy's hair stood right up—her eyes were so green—
Her jaws,
And her claws,
Made the ugliest picture that ever was seen—
"I'm afraid—of that cat—" sobbed Johnny—"boo-hoo!"
Then down, with a smash,
The pitcher went—crash!
And poor Johnny McGee
Had lost all the milk for his grandmother's tea.

So the milk was all spilled, and Pussy got none,
Of course;
She was cross,
As she sat there washing her face in the sun.
"Not even a taste
Of that milk—what a waste!"
"It wasn't," said Pussy, "the least bit of fun!"

DOWN TO ST. IVES.

AS I went down to St. Ives
I met seven wives.
Each wife had seven sacks;
Each sack, seven cats;
Each cat, seven kits;
Kits, cats,
Sacks, wives,
How many went down to St. Ives?

Ans.—One; the rest came from there.

SHE saw them weigh the baby, and nothing then would do,
But she must knot a handkerchief and weigh her kitty, too.
"Oh, mamma, come and look!" she cried; "you mustn't speak or laugh!
My darling little kitty weighs a dollar and a half!"

KITTY AT SCHOOL.

KATE ULMER.

COME, Kitty dear, I'll tell you what
We'll do this rainy day;
Just you and I, all by ourselves,
At keeping school, will play.

The teacher, Kitty, I will be;
And you shall be the class;
And you must close attention give,
If you expect to pass.

Now, Kitty, "C-A-T" spells cat.
Stop playing with your tail!
You are so heedless, I am sure
In spelling you will fail.

"C-A" oh, Kitty! do sit still!
You must not chase that fly!
You'll never learn a single word,
You do not even try.

I'll tell you what my teacher says
To me most ev'ry day—
She says that girls can never learn
While they are full of play.

So try again—another word;
"L-A-C-E" spells "lace."
Why, Kitty, it is not polite
In school to wash your face!

I WISH IT WAS OVER!
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(See page 180.)

The Social Tea.

You are a naughty, naughty puss,
And keep you in I should;
But, then, I love you, dear, so much
I don't see how I could!

O, see! the sun shines bright again!
We'll run out doors and play;
We'll leave our school and lessons for
Another rainy day.

BOY BLUE AND HIS GUN.

NELLIE M. GARABRAUT.

"RUB-a-dub-dub,"
Said the boy in blue,
"I have got a big gun
And I will shoot you."

"Oh, don't shoot me,"
Said the little brown dog;
"Go down to the mill-pond,
And shoot at a frog."

"Oh, no, no!"
Said the boy in blue;
"I've made up my mind
That I will shoot you."

"I can't shoot frogs,
They won't stand still,
Ker-splash! they go under
The wheel of the mill."

"I shan't stand still,
No more than the frog,
So you can't shoot me,"
Said the little brown dog.

He ran in a hole
Right under the house
And lay there as still—
As still as a mouse.

"Well, I don't care,"
Said the boy in blue,
"I'll shoot a robin, and
Bring him down, too."

"Do," cried the cat;
"That will be nice,
And I will crunch
All his bones in a trice."

The blue boy took aim,
But aimed not aright,
Or like cock-sparrow
He shot in a fright.

The robin he missed
But killed the old cat;
His grandmother gave him
A thrashing for that.

A CERTAIN room has eight corners; in every corner sits a cat, on every cat's tail sits a cat, and before each cat is a cat. How many cats in the room? *Ans.*—Eight cats.

WHY THE CAT ALWAYS FALLS UPON HER FEET.

A Legend.

LOUISE JAMISON.

ONE day a magician was traveling through a great forest. He was a verygood magician,and always ready to help any creature in need.

After he had gone a long way through the forest, he was very tired; and, as the sun was growing hot, he lay down at the foot of a big tree, and was soon asleep. While he slept, a great serpent came softiy out of the thicket, and, as soon as it saw the man, it began to hiss to itself:

"Ah, ha! ah, ha, I've got him now! He'll not spoil my supper again in a hurry. I could have eaten that cat last night if he had not driven me away. I'll kill him for it now."

So it crept nearer and nearer, and the magician slept on, without any thought of danger.

But it happened that the cat was watching. She was up in the tree, and she had not forgotten how the magician had saved her from this cruel serpent.

The serpent was very large and she was only a small cat, and she was terribly afraid, but she meant to save her good friend if she could.

So, just as the serpent was about to spring, she leaped down upon his back and stuck her paws deep into his head.

Wild with pain and anger, he tried to reach her with his deadly fangs, but she was always too quick for him, and she used her claws to such good purpose that her enemy soon lay dead.

Then she was so tired after her hard struggle that she had to lie down herself.

The magician found her beside him when he awoke, and when he saw the dead serpent he knew his life had been saved by his brave little friend.

"Dear little cat," he said, "what can I do to show how much I thank you? Your eyes are quick to see, and your ears quick to hear; and for running your feet have been made swift, but one thing I can give you. All men shall know you as their friend, and your home shall be with them, and for your sake all cats shall leap where they will, and fall ever upon their feet."

DAISY'S THANKSGIVING.

NOW kitten-cat, Daisy, just hear me,
And 'tend to each word that I say,
And don't frisk around so 'bout nothing,
To-morrow 'll be Thanksgiving Day.
And if you don't chew up your ribbon,
Nor dabble it round in the snow,
But behave all the time, just as pretty,
You'll have something splendid, you know.

There's another thing, Daisy, I'll tell you,
Aunt Mary is coming to-day,
To show us a sweet, darling baby,
That's named just like me—Allie May.
And if it should happen to squeeze you,
Or pull your long tail the least mite,
You are not to scratch her nor bite her,
For that wouldn't be just polite.

We must do all we can that'll please her,
She being our company so;
Besides, such a new little baby
Ain't had time to learn better, you know.
So, if she does tease you, dear Daisy,
Though, of course, I don't say it is right,
Please just get away from her easy,
Not scratching the least little mite.

I s'pose you don't know 'bout Thanksgiving,
'Cause you haven't had one before;
I'll tell you: there'll be a big turkey,
And pie made of chickens—and more.
And puddings all full of sweet raisins,
And jelly and jam—such a treat!
And if you're a good kitten, Daisy,
You'll get a whole plateful to eat.

THE NEWSBOY'S CAT; OR THE FAM'LY MAN.

E. T. CORBETT.

WANT any paper, Mister?
Wish you'd buy 'em of me—
Ten years old, an' a fam'ly,
An' bizness dull, you see,
Fact, Boss! There's Tom, an' Tabby,
An' Dad, an' Mam, an' Mam's cat,
None on 'em earnin' money—
What do you think of that?

Couldn't Dad work? Why, yes, Boss,
He's working for Gov'ment now—
They give him his board for nothin'—
All along of a drunken row.
An' Mam? Well, she's in the poorhouse—
Been there a year or so;
So I'm takin' care of the others,
Doin' as well as I know.

Oughn't to live so? Why, Mister,
What's a feller to do?
Some nights when I'm tired and hungry,
Seems as if each on 'em knew—

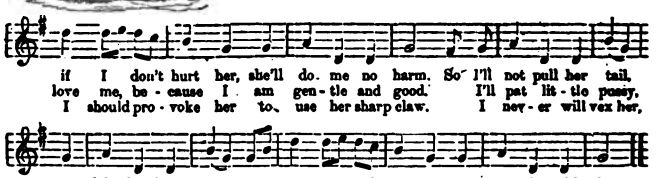
They'll all three cuddle around me,
  Till I get cheery, and say;
Well, p'rhaps I'll have sisters an' brothers,
  An' money an' clothes, too, some day.

But if I do get rich, Boss,
  (An' a lecturin' chap one night
Said newsboys could be Presidents
  If only they acted right);
So, if I was President, Mister,
  The very first thing I'd do,
I'd buy poor Tom an' Tabby
A dinner—an' Mam's cat, too!

None o' your scraps an' leavin's,
  But a good square meal for all three;
If you think I'd skimp my friends, Boss,
  That shows you don't know me.
So, 'ere's your papers—come, take one,
  Gimme a lift, if you can—
For now you've heard my story,
  You see, I'm a fam'ly man!

MY PUSSY.

Tune "Buy a broom."



BOYS' COMPOSITIONS ON CATS.

COMPOSITION I.

CATS is an insect what has no wings and has a long tail. It looks like fishworms, only fishworms hasn't got no hair on it like cats has. Cats is black, and sets on back fentses and buzzes its wings, which it hasn't got any. Cats is like locusts 'bout this, 'sept locust es got wings, an' cats waves its talze 'bove its head, and don't set on trees. Cats was a Namerican invention made by a Mr. Pharaoh, of Egypt, Illinois, 'bout one thousand years ago or so; I expect it was so or maybe more so. Anyway this man didn't get no patent on cats, and they was copied by some fulish man who carried 'em to New Yorick where they have ruled things at night with a tight pair o' strings, fur some daze. Cats has a hump back with long bristles onto it. It has a pair o' lungs, which extends clean back to its tail, which is long. It uses all o' these yere lungs in singin' low, sweet melodies to the pail, watery mune, 'bout 1 o'clock in the morning. Cats sometimes sits on the comb of a slippery roof, an' sizen sobs an' squalls an' strokes each other's whiskers. Cats uses two legs to set on, one to stand on an' t'other to fan his partner with. I know two cats what did this on our woodshed. I guess they did it because they thought they would shed. I know they got up there to shed, for me an' Jack found half a hatful of catfur, an' a pocketful o' claws there the next mornin'. Wonder why they don't shed in the daytime? Must be mune had something to do with it. Cats, unlike the insecks, don't have no stingers. The bumblebee has. I onc't caught a bumblebee an' gave it to a cat. Cats don't like bees, espeshly them what hez splinters in ther talez, wich this had. The thing stung all the way down and half way back again; the cat run about seventeen miles an' then dropped down by the shady side of a stay-hack an' quickly, without warnin', he hastily died a sudden death all at once, for want of breath.

Onc't when Jack an' me was playin' fishin' in our well with a tom-cat tied to a string, Jack got hurt. He had the cat down in the well, waitin' for a bite, an' when his back was turned it crawled up the brick an' clawed the sap outen him. After that Jack didn't fule with cats.

I once knew a man who was wicked enough to throw a stove-lid through a big tom-cat at night, an' the very next day he heard that his grandmother had broke her leg in New Orleans and several other places, which prove how wicked and sinful it is to disturb the critters; an' that's all I know about cats.

COMPOSITION II.

THE cat which we had afor we got Mose was yeller, and didn't have no ears, and not eny tail, too, cos they were cut off to make it go way from where it lived, for it was so ugly so it come to our house. One day my mother she sed wudent my father drown it, cos she knew where she cud get a nicer looking one. So my father he put it in a bag, and a brick in the bag, too, and threw it in the pond and went to his office, my father did. But the cat busted the bag string, and wen my father cum home it was lying under the sofa, but cum out to look at him. So they looked at one another for a long wile, and bime by my father sed to my mother: "Well, you are a mity poor hand to go shoppin' for cats. Thisn is a site uglier than the other."

COMPOSITION III.

CATS don't like to swim, and never do except it's an old cat that you want to get rid of and you do her up in a bag with some bricks and throw her into a mill-pond off the bridge, and then she'll burst the bag and swim ashore and kite for home, so's to be there to welcome you there, so's you won't feel lonesome.

Our cat lives in the house what times she don't live over to Jones's barn. She is real handy to throw stones at and to pull her tail and make her squawk. I make her squawk ten or six times a

day, and the backs of my hands is drawed out in lines like a map, where her toe nails has got hitched.

Cats can climb telegraph poles and set on the ridgepoles of four-story houses without being dizzy headed, and they can sleep with one eye open and lay awake with both eyes shut.

I'd rather have a dog than a cat, any day. Dogs can race cats, they can race other dogs, they can race boys, or anything. Nobody ain't scared of a cat. A mouse is; but not if it ain't somewheres that it can't get out of, or a rat, either. A dog can make a cat dead if he bites her enough. When he comes in the yard he can make her tail look like a Christmas tree. He can make her fix her back up like a camel. I ain't afraid of thieves, but thieves are afraid of dogs. If a thief comes where a dog can get at him he'll run like the deust; but the dog won't run. A dog can watch a house better than a policeman. He won't let the man that owns it come in the back yard in the middle of the night; but a cat would. If a man or any other thief was to sneak in, would a cat care? She'd go over the fence like lightning. That's what! A dog knows when your home from school. He ain't sleepy then. He has fun with old hats, if you give him one. You've got to pay for keeping him; but you don't a cat; because a dog's some good and a cat ain't. I'd rather have a dog.

COMPOSITION IV.

IF I had invented a cat, I should have made her without nails. Cats is full of music. They have concerts every night in our wood-shed, and no tickets to pay for. The rich and the poor alike are welcome to hear 'em.

Cats live on mice, and what cream and beefsteak they can steal out of the pantry. Sometimes they catch chickens, and that makes the old hen mad, and the old woman that owns the chickens madder. And she goes for the cat with a broom, and the cat climbs a tree and sits there and lafs at her, and goes to sleep and dreams she is in a kitchen again till it comes night, and then she climbs down back end fust and goes off to a concert to see

the other cats. Thomas cats has the best voices and can sing bass and tenor both at once. It is nice to hear 'em, but when you sleep alone and wake suddenly by hearing of 'em, there is something or ruther that makes a feller's flesh creep and the cold shivers run down his backbone.

Cats like to get on the spare bed among the shams and things, and paw 'em all down into a nest, and they like to go to sleep in your best coat. I expect they enjoy the fun of hearing you swear the next day when you brush it. I should if I was a cat.

Kittens is cats when they are first born, and there is an awful sight of 'em. They keep coming right along without regard to wind or weather.

They are dreadful cute, and can unwind more thread and tear up more fancy gimcracks that the girls make than any other known animal.

It ain't lucky to kill a cat. I don't know why. It is good luck to have one come to you if you keep her. You get rich right away, or poor, I forget which. Every cat has nine lives, and they don't never die if let alone unless they have fits, which most of 'em has. A cat in a fit will beat a whole circus all to nothing, and the first thing you know she'll come right out of it and go to eating milk just as if nothing had happened.

DOG AND CAT.

THERE were once a dog and a cat,
Who out on the door-step sat.
The dog said "Bow," and the cat "Mieuw!"
Then they both ran after a rat, rat, rat;
Then they both ran after a rat.

The cat caught the rat in a trice;
Said she: "Don't you think it is nice?"
The dog said "Bow," and the cat "Mieuw!"
Then they wiped their whiskers twice, twice, twice;
Then they wiped their whiskers twice.

PUSSY WILLOWS.

O MABEL! O Fannie! Come out for fun!
Old winter is going! Now, now, there'll be fun!
The boys, with their marbles, are down on their knees,
And wee willow pussies are climbing the trees.

The dandelion blossoms will show us their gold,
The pansies their droll little faces unfold,
The blue-birds will come and the robins and bees,
For wee willow pussies are climbing the trees.

The ants will creep up from their holes in the ground,
The blundering beetles will come bumping 'round,
The frogs will be singing in all sorts of keys,
For wee willow pussies are climbing the trees.

I love them! I love them—those sweet little cats!
They're not much for frolic nor catching of rats;
But don't the spring goodies come back by degrees
When they are seen climbing the old willow tree?

Oh, ar'n't they just lovely—all clinging so tight—
Their whiskers and scratchers tucked clear out of sight
A-swinging and swaying in every light breeze?
They turn to pure silver, the ugly old trees!

HAD TO EAT IT.

LITTLE FLOSSIE had been presented with a small candy cat by her aunt, and it furnished amusement for nearly a week. One day it was missing, however, and her mother asked her if she had lost it.

"No, mamma, me didn't losed it," replied Flossie. "Me des' played wif it till it dot so dirty, me des' had to eat it."

KITTY'S LESSON.

C. GRACE JEROLAMEN.

Written expressly for this book.

LET'S play school, kitty, you and I,
Right here in papa's study;
You can sit there in papa's chair,
If your feet aren't muddy.

First, you must say your morning prayers,
Now bow your head, like I do.
And now we'll sing the little song,
"Good morning, sunshine to you."

Of course, you must learn how to write,
Then you can write to Rover,
A is like this, and B like that,
Oh, dear! the ink's tipped over!

We'll have the reading-lesson next,
Out of this book so pretty.
I'll read you 'bout a little mouse—
You've torn the book,—bad kitty!

You want to play just all the time,
You lazy little sinner!
There goes the bell now, run away,
I guess it's time for dinner!

Ques.—What is the difference between a cat and a camel?

Ans.—When a cat gets mad she gets her back up, but the camel simply humps himself.

Ques.—Why is a cat going up three pairs of stairs like a high hill?

Ans.—Because she's a-mountin'.

THE SCARUM CAT.

MARY ELIZABETH STONE.

PRECIOUS dolly Dorothy,
I've been having trouble,
And the weight of anxiousness
Nearly bent me double;
For I saw the Scarum cat,
In the slumber pillows,
Creeping, creeping toward me
Through the bending willows.

Oh, my dolly Dorothy,
I was frightened, frightened!
For the clouds were very dark,
And it lightened, lightened!
And the creeping Scarum cat,
Coming through the willows,
Made my heart go pit-a-pat,
In the slumber pillows.

And I wanted to cry out,
But, oh dear, I couldn't!
And I hoped the cat would turn,
But, oh dear, it wouldn't!
And I tried to run away,
But could not leave the willows,
And the creeping Scarum cat,
In the slumber pillows.

Then, my dolly Dorothy,
I was nearly frantic,
When a foamy wave came up
From the big Atlantic—

Caught me from the Scarum cat,
Among the bending willows,
And dropped me in my little bed,
And woke me—on the pillows.

Mamma said, though dreams are dread
They vanish like a bubble;
"But," said she, "a simple tea
Would save you such a trouble.
If you eat just bread and milk,
You will not see the willows,
And the creeping Scarum cat,
In the slumber pillows."

THE TROLL CAT.

[The cat appears in many of the weird tales and popular songs of the Northern nations. A characteristic legend is the following.]

Hor du Plat
Sag til den Kat
At Knurremurre er dod.

Knurremurre rules with a will
All the trolls in Brondhoi Hill;
Throughout all Zealand has it rung—
The fame of Knurremurre's tongue.
One young troll got tired of the worry.
"I'll away," said he,
"To company
More pleasant than Knurremurre."

. . . . . .

"Wife, what's scratching at the door
On this cold winter night?"
The gales through the snow-heaped forests roar,
And the hut-fire is burning bright.
"Open the door, good wife," says Plat.
In walks a stately, whiskered cat.

He sits by the fire and dries his fur,
And purrs his thanks with a loud, long purr,
And eats his grout, and washes his face,
And makes himself at home in the place.

Weeks pass on, a good cat he;
He is quite one of the family;
  For the kindly wife of Plat,
In her wooden hut by the northern sea,
  Has a poet's love for a cat.

. . . . .

'Tis night; the cat by the hearth-fire lies,
Purring and dozing, with blinking eyes;
When Plat comes in and says,—

"Good wife!
What strange things happen in one's life!
  I saw a sight
  As I came to-night
  By Brondhoi Hill,
  Where all was still,
Save the trolls who hammered below with a will.
  Out jumps in my way
  A man old and gray,
  And squeaking he said,—
  'Hearken, Plat!
  Tell your cat
That Knurremurre is dead.'"

. . . . .

Up jumped the cat from the hearth-fire side—
"Ho! Knurremurre dead!" he cried.
  "Now I may go home, I ween."
And out he scampered with a will,
Out through the night to Brondhoi Hill,
  And nevermore was seen.

CATS.

Essay or Address.

STANLEY SCHELL.

IN all the varied world of animals, three only are universally the inmates of our homes, the companions of our firesides—the cat, the bird, and the dog. The cat, especially, is the friend of our early childhood; the purr of the cat blends with the voices of the children and the ticking of the clock; it is the music of repose, the veritable "Home, Sweet Home" that haunts the wanderer on far-off shores.

A tenderness toward the animal creation is always characteristic of noble, generous and intellectual souls; and it is well known that our most intellectual people are most tender-hearted toward beings helpless and inferior to themselves, and they love with a child-like love the cat, whose image is associated with the sweetness and tenderness of the child's world of happiness—the home.

The most noted persons in every profession have been domestic cat lovers, particularly authors and poets. Such men as Pope Gregory, Mahomet, Petrarch, Tasso, Cardinal Woolsey, Admiral Doria, Gladstone, Montaigne, Swinburne, Watson, Matthew Arnold, Dickens, Southey, Cooper, Hugo, Mérimée, Sante Beuve, Baudelaire, Gauthier, Pierre Loti, Hoffman, Scheffel, Lord Chesterfield, Jeremy Bentham, Doctor Johnson, Fielding, Lincoln, etc., were all cat lovers and worshippers, and many of them immortalized the cat in rhyme or in prose.

The Cat Family is a large one, and to it belong:

Tiger,	Puma,
Lion,	Jaguar,
Leopard,	Clouded Tiger,
Ounce,	Thibet Tiger Cat,

From Painting by Frank Paton.

Puss In Boots.

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A LITTLE MISCHIEF MAKER.

Fontaneir's Cat,	Jerdon's Cat,
Golden Cat,	Java Cat,
Fishing Cat,	Small-eared Cat,
Bengalese Cat,	Large-eared Cat,
Wagate,	Flat-headed Cat,
Marbled Tiger Cat,	Bornean Bay Cat,
Serval,	Egyptian Cat,
Golden-haired Cat,	Wild Cat,
Gray African Cat,	Indian Wild Cat,
Servaline Cat,	Common Jungle Cat,
Ocelot,	Ornate Jungle Cat,
Margay,	Steppe Cat,
Geoffroy's Cat,	Shaw's Cat,
Ocelot-like Cat,	Manul,
Yaguarundi (Brazil),	Straw or Pampas Cat,
Eyra,	Northern Lynx,
Colocolo,	Pardine Lynx,
Rusty Spotted Cat,	Carcal,
Chinese Cat,	Cheetah,
Small Cat,	Domestic Cat.

Considering the Cat Family as a whole, there is probably no other animal so well equipped for the battle of life.

Cats are carnivorous, preferring to discover and kill their own prey. Cats are ferocious and sanguinary, loving retirement; moving with concealment and stealth; always fighting desperately when injured, or when escape is no longer possible. All cats climb with ease, except the tiger and the lion. So persistent are the characters both of body and mind in the Cat Family, that, in spite of thirty-five centuries or more of domestication, the household cat to-day preserves far more of its ancestral traits than any other of the four-footed associates of man.

Cats are found all over the world except in the Australian region, in Madagascar, and the West Indies. They are mainly tropical and heat-loving, although a few species range far to the north, as the tiger in Asia and the puma in America.

The short-tailed lynxes also predominate in the northern regions.

The first real evidence of cats in connection with man is to be found in the ancient monuments of Egypt, Babylon, and Nineveh. Cats are mentioned in inscriptions as early as 1684 B.C., and they were certainly domesticated in Egypt 1300 years before Christ.

The earliest known representation of the cat as a domestic animal and pet is at Leyden, in a tablet of the 18th or 19th Dynasty.

In ancient Egypt, the cat was an object of religious worship and a venerated inmate of certain temples. The Goddess of Pasht or Bubastis, the goddess of cats, was, under the Roman Empire, represented with a cat's head. A temple at Beni-Hassan, dedicated to her, belongs to the 18th Dynasty (1500 B.C.). Behind this temple are pits containing a multitude of cat mummies.

The cat was also worshipped in the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, as the Egyptians deemed the cat an emblem of the sun, because its eyes were supposed to vary in appearance with the course of the sun, and for a similar reason the cat was deemed sacred to the moon, because it would undergo a change each lunar month, and because of the waxing and waning of its pupils.

Among the Greeks the cats became common pets at the period when Athens represented the civilization of the world; and, later, in the Græco-Italian civilization of Herculaneum and Pompeii in the south of Italy, and in the period of Roman supremacy, it was a well-known pet of courts and ladies' boudoirs.

During the Middle Ages, cats were very scarce and valuable, and persons owning cats were heavily taxed.

The cat has also had its detractors, and shortly after the Middle Ages cats were looked upon as symbols of witchcraft and deviltry of all kinds, and were even burned at the stake as sorcerers and savants.

In Paris, every St. John's Day, a number of cats were heaped up in baskets and bags in the Place de Greve, and the sovereign himself always set fire to the pile. This practice continued down

to Louis XIV., who was the last King of France to do so cruel an act.

Gipsies have always feared the black cat and have greatly loved the white cat.

Shakespeare rarely alludes to cats, except in an uncomplimentary way.

The domestication of cats was gradual and continuous.

The origin of our domestic cat is undoubtedly the wild cat of Egypt and the American wild cat. And such origin is of very ancient date.

To-day the classification of our domestic cat is into two great classes: (1) The Long-haired or Angora Cat (Asiatic or Eastern in origin), consisting of the Persian, Russian, Chinese, and Indian Cats; (2) the Short-haired Cat (European and Western), consisting of the Tortoise Shell, Tortoise Shell and White, Tabbies—banded and spotted, brown, spotted, blue and silver, red, white, blue (Maltese in America), black and white, Royal cat of Siam, Manx.

DING, DONG, BELL.

DING, DONG, BELL,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Lin.
Who pulled her out?
Little Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that
To drown the poor pussy-cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn.

THERE was an old cat, and a black cat, too,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
To save them from fighting and scratching and bawling,
She pinned them all up by their ears when out calling.

THE CAT OF HINDUSTAN.

WHERE mighty Ganges rolls in foam
Down-sweeping to the Indian Sea,
Grimalkin Long-Ears made her home;
Lover of birds (to eat) was she,
Wise and astute as cat can be.

There was a hill named Vulture-Fort,
Great vulture nests filled all the space;
There did the little birdlings sport,
And chirp and hop with birdling grace;
To puss a most attractive place.

She crept along paw after paw,
Like velvet dropping soft and light;
She munched the small birds with no awe
Of Justice;—sudden—what a sight!
Her fur stood upright with affright.

The mightiest vulture of them all—
Jaradgabah—his shadow cast
Upon her! see him, black and tall!
Well might Grimalkin's heart beat fast.
She thought, "My hour is come at last!

"Swiftness and strength avail not me,
I cannot fly, nor fight this bird;
I'll try my wits with flattery."
She smoothed her fur and gently purred—
The vulture understood each word.

"Hearken to me, the wisest cat
That in all Hindustan you'll meet;
Temperate and good; no lean nor fat,

Nor fish, nor flesh, I ever eat;
Grass only is my diet sweet.

"All men the stranger's rights revere,
And hospitality afford;
Even foes may come, and with no fear
Sit unmolested at our board;
To all, food, shelter, we accord.

"Straw, water, earth, and pleasant words
The good man's house will aye contain;
Shall I seek from you, king of birds,
Kind hospitality in vain?
Then would all Hindustan complain."

The end was this: her whisking tail
And specious purr were not withstood;
The vulture's wrath began to fail;
Surely this pleasing creature should
Be wise, be pious, be most good.

He asked her in;—O with good cause
The happiest cat by Ganges' foam!
She winked her eyes and licked her paws;
Soon he went forth awhile to roam;
She ate the small birds and went home.

The mothers came at eve; no sound
Of joyous chirping filled the air,
But claws and feathers strewed the ground,
And in the midst, in blank despair,
Jaradgabah sat brooding there.

"Jaradgabah!" shrieked every one—
"'Tis he who has in frenzy slain
Our darling broods! Be justice done!"
The poor bird had no time to explain;
They seized him, rent his neck in twain.

When you your bosom's love would mate
With strangers, be not prudence mute;
Think of Jaradgabah's hard fate;
His trusting nature bore sad fruit.
Grimalkin Long-Ears was astute.

THE DEAD CANARY.

CHARACTERS: ELSIE, GEORGE, and JAMES.

STAGE SETTING: Home interior.

SCENE: GEORGE and JAMES are sitting at table reading books.

[*Enter* ELSIE.]

ELSIE. O dear! O dear! It's gone—killed—eaten up! O dear! O dear! [*Wringing hands.*]

GEORGE [*looking up from book*]. What is the matter, Elsie? What is gone?

ELSIE [*sorrowfully*]. My dear, dear bird—my canary that you gave me.

GEORGE [*sympathetically*]. You don't say so! How sorry I am!

JAMES [*looking on and deeply interested*]. What killed it, Elsie?

ELSIE. The cat.

GEORGE [*angrily*]. How cruel! how wicked! I'll shoot her!

JAMES [*surprised*]. For what?

GEORGE. Why, for killing the bird.

JAMES. For killing one bird? What should be done with you, who have killed so many birds—all as beautiful as the canary?

GEORGE [*indignantly*]. Why, I am not a cat!

JAMES [*earnestly, yet with determined voice*]. No; but you are far more responsible than a cat, who is governed only by instinct, and kills a bird for food, not for sport, as you do.

GEORGE [*sarcastically*]. Well, this is being decidedly personal.

JAMES. It is simply calling things by their right names. Elsie, what do you think George has spent his whole day for? Just to catch and shoot a poor little wren. Late this afternoon he succeeded in fetching her down, and that leaves four poor little baby wrens in the nest to starve and die.

ELSIE [*shaking finger sorrowfully at* GEORGE]. Bad, wicked George! I'll not speak to you again for a week. You and that kitty-cat are two murderers of birds, and should be shut up in the cellar together.

[*Exit* ELSIE.]

GEORGE [*shrugging shoulders, gets up, shoves hands into pockets, and moves about room restlessly*]. What a great fuss about a bird!

JAMES [*indignant*]. Fuss? Why should you not apply the same rule to yourself that you would apply to a cat? The equity of the case is against you, George. You claim the right to kill, yet deny that right even to a cat! The law of usage is your only excuse, and it is a very poor defence at best; it is one law for the powerful and another for the weak. You should be too just to use it. [*Rises and stands leaning on table.*]

GEORGE [*leaning against a chair*]. Your logic is very good, James; but I would like to shoot that cat, for—for——

JAMES. For doing just what you have done so many times. [*Crosses to brother.*]

GEORGE [*stammering and looking ashamed*]. Well, I'll—I'll——

JAMES [*looking at him with pleading eyes*]. What?

GEORGE [*looking into* JAMES'S *face with a more open face*]. I think I shall have to own that I have been in the wrong, and I promise never to shoot again in mere sport. [*They shake hands earnestly and gladly.*]

JAMES. That's a noble resolve, George. As to Elsie, I'm sure she'll forgive you when she learns of your resolve; but mind—no mental reservations about that cat, or——

GEORGE [*smiling*]. Or what?

JAMES [*patting* GEORGE *on shoulder as both move to leave room*]. Why, a cat-astrophe will be sure to follow.

GRAY'S ELEGY ON HORACE WALPOLE'S CAT.

Drowned in a Tub of Goldfishes.

'TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selina reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair, round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw, and purred applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The genii of the stream:
Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw;
With many an ardent wish,
She stretched in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat is averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretched, again she bent,

Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by and smiled)
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mewed to every watery god
Some speedy aid to send.
No dolphin came, no Nereid stirred;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard:
A favorite has no friend.

From hence, ye beauties undeceived;
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all that glistens gold.

NAUGHTY PUSSY.

OH, Miss Pussy—Pussy-Cat,
Naughty pussy, what is that?
A little chicken—pretty thing!
There it hangs with broken wing!

Blackie says it's very sad;
Fluffy thinks it's just as bad;
Brownie lifts his paws up so,
Says: "Oh, pussy—bow, bow, wow."

WISDOM.

OUR kitty found a wasp to-day,
And with it thought that she would play;
Alas, she found that pretty things
Too often carry nasty stings!
"Oh, dear!" cried kitty, with a wail,
'I'll play in future with my tail!"

REVENGE FOR POISONING A CAT.

A FRENCH lady by the name of Mme. de Bientruffé, whose departed husband had left her enough money to live comfortably the rest of her life, lived in quiet and happiness until her jealous neighbors began to envy her good luck, and wrongly to gossip about her. Among her most implacable enemies was a certain Mme. Galuchard, who burned with an almost Carthaginian hatred, which included not only Mme. de Bientruffé, but also her gray Angora cat, called Minouchon. Mme. Galuchard vowed incessantly with set teeth that some day or other she would cook their soup for them. The piano on which her old neighbor sometimes played threw her into fits of mad rage, which were accentuated only by the mewing of the cat. She had already several times demanded the execution of the animal, and every time the poor old lady had formally refused to comply with the demand, denying the charge that her pet attracted all the tomcats of the neighborhood. Not being able to encompass by open means the revenge which she desired, Mme. Galuchard resolved to accomplish it by force, and by means of the darkest machinations.

One day—entirely by chance, of course—a piece of bread crust, soaked in milk saturated with arsenic, was thrown in the way of the innocent Minouchon, who was wandering over the stairs, and, incapable of suspecting the perfidiousness of the human race, she thought she had found a tidbit, and hastened to sample it.

Alas! An hour later she died in fearful agony, and her little white Angora soul soared straight to the regions where there is no pain, and the remembrance of the misery of this world is effaced and vanishes in the vibrating splendor of the sky.

Her mistress mourned her as if she had been a human being. She had a handsome wooden box made, and painted white, in which she placed her idolized companion, with a new ribbon round her neck, and had her secretly buried in a corner of the nearest park.

When these sad duties were accomplished she had only one thought—how to punish the monster who had killed her pet.

Her suspicions soon fell on the repulsive Mme. Galuchard, who appeared to be puffed up with satisfaction over some insolent and cruel victory. Unfortunately, the latter had no pet animal through her love of which she might be hit; besides, Mme. de Bientruffé was too good-hearted to avenge the death of one innocent being by killing or injuring another.

If she thought over her plan for a long time, and at last fancied that she had found a punishment equal to the crime, she gave no sign that such was the case. The only thing to be noticed was that she bought one day a dozen traps—rat traps and mouse traps—which she caused to be set in her apartments. But then, since the assassination of the poor Angora cat had left the rodent tribe the freedom of the house, it was, of course, necessary for her to combat the animals, and the neighbors did not trouble themselves about it, Mme. Galuchard least of all.

A week later, however, when the latter was at home, and busy thinking what new injury she could do Mme. de Bientruffé, a uniformed messenger brought her a large box, and withdrew, saying that it was paid for. Thinking that she would find some beautiful gift—a shawl, a boa, perhaps a gown—Mme. Galuchard hastened to open the box.

Horrors! Hardly had she lifted the cover before a swarm of little gray animals, leaping, jumping, bounding, and giving piercing squeals, dashed across the room and crowded together in the corners, leaving the paralyzed woman half dead with fright. At the bottom of the box was a note signed by Mme. de Bientruffé:

"Madame: You killed my cat by giving him arsenic. As this kindness deserves another, I make you a present of my mice."

Ques.—What proves a minister to be the most affectionate of men?

Ans.—In every church you will find a catechist (cat he kissed).

THE RETIRED CAT.

WILLIAM COWPER.

A POET'S cat, sedate and grave
As poet well could wish to have,
Was much addicted to inquire
For nooks to which she might retire,
And where, secure as mouse in chink,
She might repose, or sit and think.
I know not where she caught the trick—
Nature, perhaps, herself had cast her
In such a mould philosophique,
Or else she learned it of her master.
Sometimes ascending debonair
An apple-tree or lofty pear,
Lodged with convenience in the fork,
She watched the gardener at his work;
Sometimes her ease and solace sought
In an old empty watering-pot;
There wanting nothing but a fan
To seem some nymph in her sedan,
Apparelled in exactest sort,
And ready to be borne to court.

But love of change, it seems, has place
Not only in our wiser race;
Cats also feel as well as we
That passion's force, and so did she.
Her climbing, she began to find,
Exposed her too much to the wind,
And the old utensil of tin
Was cold and comfortless within;
She therefore wished, instead of those,
Some place of more serene repose,

Where neither cold might come, nor air
Too rudely wanton with her hair,
And sought it in the likeliest mode
Within her master's snug abode.

A drawer it chanced, at bottom lined
With linen of the softest kind;
With such as merchants introduce
From India, for the ladies' use.
A drawer impending o'er the rest,
Half open in the topmost chest,
Of depth enough, and none to spare,
Invited her to slumber there.
Puss, with delight beyond expression,
Surveyed the scene, and took possession.
Recumbent at her ease, ere long,
And lulled by her own humdrum song,
She left the cares of life behind,
  And slept as she would sleep her last;
When in came, housewifely inclined,
  The chambermaid, and shut it fast;
By no malignity impelled,
But all unconscious whom it held.

Awakened by the shock (cried Puss)
"Was ever cat attended thus?
The open drawer was left, I see,
Merely to prove a nest for me;
For soon as I was well composed,
Then came the maid, and it was closed.
How smooth these kerchiefs, and how sweet!
Oh, what a delicate retreat!
I will resign myself to rest,
Till Sol, declining in the west,
Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,
Susan will come and let me out."

The evening came, the sun descended,
And Puss remained still unattended.
The night rolled tardily away—
(With her, indeed, 'twas never day);
The sprightly morn her course renewed,
The evening gray again ensued,
And Puss came into mind no more
Than if entombed the day before.
With hunger pinched, and pinched for room,
She now presaged approaching doom,
Nor slept a single wink, nor purred,
Conscious of jeopardy incurred.

That night, by chance, the poet watching,
Heard an inexplicable scratching;
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
And to himself he said "What's that?"
He drew the curtain at his side,
And forth he peeped, but nothing spied;
Yet, by his ear directed, guessed
Something imprisoned in the chest;
And doubtful what, with prudent care
Resolved it should continue there.
At length a voice, which well he knew,
A long and melancholy mew,
Saluting his poetic ears,
Consoled him and dispelled his fears.
He left his bed, he trod the floor,
He 'gan in haste the drawers explore;
The lowest first, and without stop
The rest in order to the top.
For 'tis a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right.

Forth skipped the cat, not now replete
As erst with any self-conceit,
And in her own fond apprehension
A theme for all the world's attention;
But modest, sober, cured of all
Her notions hyperbolical;
And wishing, for a place to rest,
Anything rather than a chest.
Then stept the poet into bed
With this reflection in his head:

Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence.
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,
That all around in all that's done
Must move and act for him alone,
Will learn in school of tribulation
The folly of his expectation.

A STRANGE MOUSE.

AS in the nursery Mrs. Puss was looking out for mice,
She threw a glance upon the shelf and there saw something nice.

A little mouse among the toys was standing very still.
"I'll catch that mouse," said Mrs. Puss, "most certainly I will."

Then crouching down before the shelf, her instinct to obey,
She made a sudden upward spring and pounced upon her prey.

But what was this? In sudden fear her claws let go their hold
At coming into contact with a substance hard and cold.

Then frightened Mrs. Puss turned tail and fled from out the house,
While still her prey remained unmoved—he was a clockwork mouse!

HOW TO FEED AND CARE FOR CATS.

STANLEY SCHELL.

THE cat is instinctively a cleanly animal, and, when housed, should be provided with every means to keep herself clean. Articles necessary for a cat are:

1. A flat, galvanized pan or box, with clean sand, earth or sawdust.
2. Clean box or basket, filled with clean straw, excelsior, or tissue paper, in summer; cut-up (waste) paper from printer or binder, or a large, soft flannel blanket in winter. This basket should be kept in the sunlight.
3. Absolutely clean dishes for food.

Brush the cat daily with a soft hair-brush or with a bath-mitten.

To wash a cat (which should be done every week) prepare a dish of good, rather thick soft soap, and have ready two foot-tubs of tepid water. If you have a small bath-tub, place a towel in bottom of tub, stand cat on hind legs in tub and let her front legs rest on edge of tub. Hold her by the neck or collar with one hand, and, talking to her nicely, begin rubbing in gently but thoroughly the soft soap, beginning at the hind quarters and tail and gradually working up toward the ears. When soap is well applied, move soap-bowl aside and dip your free hand in one dish of tepid water and gently apply water to lower part of cat's body, and so on up the body until all the tepid water in this bowl has been used; then use second dish of tepid water to rinse cat, using, as before, a little at a time.

When cat is thoroughly cleaned, wrap her in a clean turkish towel and gently pat her so as to dry her as much as possible. Remove towel and wrap cat in a warm flannel blanket and gently rub towel over her body to dry her still more; then put her into her basket and let her finish the drying for herself.

If you are afraid to wash your cat, you can clean her by rubbing her with olive or cocoanut oil, or with cream; then, after partly drying her, put her into her basket to do the rest.

Some of the articles of food good for a cat are:

Fresh milk,
Sour milk (in case of worms),
Fresh water daily,
Oatmeal porridge,
Bread, crackers, or oatmeal biscuit, soaked in milk,
Asparagus, celery, string beans, etc., occasionally,
Raw mutton, except on day you give her liver (which should be given at least once in ten days), or on day you give her fish (which should be once a week).

Add boiled rice to the milk if cat has diarrhœa.

Whenever a cat is sick, if possible learn and remove cause; if not possible, give her one of the following:

Castor oil,
Grass,
Catnip,
Flowers of sulphur, or baking soda in milk.

A COMPOSITE CAT.

MARIA J. HAMMOND.

WE took our pussy's photograph, then one of a neighbor's cat;
And then a third, and then a fourth—a dozen pussies sat.
And then we took the photograph of every photograph.
Oh, that is often done, you know; indeed, you needn't laugh!

We showed mamma the last effect. "Here is the type," we said,
"Of all the dozen pussy-cats—see what a splendid head!"
"Splendid? A terror!" cried mamma—quite frank, to say the least;
"Each puss would be a truer type than this composite beast!"

KITTY.

HERE, and there, and everywhere,
Climbing, running, frisking;
On the table, in the chair,
Round the parlor whisking,
Kitty seems forever flitting.
Maids and mistress scold and laugh;
Now she's in the basket sitting;
Let me take her photograph.

Most important person, Kitty!
Equal to a baby—nearly!
Full of mischief—more's the pity,
Everybody sees that clearly!
See! She's on the parlor table,
Breakfasting on milk and cream—
Steals as much as she is able,
Of the rest she makes a stream.

Scrambling up the window curtain,
To the mantel-piece she leaps;
Down go ornaments, that's certain!
Broken fragments lie in heaps.
Kitty never feels she's sorry—
Never has the slightest shock;
So she dozes, free from worry,
Sitting calmly on the clock!

Mrs. Pussy, her dear mother,
Watches her in mute delight;
Wondering at so much bother
With her kit from morn till night.
Kitty plumps on mother's back,
Bites her ears, and pulls her tail,
Gets a scolding and a smack,
But it's all of no avail.

Here, and there, and everywhere,
Kitty scampers through the house;
Mother shows her how to scare,
How to kill a captured mouse.
Up the trees, and on the wall,
Heedless she of all reproof;
Deaf to the maternal squall,
She is playing on the roof.

Oh, Miss Kitty! of to-morrow
Little know you, little care;
Never dream of coming sorrow,
How you may in future fare.
Happy now, and full of frolic,
Only eat and drink and play,
Never suffer gout or colic,
Or meet misery half way.

CATS RECOGNIZED BY CAT CLUBS OF TO-DAY.

1. Short-Haired Cats	2. Long-Haired Cats
Siamese	Black
Blue (Maltese)	White
Manx	Blue
Foreign	Orange
Tabby	Cream
Spotted	Sable
Bicolor	Smoke
Tricolor	Tabby
Tortoise Shell	Spotted
Black	Chinchilla
White	Tortoise Shell
Sable	Bicolor
Ticks	Tricolor.
Abyssinian.	

JIM WOLFE AND THE CATS.

MARK TWAIN.

WE was all boys then, an' didn't care for nothin' only how to shirk school, an' keep up a revivin' state of devilment all the time. This yah Jim Wolfe I was talkin' about was the 'prentice, an' he was the best-hearted feller, he was, an' the most forgivin' an' onselfish, I ever see. Wall, there couldn't be a more bullier boy than what Jim was, take him heow you would; and sorry enough was I when I see him for the last time.

Me an' Henry was allers pesterin' him, an' plasterin' hoss bills on his back, an' puttin' bumble-bees in his bed, an' so on, an' sometimes we'd jist creowd in an' bunk with him not'standin' his growlin', an' then we'd let on to git mad, and fight acrost him, so as to keep him stirred up like.

He was nineteen, he was, an' long, an' lank, an' bashful, an' we was fifteen an' sixteen, an' pretty tolerabal lazy an' wuthless.

So, that night, you know, that my sister Mary giv the candy-pullin', they started us off to bed airly, so as the comp'ny could have full swing; an' we swung in on to Jim to have some fun.

Wall, our winder looked out onter the ruff of the ell, an' about ten o'clock a couple of ole tom-cats got to raisin' an' chargin' reound on it, an' carryin' on just like sin.

There was four inches of snow on the ruff, an' it froze so there was a right smart crust of ice on it, an' the moon was shinin' bright, an' we could see them cats jist like daylight.

First they'd stand off, e-yow-yow-yow, jist the same as if they was a-cussin' one another, you know, an' bow up their backs, an' bush up their tails, an' swell around, an' spit, an' then all of a sudden the gray cat he'd snatch a han'ful of fur off the yaller cat's back, an' spin him around jist like a button on a barn door. But the yaller cat was game, an' he'd come an' clinch, an' the way

they'd gouge an' bite an' howl, an' the way they'd make the fur fly, was peowerful.

Wall, Jim he jist got disgusted with the row, an' 'lowed he'd climb out there an' shake 'em off'n that ruff. He hadn't reely no notion o' doin' it, likely, but we everlastingly dogged him, an' bully-ragged him, an' 'lowed he'd allers bragged heow he wouldn't take a dare, an' so on, till bimeby he jist histed the winder an' lo an' behold you! he went—went exactly as he was—nothin' on but his——*ulster*. You ought to 'a' seen him! You ought to seen him creepin' over that ice, an' diggin' his toe-nails an' finger-nails in, fur to keep him from slippin'; an' 'bove all, you ought to seen that——*ulster* a-flappin' in the wind, and them long, ridicklous shanks of his'n a-glistenin' in the moonlight.

Them company folks was down there under the eaves, an' the whole squad of 'em under that ornery shed o' dead Wash'ton Bower vines—all settin' reound two dozzen sassers o' bilin'-hot candy, which they'd sot in the snow to cool. An' they was laughin' an' talkin' lively; but, bless you! they didn't know nothin' 'bout the panorammy that was goin' on over their heads.

Wall, Jim he just went a-sneakin an' a-sneakin' up unbeknown to them tom-cats—they was a-swishin' their tails, an' yow-yowin' an' threatenin' to clinch, you know, an' not payin' any attention —he went a-sneakin' an' a-sneakin' right up to the comb of the ruff, till he got in a foot an' a half of 'em, an' then all of a sudden he made a grab for the yaller cat! But by gosh he missed fire an' slipped his holt, an' his heels flew up, an' he flopped on his back, an' shot off'n that ruff just like a dart!—went a-smashin' an' a-crashin' down through them old rusty vines, an' landed right in the dead center of all them comp'ny people!—sot down jist like a yearthquake in them two dozen sassers of red-hot candy, an' let off a howl that was hark from the tomb! They got—wall, they left, you know. They see he warn't dressed for comp'ny, an' so they left—vamoosed.

All done in a sec'nd; it was jist one little war-whoop an' a whish o' their dresses, an' blame not one of 'em was in sight anywhere!

Jim he war in sight. He was gomed with the bilin' hot molasses candy clean down to his heels, an' more busted sassers hangin' to him than if he war a Injun princess—an' he come a-prancin' upstairs jist a-whoopin' an' a-cussin', an' every jump he giv he shed some sassers, an' every squirm he fetched he dripped some candy! an' blistered! why, bless your soul, that poor creeter couldn't reely set down comfortable for as much as four weeks.

KITTEN OF THE REGIMENT.

JAMES BUCKRAM.

THIS kitten, sir, of the Colonel's? I'll tell the story.
We were at Roanoke, a month ago,
Waiting the fleet, and camped the hill-side white.
One night, when sentinels were all at post,
We lay around the fires and talked of home.
The smoke wreathed up into the still blue sky,
The wind was whist, and all the stars shone clear—
Just such a night as sleeps above the hills
Of old New England when the frosts are hoar—
Talking not aloud, but soft, as soldiers talk,
After some months o' the rolling drum and sight
Of blood. The sentinel's sudden challenge came:
"Halt! Who goes there?"
We all leaped up and harked.
"Only Doll Brewster, sir; I've brought my kitty."
What! a child's voice?—a child at bayonet's point?
Shame! Let her pass.
Into the fire-light then,
Led gently by two brave, kind soldier-boys,
Blushing, with downcast eyes, and pretty lip
Half-curled to cry, hair loose and all like gold,
A kitten on her breast, walked sweet Doll Brewster.

Well, sir, the regiment came on the run;
And such a wall of 'em, all of 'em looking down
At a ten-year girl, hair loose, lip curled to cry,
And a kitten, white as snow, curled under her chin.
"Just like my sister!" cried one; "And mine!" cried another,
Till the fire began to look dim to all of us.
Then, sir, the Colonel came, with his sword a-clanking.
"What's this?" he cried, but stopped, and his face grew soft.
"Please, sir," said Doll, "I've brought you my little kitty,
It's all I had, and Papa is sick and poor.
(Mamma, you know, is dead.) We're Northerners, sir,
And brother died for the flag. I loved him so!
Please take my kitty; I want to give something, sir."

The Colonel? He stooped and caught her in his arms—
Caught kitten and Doll, and kissed 'em both. He did!
And every man of us would have done the same,
And mighty glad of the chance.
There wasn't an eye
Could hold its tears, nor cheek that had kept dry,
And if it hadn't been for the Colonel there,
A hundred of us would have kissed the child.

That's all the story of the kitten, sir—
The Colonel's kitten and the regiment's.
We wouldn't have a hair of it hurt for gold—
Nor blood, if it came to that!
Have you a sister?
You know how a man can feel for a bit of a child
With golden hair and eyes like the heaven's blue;
And she'd a brother who died for the old flag, too!

Oh, sir, we dreamed of home the livelong night—
Sisters and sweethearts, mothers, and wives and daughters.
Never was sweeter sleep in a soldier's camp.
And all because that little bright-haired child,

Doll Brewster, with a kitten on her breast
Came up the hill, marched by the sentinel's gun,
Stood in the fire-light with her golden hair
All loose, and pretty lip half-curled to cry,
And said: "It is all I had. Please take it, sir—
Please take my little kitty; I want to give something."

THE WATCH-CAT.

ELLIOT WALKER.

OTHELLO sits at top of cellar stairs and gazes reflectively down into the gloom. He has washed his paws and now is reflecting. Yes, he has caught the mouse and eaten him—a most delicious mouse—a most exciting moment—when, after long, patient wait behind the wood-box, his prey suddenly darted across to the refrigerator. Othello had given one quick spring—and now he lashes his long black tail from side to side at the recollection—it had been a great satisfaction to catch that mouse at last.

But now the mouse is gone, and so is Othello's occupation. For three successive nights he had crouched in patient watching. Now the mouse is no more, and Othello almost wishes it back in its hole, so that he might again pass long hours in delightful anticipation. And that was the last mouse in the cellar! No use to go down again. Nothing to do, and he may as well go to sleep.

What is that? Noises outside the door—strange whispers! Why! the key turned round in the keyhole by itself! How funny! He will put up his paw and play with it if it does that again. The door is opening and cold air is coming in, and something else coming in, too—two such creatures as you never have seen before—muffled creatures, with queer black things over their faces and queer things in their hands. Yes, they must be men, but very queerly dressed, and they cast searching glances in every direc-

tion. What a queer little lamp they have lighted—just a glare of light, then darkness, then light again that moves here and there. Oh, they are going down cellar, to look in the refrigerator, probably, or possibly to shake the furnace. That is all the master goes down cellar for.

The cat crawled from his hiding-place to top of cellar stairs and again gazed into the gloom. What! Are they talking about that beautiful roast, and the pudding and the cold mashed potatoes? They are going too far; they might have the potatoes, but the cold meat—that is too much! He will tell his master, and the master will make them give it back, even as he had made Othello give up the young robin, by choking and blows. Yes, he shall know of this at once. But how to reach him? The pantry doors to kitchen and dining-room are always locked now, ever since the parrot came. Ah, he understands it now! Those creatures in the cellar are friends of the parrot—probably invited by him to come and gobble everything. That is the parrot all over, wanting everything and getting it, and Othello, who formerly had the run of the house, and went regularly to wake the master every morning, is now relegated to the kitchen, with the pantry door locked.

Othello grins at recollection of the reason for locking that door. When the parrot had arrived six months before and cast a shadow over Othello's position, hatred and jealousy filled his feline bosom. To be sure, the parrot was talented and could say real words like people, and Othello admired that, but his disposition was mean, and after he had startled Othello by screeching "Scat!" and "Get out, Blacky!" something had to be done. And now it pleases him much to remember the scientific play of his claws on the parrot's head and neck, and the way the feathers flew, and the appalling screams. Well, Ephraim—that is the parrot's name—had no business to insult him. He began it by putting his head through the bars of the cage and rasping out "Niggerhead! Niggerhead! I chew niggerhead!" Ephraim had come over in a sailing vessel, and the sailors had taught him many evil words and phrases. So Othello had reached out one paw invitingly

and Ephraim had struck at it viciously. But Othello had pulled the paw back quickly and brought the other one down on Ephraim's head and held it there while he raked him with the other. And all the people in the house had come running, and he was cuffed and driven down-stairs.

The men in the cellar are coming toward the stairs now, and Othello retires under the stove. Now they are in the kitchen again and have put the food on the dresser. Othello would like some of that cold meat—it smells delicious—but he fears to come out from under the stove. He is suspicious. He will wait. What *are* they doing? Unlocking the door to the pantry. How excited they seem! Now they are unlocking the dining-room door. What *are* they after? He crawls quietly after them—they cannot see him in the shadow, but *he* can see everything. Oh, they have laid a great nasty bag on the dining-room table, and they are taking from the sideboard all of those bright things that the family eat with and take such care of, and are putting them into the bag very carefully. There goes little Jenny's mug—the one she lets him have milk from. No, that will not do. No meat, no milk! Now is his chance. From the dining-room to the hall, then up-stairs to the master's room. How very easy, all in a minute!

What did that man say?—"Get the swag ready and leave it on the table; we'll step back and eat. Don't move it now—it may rattle. We'll carry it off when we start—good haul!" Othello pricks up his ears. "Carry it off!" Yes, he understands that. He has been cuffed often for carrying off things—chops and slices of meat. These horrible men shall be cuffed, too—the master will do it. Creep along, Othello, creep along!. Up the stairs now, down the hallway, into the master's room. You will rouse him and save what you little know the value of. Jump on him, scratch him—anything! You have done it. He is wide awake now and trembling; is out of his warm bed, and seems to understand. There is a bright, shining thing in his hand and his face is white and set.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Why are you, brave Othello,

cowering at top of the attic stairs? Two short seconds ago you were on the master's bed, purring loudly. What is that awful rush below, out of the kitchen where the clock ticks, out across the porch, across the lawn, into the road? Bang! Bang! outside the house, then the sound of rapid running. Why, what is it, Othello? What are people screaming for, and why is little Jenny crying, why is Ephraim screeching atrociously, and why are you, with your tail twice its natural size, wailing dismally? Fright, Othello, general fright—and you brought it about with your notions of the rights of property. Quiet down now and crawl down-stairs to see what you get.

They are gathering in the dining-room, with all the lights going full blast, as you, Othello, sneak down-stairs wondering what it all means. The master has just come back from the outside, quite pale and shaky. "Fired six times and never hit one of them," he says. "Did they get anything?" And the mistress, who has emptied the dirty bag on the table, replies, "Not a thing, William."

They are all quiet now, especially Othello, who feels the queer experience deeply, and wonders how much abuse he will get when he is discovered hiding by the sideboard. The master spies him, and lifts him tenderly, with words of such affectionate appreciation that Othello wonders still more, but sinks his claws gently through the thin covering and purrs. "Ow!" says the man, and quickly extricates them. He strokes the cat very gently, and turning to his wife, says, "Maria, let's get rid of that parrot. From this time forward the cat shall have first place. I have thought lately of buying a watch-dog, but it is not necessary. I'd rather have a watch-cat like Othello."

Ques.—Why does a cat look on first one side and then on another when she enters a room?

Ans.—Because she can't look on both sides at the same time.

TOM.

M. T. HART.

"DEAR Tom is dead, please come to-night!"
She telegraphed. With keen delight
I read the message.
Roses for consolation meant
I sent, but oh, with what content
I paid expressage!

Don't think me heartless, till you know
Death has relieved me of a foe.
Tom was my rival.
When he began to pine away,
I scarcely was the one to pray
For his survival.

He's hated me since first we met;
He was a most pronounced brunette,
While I am fair.
He was more favored of the two;
Of soft caresses very few
Fell to my share.

But now he's dead, I feel no spite.
I hope his harp is tuned all right,
His robe a fit, his halo bright
With gems galore.
And just this once do I confess
The reason of my happiness—
Because on earth there's one cat less,
In heaven one more.

MY PET CAT.

I WANT to tell you about my pet cat. I am sure it will interest you. He is marked like a tiger, with white paws and a white pompon in the end of his tail. I have never seen or heard of a cat who eats the things he does. One day he knocked down a bottle of olives from the pantry shelf and ate four. Other things he likes are red beets and baked beans; sometimes he even prefers them to meat.

One of his bad habits is to lie in my flower garden. I have it in a bay window, where the sun shines on it all the morning. As it is nice and warm there, I have caught him a number of times trying to sleep among the flowers.

He isn't a bit afraid of dogs; indeed, they are more afraid of him, for he often chases them out of the yard.

One morning last winter I could not find him anywhere. At last I heard a faint mew. I listened, and heard it again, this time fainter than before. I looked all over. At last I thought of the oven in the kitchen stove. I opened it, and out walked my pet, more dead than alive. He must have gone in when no one was looking, and so had the door shut on him.

One place he enjoys to get in is the clean clothes basket, and it is needless to say that the cook chases him. One day, after she had ironed a whole basket of clothes he jumped in the basket and went to sleep. He hasn't gone into the kitchen since. I think he knows the reason why.

He hates to hear anyone whistle. When I begin he sits on his hind legs and cries until I stop, sometimes even jumping into my lap and begging me by rubbing against my arm.

We have another cat, who is kept in the kitchen. My pet seems to hate him. I believe he does not think the other cat half as good as he is. They are continually fighting, for "the kitchen cat," as I call him, tries to take my cat down a peg or two.

CATCHING THE CAT.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THE mice had been in council;
They all looked haggard and worn,
For the state of things was too terrible
To be any longer borne.
Not a family out of mourning—
There was crape on every hat.
They were desperate; something must be done,
And done at once, to the cat.

An elderly member rose and said,
"It might prove a possible thing
To set the trap which they set for us—
That one with the awful spring!"
The suggestion was applauded
Loudly, by one and all,
Till somebody squeaked, "That trap would be
About ninety-five times too small!"

Then a medical mouse suggested—
A little under his breath—
They should confiscate the very first mouse
That died a natural death;
And he'd undertake to poison the cat,
If they'd let him prepare that mouse.
"There's not been a natural death," they shrieked,
"Since the cat came into the house!"

The smallest mouse in the council
Arose with a solemn air,
And, by way of increasing his stature,
Rubbed up his whiskers and hair.

He waited until there was silence
All along the pantry shelf,
And then he said with dignity,
"*I* will catch the cat myself!

"When next I hear her coming,
Instead of running away,
I shall turn and face her boldly,
And pretend to be at play:
She will not see her danger,
Poor creature! I suppose;
But as she stoops to catch *me,*
I shall catch *her* by the nose!"

The mice began to look hopeful,
Yes, even the old ones, when
A gray-haired sage said slowly,
"And what will you do with her then?"
The champion, disconcerted,
Replied with dignity, "Well,
I think, if you'll all excuse me,
'Twould be wiser not to tell.

"We all have our inspirations—"
This produced a general smirk,
"But we are not all at liberty
To explain just how they'll work.
I ask you, then, to trust me:
You need have no further fears—
Consider our enemy done for!"
The council gave three cheers.

"I do believe she's coming!"
Said a small mouse, nervously.
"Run, if you like," said the champion,
"But *I* shall wait and see!"

And sure enough, she was coming;
The mice all scampered away
Except the noble champion,
Who had made up his mind to stay.

The mice had faith—of course, they had—
They were all of them noble souls,
But a sort of general feeling
Kept them safely in their holes
Until some time in the evening;
Then the boldest ventured out,
And saw, happily in the distance,
The cat prance gayly about!

There was dreadful consternation,
Till someone at last said, "Oh,
He's not had time to do it—
Let us not prejudge him so!"
"I believe in him, of course, I do,"
Said the nervous mouse, with a sigh,
"But the cat looks uncommonly happy,
And I wish I *did* know why!"

The cat, I regret to mention,
Still prances about that house,
And no message, letter, or telegram
Has come from the champion mouse.
The mice are a little discouraged;
The demand for crape goes on;
They feel they'd be happier if they knew
Where the champion mouse had gone.

This story has a moral—
It is very short, you see,
So no one, of course, will skip it,
For fear of offending me.

VIRGINIA BELL (Two years old),
Who posed with Tootsy Wootsy.

Tootsy Wootsy at the Seashore.

It is well to be courageous,
And valiant, and all that,
But—if you are mice—you'd better think twice
Before you catch the cat.

QUOUSQUE TANDEM, O CATILINE?

A. L. FRISBIE.

O YE feline brutes erotic,
Is there not some strong narcotic,
Some refined and rare hypnotic,
Some potent spell,
Soothing catnip, helleborus,
Anything to still the chorus
Of your piercing, wild, sonorous
Nocturnal yell?

Stirring wrath in souls pacific,
Thwarting agents soporific,
Blighting visions beatific
With horrid din;
Moving even spirits saintly
To utter, *almost,* low and faintly,
Words divided very scantly
From words of sin!

O ye brutes, my windows under,
Me and sleep ye widely sunder.
O for power, for once, to thunder
Annihilation!
O for boot-jacks half a hundred—
O for hand that never blundered,
Hurling, while the neighbors wondered,
Pacification!

O for catapults to smite ye!
O let catalepsy blight ye!
All catastrophes invite ye,
Cataclysmal!
Cataracts be on ye falling!
Curse, concatenate, appalling,
Stop your ghoulish caterwauling,
Paroxysmal!

WHAT I WANT.

DAVID L. PROUDFIT.

I WANT—I don't know what I want; I'm tired of everything;
I'd like to be a queen or something—no, a bearded king,
With iron crown and wolfish eyes, and manners fierce and bold,
Or else a plumed highwayman or a paladin of old.

We girls are such poor creatures, slaves of circumstance and fate,
Denied the warrior's glory and the conqueror's splendid state;
And, puss, you are so mortal slow; I wish you could be changed
Into a catamount, with tastes quite violent and deranged.

I'd like an earthquake, that I would—O puss, I tell you what,
Some planets have two suns and different colors, too, at that;
Now there would be variety; two mornings every day—
One green or brown, for instance, and the other crimson, say.

What splendid lights, what curious shades, what transformation scenes!
What queer surprises, puss, just think, what lovely pinks and greens!
How funny Gus would look! He is so poky and so flat!
But such complexions! After all, I shouldn't fancy that.

I'll never marry Gus, of that I'm very sure, at least;
I'd sooner be a bandit's bride, united by a priest.
Oh, there you are, sir! No, indeed! I'll not be kissed at all!
No, sir. I've changed my mind; we *won't* be married in the fall.

Now *do* be still! I've changed my mind. My privilege, I believe—
Oh, horrible! What's this? A daddy-long-legs on my sleeve!
Oh, Gus, come quick! I'm deadly faint! Do take the thing away!
Yes, yes, I'll promise *anything!* I'll marry you to-day!

UNGRATEFUL CAT.

NO, pussy, you naughty, ungrateful old cat,
To scratch me, because I just gave you a pat
When you would not draw dolly across the floor.
I had harnessed you tight with a scarlet cord,
And had promised to give you some cream as reward
And a couple of sardines—what could I do more?

Now, dolly's as light as a feather, you know;
And the carriage almost of itself will go;
Yet you would not pull it, and tried to get loose,
And entangled yourself, and the carriage upset,
And then the wheel broke, and you got in a pet.
Now, for your behavior there was no excuse.

Just see how my finger is bleeding! Oh, dear!
How it hurts! It will not get well soon, I fear.
Now, are you not sorry I am in such pain?
No sardines or cream you shall have, puss, from me;
And a very long time you will find it will be
Before I play horses with you, puss, again.

IN LIQUOR.

A MOUSE, one day on frolic bent,
About a brewery roaming,
Into a beer vat sudden went,
And called, with sighs and groaning,

Upon a cat, which passed that way,
Though to its sight most hateful:
"Sweet puss, come, lift me out, I pray,
And I'll prove ever grateful."

"How would it help you in the least,"
Replied Grimalkin, grinning,
"When I at once would on you feast?—
And where would be the sinning?"

"And better so than here to drown,
Dear puss! So help me speedy,
And I'll to you my life pay down,
And will not call you greedy.

"Quick! or you will be all too late!
I perish—I am freezing!"
Puss helped him out; but, luckless fate!
The beer fumes set her sneezing.

The mouse she dropped, which sped away,
And in its safe hole nestled.
Puss, disappointed of her prey,
With craft and anger wrestled.

"Come from that hole," she cried, "and roam
With me in regions upper."
"Excuse me, puss; I'll keep at home.
Go elsewhere seek your supper."

"You cheating rascal! Think, O think!
You promised I should eat you,
If I would help you. Now you shrink,—
Come out! let me entreat you."

"I know I promised," mousie said,
"Yet wonder not, nor bicker;
For when such promise it was made,
You know, *I was in liquor!*"

POET'S LAMENTATION FOR LOSS OF HIS CAT.

JOSEPH GREEN.

[Dr. Mather Byles (Boston, 1706–1788) an eloquent, realistic, witty and genial preacher, had a favorite cat called The Muse. After her death, the doctor's friend, Joseph Green, wrote the following elegy.]

Oppressed with grief, in heavy strains I mourn
The partner of my studies from me torn.
How shall I sing? What numbers shall I choose?
For in my favorite cat I've lost my Muse.
No more I feel my mind with raptures fired,
I want those airs that Puss so oft inspired;
No crowding thoughts my ready fancy fill,
Nor words run fluent from my easy quill.

She in the study was my constant mate;
There we together many evenings sate.
Whene'er I felt my towering fancy fail,
I stroked her head, her ears, her back and tail,
And as I stroked improved my dying song
From the sweet note of her melodious tongue:
Her purs and mews so evenly kept time,
She purred in metre, and she mewed in rhyme.

Ofttimes when lost amidst poetic heat,
She leaping on my knee there took her seat;
There saw the throes that racked my laboring brain,
And licked and clawed me to myself again.

Then, friends, indulge my grief, and let me mourn,
My cat is gone, ah! never to return!
Now in my study all the tedious night,
Alone I sit, and unassisted write;
Look often round (O greatest cause of pain!)
And view the numerous labors of my brain;
Those quires of words arranged in pompous rhyme,
Which braved the jaws of all-devouring time,
Now undefended, and unwatched by cats,
Are doomed a victim to the teeth of rats.

"WE'VE LOST OUR JOB."

STANLEY SCHELL.

Action Poem for Two Children.

Written especially for this book.

WE'VE lost our job, and can't you see
The tears we both are shedding free?
No dainty rats or mice to get:
They're killed to-day by rat biscuit.

Why are we wronged so, can you tell?
I'm sure you all do know so well
The fun we've lost, and good work too,
By catching rats and mice a few.

Do give us both another chance,
To catch your mice and make them dance;
I'm sure you all know just how hard
It is for us to lose our job.

SOUTHEY'S CATS WRITE THEIR MASTER.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[Southey conferred honor upon his cats according to their services. He raised one to the highest rank in peerage, promoting him through all its degrees by the following titles: His Serene Highness the Archduke Rumpelstilzchen, Marquis Macbum, Earl of Tomlemagne, Baron Raticide. Waowl her, and Skaratchi.]

Dear Master:

Let our boldness not offend,
If a few lines of duteous love we send;
Nor wonder that we deal in rhyme, for long
We've been familiar with the founts of song.
Nine thorougher tabbies you could rarely find
Than those who laurels round your temples bind;
For how with less than nine lives to their share
Could they have lived so long on poet's fare?
Athens surnamed them from their mousing powers,
And Rome from that harmonious *mu* of ours,
In which the letter *u* (as we will trouble you
To say to Todd) should supersede *e w*.

This by the way. We now proceed to tell
That all within the bounds of home are well;
All but your faithful cats, who only pine;
The cause your conscience may too well divine.
Ah! little do you know how swiftly fly
The venomed darts of feline jealousy;
How delicate a task to deal it is
With a grimalkin's sensibilities.
When Titten's tortoise fur you smoothed with bland
And coaxing courtesies of lip and hand,
We felt as if (poor Puss' constant dread)
Some schoolboy stroked us both from tail to head.

Nor less we suffered while with sportive touch
And purring voice you played with gray-backed Gutch.
And then with eager step you left your seat
To get a peep at Richard's snow-white feet,
Himself all black; we longed to stop his breath
With something like his royal namesake's death.
If more such scenes our frenzied fancies see,
Resolved we hang from yonder maple tree—
And were not that a sad catastrophe!

Oh! then return to your deserted lake,
Dry eyes that weep, and comfort hearts that ache.
Our mutual jealousies we both disown,
Content to share rather than lose a throne.
The parlor———Rumpel's undisputed reign,
Hurly's———the rest of all your wide domain.
Return, return, dear Bard,
Restore the happy days that once have been;
Resign yourself to Home, the Muse, and us.

Scratched RUMPELSTILZCHEN,
HURLYBURLYBUSS.

LITTLE CAT MADE FUR FLY.

SHE was only a small black and white cat of humble birth, returning from a little social party. It was rather late at night, but what of that? Cats keep no count of the hour, and she was as dignified and proper in her bearing as a mature black and white puss need be. There was nothing about her to justify the insolent attitude of a Scotch terrier, who suddenly confronted her with a snarl and a snap. Puss tried to cross the street, but a trolley car was in the way, and the impudent terrier made bold to chase her. She suddenly turned, and the terrier stopped. Her back went up, her tail grew big, and she spat out defiance at her tormentor. The terrier may have been rude, but he was

discreet—he kept at a safe distance. Two or three newsboys, a "red-hot" man, and a police officer, were interested spectators. They most ungallantly sided with the terrier, who was now barking ferociously, but keeping well out of pussy's reach. One of the boys threw a stone at the combatants; it rolled between them, and the terrier's attention was diverted for a moment from his antagonist. It was his first mistake. Puss saw her opportunity and leaped at the terrier, landing fairly on his back. In a second she had her claws full of his hair, and he was running for dear life down the street. Puss held on like a circus rider, contriving to sink her sharp claws into his back at every jump. The crowd followed, shouting. As they passed an alley puss jumped off and disappeared in the darkness. *There is one terrier* who has had enough fun with cats to last him a lifetime.

TOODLEKINS AND FLIP.

FLIP [*wakens up, stretches and yawns*]—
"Mieu, mieu, mieu, mieu,
Our coats are clean, and our paws are, too;
And mammy's gone around the house
To see if she can find a mouse.
Mieu, mieu, mieu, mieu,
Toodlekins sleeps the whole day through;
This world is so dull, there's nothing to do—
Except to doze again—mieu, mieu!"
[*Yawns and curls up.*]

TOODLEKINS [*wakens up.*]
"Mieu, mieu, mieu, mieu,
Flip's sound asleep, and there's nothing to do.
I wish I could catch a great big mouse,
Life is so dull in this old house!
Mieu, mieu, mieu, mieu,
There's nothing at all for a kitten to do—
Except to doze again—mieu, mieu."

FLIP—
"Toodlekins!"
TOODLEKINS—
"Flip!"
FLIP—
"Toodlekins! Mieu!"
TOODLEKINS—
"I hear a nibble!"
FLIP—
"I do, too!"
TOODLEKINS—
"Must be a rat! *Such* a great big noise!"
FLIP—
"Maybe it's one of those horrid boys!"
TOODLEKINS—
"No, it's a mouse! I see it's tail!'
FLIP—
"No, it's a rat as big as a pail!"
TOODLEKINS—
"I see its eyes! I see its tail! It's mine!"
FLIP—
"No, no! It's mine! Take that!" [*Cuffs her.*]
TOODLEKINS—
"It' mine, you horrid, robber cat!"
FLIP—
"I saw it first! Take that, and *that!*" [*Slaps and scratches.*]
TOODLEKINS—
"You horrid cat, take that! Take—that!"
THE MOTHER CAT—
"Meow, meow! Why, children dear!
Is *this* what happens when I'm not here?
For shame! For shame! There's a baby mouse—
The tiniest thing in all the house—
Has just slipped away.
Kittens must be quick and *quiet*
If they would have fat *mice* for diet."

CAT'S-MEAT MAN; OR, CUPBOARD LOVE.

PERSIAN, Tom, and Tabby,
Every kind of cat;
Lank and long and shabby,
Short and sleek and fat;
Fresh from night of slumming,
Down my street they ran,
Waiting for the coming
Of the Cat's-meat man.

Rogues of humble station,
Lathy ones and lean,
Eager expectation
In their eyes of green;
Swells, who set the fashions,
Purred of clique and clan,
Waiting for their rations
From the Cat's-meat man.

Startled by their cater—
Wauling, just outside,
Where the bridge of Batter-
Sea surmounts the tide,
At my window, seated,
Gazing on its span,
Prayerfully I greeted
Chelsea's Cat's-meat man.

Leader of the legions,
Stalked a stalwart brute,
Target, in these regions,
Of the hostile boot;
Mourning for that lost Ro-
Mance I once began,
Thusly I apostro—
Phized the Cat's-meat man:

"Hamelin's famous piper
Pacing Weser's flats,
Was not half so hyper-
Critical of rats;
Heedless he of sample,
None escaped his ban;
What a good example
For a Cat's-meat man!

"Worse than bandsman Teuton
Is that Fiend, who riles
With his weird love suit, on
Chelsea's echoing tiles;
Heed my ruined rapture,
Verse that wouldn't scan;
Compass me his capture,
Oh, my Cat's-meat man.

"Friend, would you deliver
One who'd fain indite
Rhymelets to the river
In the shrieking night,
Plunge that feline vagrant,
On the piper's plan,
In those waters fragrant,
Gentle Cat's-meat man.

"Gratefully I'll bless you
O'er the midnight oil,
Rhymefully address you
When you've eased my toil.
Nay, when that Tom-cat you
Drown, as well you can,
I'll erect a statue
To you, Cat's-meat man!"

Chelsea's meat purveyor
Never said a word;
Knew not what to say, or
Haply, never heard.
Still in feline phrases
Thomas leads the van,
Hymning midnight praises
To the Cat's-meat man.

PUSSY-CAT AND MOUSE ON THANKSGIVING.

IT was a hungry pussy-cat
Upon Thanksgiving morn,
And she watched, and she watched,
And she watched, and she watched,
She watched a thankful little mouse,
That ate an ear of corn.

"If I ate that thankful little mouse,
How thankful he should be,
When he has made a meal himself
To make a meal for me.
Then with his thanks for having fed,
And his thanks for feeding me,
With all his thankfulness inside—
How thankful I shall be."

But the little mouse had overheard
And declined with thanks to stay.
So before the cat could make a spring
Dear little mouse did glide
Right through a very tiny hole
Into the window-frame.
Thus did the hungry pussy-cat
Upon Thanksgiving Day
Lose a gloriously fine feed
By musing time away.

JET AND SNOWFLAKE.

Dialogue for One Boy and One Girl.

SNOWFLAKE—

GOOD evening, pretty Pussy Cat, I'm glad to find you here,
I want a playfellow so much, there's nothing you need fear.
I knew that you were coming soon, for pretty Mistress May
Told me she had a pussy-cat that would be here to-day.
"Snowflake," she said, and gave my head a gentle pat.
"I hope that you'll be very kind to my new pussy-cat,
She's really handsome, you will see, her coat is black as jet,
But, Snowflake, please remember now, that you're my earliest pet."

JET—

Oh, doggie, doggie, I'm afraid, you'll bark and growl and fight,
You'll look so very angry that you'll put me in a fright.
All cats, you know, are timid things, but if you will be kind,
I'll be the merriest playfellow that ever you can find.

SNOWFLAKE—

O pussy! I should be afraid to frighten you at all,
For I'm a big, strong dog, and you, well, really, you are small.
You are quite black, except for one white spot upon your breast;
I'm glad you are not a tortoise-shell, I like black cats the best.

JET—

Yes, you are white, and I am black, we go together well,
Now do you see that from my neck there hangs this little bell;
Your pretty mistress gave it me, and said: "Now little Jet,
To frighten all the mice away, be sure you don't forget."

SNOWFLAKE—

Ah! what is that? I hear a sound, 'tis pretty Mistress May;
Now, Jet, be good, and let her see you know how to obey.
Her eyes are blue, her cheeks are pink, her dress is soft as silk,
She is bringing me a fine big bone, and you some nice warm milk.

THE MODEL CAT.

MRS. FREDERICK W. PENDER.

Written especially for this book.

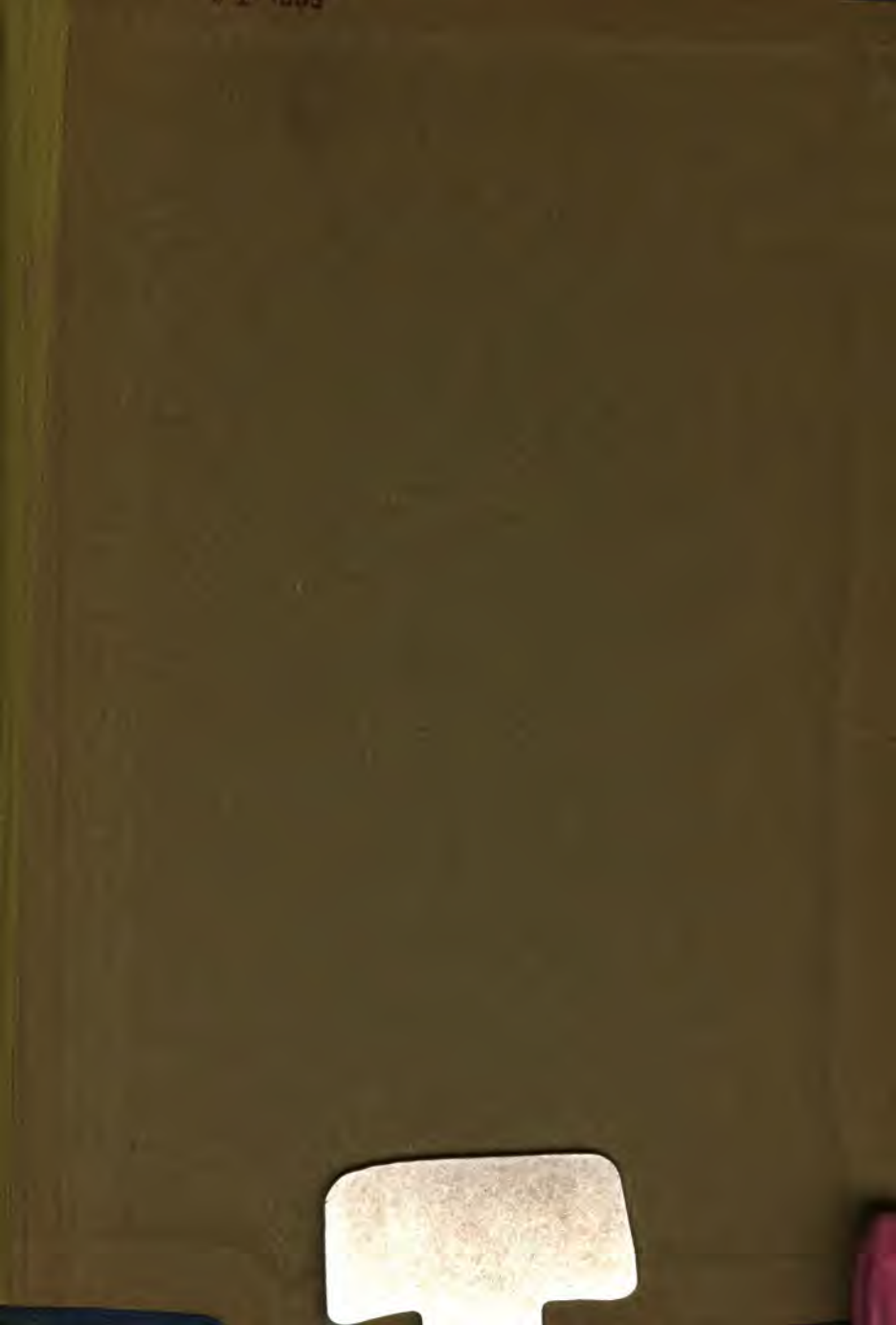
NOW, there's a cat who's gaining fame,
And Tootsy Werner is her name.
And all her manners are so nice,
She can't be bought at any price.

In beauty she is hard to beat;
Is clever, too, and very neat;
And cats of high or low degree,
Can never "Tootsy's" equal be.

A ball she rolls with grace and skill,
Or tangles twine at her sweet will;
And often in some box or pail
You'll find her chasing her own tail.

For she is full of fun and play,
And sometimes likes to have her way;
Tho' still no fault in her you'll find,
This *model cat,* so good and kind.

She never goes upon the street
For fear some tramp cat she might meet,
And she will never bring disgrace
On WERNER'S CELEBRATED PLACE.

For there Miss Tootsy got her name,
And there she made a start in fame;
And should you wish, why, more to know,
To Tootsy's home you'll have to go——

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